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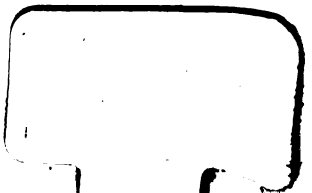

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OF

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When the British Fought in South Africa. E. B. Biggar

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THE

CANADIAN MAGAZINE

VOL. XIV NOVEMBER, 1899 No. 1

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LITERATURE IN CANADA.

THE FIRST OF TWO PAPERS.

By Robert Barr.

IN the May number of THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE there appeared an article by the editor entitled "The Strength and Weakness of Current Books." The article deals largely of Canada and its literature, and thus it is interesting to all of us who have an affection for Canada, especially as the subject is treated with illuminating restraint by Mr. Cooper.

As the matter is, strictly speaking, none of my business, I naturally desired to say something about it, but the year has grown several months older before I could snatch time from more pressing work than the delightful task of lecturing Canada, and even now I must treat this important theme with a haste and superficiality it does not deserve.

Canada, from its position on the map, its hardy climate, its grand natural scenery, its dramatic and stirring historical associations should be the Scotland of America. It should produce the great poets, which I believe it is actually doing, although I doubt if their books are selling in the Dominion. It should produce the great historical novelist; the Sir Walter Scott of the New World. Has the Sir Walter Scott of Canada appeared? And if so, is he unrecognized? If he has not yet come forward, what are the chances for his materialization? If Scott came to Canada, to change W. T. Stead's phrase, how long would it be before he starved to death? It is towards the solution of these questions that the jumbling remarks which follow will be directed, although I do not guarantee to keep to the point, and reserve to myself the privilege of wandering all over the place if I want to. I have felt for some years that it would be desirable for a writing man to take upon himself the odium of telling the truth to Canada, as far as literature is concerned. It is so popular to be eulogistic, that the average man's address or article touching Canada, on literature and that sort of thing, has a tendency to strengthen the delusion, already too wide spread, that Canada is an intellectual country. For an excellent example of this fatal habit, turn to Mr. W. A. Fraser's address before the Press Association, published in the May number of THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE. The chief fault which I find in this address is that it embodies an underestimation of Canadian men and women writers, which is so typical of Canada itself.

Mr. Fraser is addressing a body of Canadian Pressmen, and one of the duties of a Canadian Pressman should be to foster Canadian literature. Does Canada possess a literary man or woman? Not so far as may be learned

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from Mr. Fraser. Here are the names of the persons mentioned to the Pressmen—Zangwill, Baring Gould, Robert Burns, Talmage, Shakespeare, Goethe, Kossuth, Dickens, Rudyard Kipling, and G. W. Steevens. In that oration there is not a single Canadian mentioned, or even hinted at, unless the phrase that "Canada is the abode of wicked French priests, who are only kept from ruining everybody by the gallantry of the hero," is a sneer at the charming romance of Charles G. D. Roberts, "The Forge in the Forest." The Bible tells us that a prophet is not without honour save in his own country, and this eternal truth is exemplified in Canada to-day, and has been for years past. Mecca cast out Mahomet, and it was only when he was driven from its gates that he founded the religion of which Mecca is to-day the centre.

Mr. Fraser says, "So far, literature has done little for Canada." This remark, which, by the way, is untrue, recalls to my mind the much more striking phrase of the late John Sandfield Macdonald, "What in hell has Strathroy done for me?" What has Canada done for literature? Little or nothing. Her greatest literary man would live in squalor, if he remained within her boundaries and depended upon her for support. Canada does not buy books to any extent worth mentioning. Apologists for the Dominion have said that life in Canada is strenuous; that there is the inevitable struggle in conquering a new country; that money is scarce and that books are not a necessity. Is this true? Is it the lack of money that makes Canada so poor a book market? Or is it because the Canadians are not a reading people? Is it lack of intellect rather than lack of cash? In writing this article here in England I have to admit I am not well supplied with statistical volumes relating to Canada, and any statement I make in the line of figures is subject to correction. I have at my elbow the statistical "Year Book of Canada" for 1889, and so whatever I glean from it will be at least ten years old. I find (page 191) that in the year 1885, for instance, Canada drank 1.12 gallons of whiskey per head, as against 1.01 gallons per head in Great Britain and Ireland. That is to say, the Canadian drank eleven hundredths of a gallon more than the Britisher, who has never been held up to the natives of this earth as a strictly temperance individual. I find that in the five years ending in 1889, Canada consumed annually an average of two million eight hundred and ninety thousand five hundred and eight gallons of spirits.

Now, when I was in Canada last year, five bottles of whiskey went to a gallon, and they charged me a dollar a bottle; so, putting the gallon at the low figure of three dollars, this would mean that Canada's liquor bill was something under nine millions of dollars, more than double of what Ontario paid during those years for education. We used to have a phrase in Canada to this effect, "Talk is cheap, but it takes money to buy whiskey."

I find that in those years Canada transformed something like a hundred million bushels of good wheat into spirituous liquor, but her production of books during the same time seems to have been so infinitesimal that the statistical Year Book does not even mention the output.

It will be seen by these statements that it is not the lack of money that makes Canada about the poorest book market in the world outside of Senegambia.

It may be said that I am putting literature on a low level when I place it on a cash basis; but an author must live if he is to write, and he must eat if he is to live, and he must have money if he is to eat. Cash is the magic wand of modern life; it will conjure up nearly anything you like. Recently a music dealer in Italy offered a substantial prize for an opera, and the offer brought forth "Cavalleria Rusticana" and "Pagliacci," two musical efforts which became instantly successful all over the world. The *Youth's Companion* once offered a large prize for the best short story, and the taker of it was an unknown writer

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in Toronto. The Toronto *Globe* some years ago offered tempting prizes for short stories, and actually hooked in one of mine, and if mine did not take the first prize it was because there was a better story ahead of it.

The bald truth is that Canada has the money, but would rather spend it on whiskey than on books. It prefers to inflame its stomach, rather than inform its brain. And yet there are people who actually hold that Canada is an intellectual country. The trouble is that it adds stupidity to its lack of intelligence. This sounds somewhat tautological, but a person may lack intelligence and still not be stupid. Commercially, nothing pays a country better than lavishly to subsidize an author. A Sir Water Scott would bring millions into Canada every year. Scotland could well have afforded to bestow on Sir Walter Scott a hundred million dollars for his incomparable Waverley Novels. His works have made Scotland the dearest district in the world in which a traveller can live, and have transformed it from a poverty-stricken land into a tourist-trodden country, rolling in wealth. The reason I choose Sir Walter Scott as an example is, first, that he was the man whom the six gentlemen mentioned by Mr. Cooper chose to lead their list of desirable authors; second, because no Canadian writer has ever been made wealthy by Canada, and so I can't go to the Dominion for an example; and, third, because I am myself an adoring admirer of Sir Walter Scott's works.

Now Sir Walter Scott was not writing for laurel wreaths; he wrote entirely and solely for cash. He began his Waverley Novels to support his lavish expenditure on Abbotsford. I doubt if he had any idea how good the books were. I think it was a canny precaution of Scott when he refused to put his name on them, fearing they were bad, and that he might jeopardise his already well-won reputation as a poet; yet whether they were good or bad he resolved to write them if they would bring in money. He continued his output of novels afterwards to pay his debts, incurred in a disastrous commercial speculation, the object of which had been to make money. If Sir Walter had thought he could make more money by planting trees or raising stock he would undoubtedly have turned his attention to those pursuits, and the Waverley Novels would have been unwritten.

One of the first recorded utterances of Sir Walter Scott's, touching upon books, that I can find, was made to Ballantyne just a hundred years ago, where he says:

"I think I could, with little trouble, put together sundry selections of them (Border Ballads) as might make a neat little volume that would *sell for four or five shillings.*"

You see, he does not say that it would be well to collect these ballads in case they might be lost to the world, or that their publication would give deserved fame to ancient writers, but that the book would sell for four or five shillings. It is the four or five shillings that the average literary man is after and must have, if he is to continue in the business.

What chance has Canada, then, of raising a Sir Walter Scott? I maintain that she has but very little chance, because she won't pay the money, and money is the root of all literature. The new Sir Walter is probably tramping the streets of Toronto to-day, looking vainly for something to do. But Toronto will recognize him when he comes back from New York or London, and will give him a dinner when he doesn't need it.

I would like to say before going further, that although Mr. Fraser's address to the journalists filled me with resentment, because of his ignoring Canadian literary men, I am, nevertheless, a great admirer of that gentleman's stories, and, if I am not very much mistaken, he got his start in somewhat the same manner as I did myself. In the Philadelphia *Saturday Evening Post* of June the 24th, are two items side by side which ought to be pondered on by Canada. One paragraph says: "Mr. W. A. Fraser sent his

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first sketch to *The Detroit Free Press*, and it was at once accepted. The cheque for it determined Mr. Fraser to regular writing, and his success has been pronounced,"

The second item is about Charles G. D. Roberts, and reads: "Professor Roberts is in future going to live in England. It is understood that he goes abroad by the advice of a well-known publisher, who assures him that he can make much more money in London."

Mr. Fraser had to go outside of Canada to secure his first cheque, and that was my own experience, getting the cheque from the same paper.

The first article of mine that was accepted by *The Detroit Free Press* has been sent to every paper in Ontario, without exception, and unanimously declined, although it was offered for nothing. The preacher in the story, said "Thank God" when he got back his hat after passing it round a very stingy congregation, but I was not so fortunate as the reverend gentleman, for many of the papers not only kept the manuscript, but the stamps enclosed for its return as well. I never expected to get pay for anything published in Canada, but was always glad when editors did not send me in a bill for publishing my contributions.

The Honourable Mr. W. E. Quinby, editor and proprietor of the *Detroit Free Press*, who gave Mr. Fraser and myself our first cheques, has himself done more for literature than all the editors from Quebec to Vancouver, and his literary judgment is infallible. He does not care from whom the manuscript comes, so long as it is good, and again, he is willing to back his opinion with money, and that, as I have said, is what counts in this world, whether in a horse trade, in literature, or in an election. I know men and women in England, in Canada, and in the United States, now in the front rank of literature who owe their start to Mr. Quinby's appreciation of their early efforts. There is little merit in recognizing genius when all the world recognizes it, but to select a winner when no one else knows of him is a feat to be proud of.

One winter, during a visit to Atlanta, Georgia, I had the pleasure of meeting the late Henry W. Grady, one of the most remarkable journalists that the United States has produced—a man who would certainly have been Vice-President of the United States had he lived, and probably President. In speaking of the beginning of his successful career, he said his starting point was a cheque from Mr. Quinby, of Detroit, received when he was out of employment, with no hope of gaining any.

"My assets were, one wife, two children, and three dollars," he said. "That was all I had in the world. The encouraging words of Mr. Quinby to me, then an unknown, no-account young man, and the substantial nature of the cheque he sent, raised me from despair to hope, and I have never had an uneasy moment from that time."

Kipling, himself an early contributor to the columns of the *Free Press*, said to me once, "The reading of the *Detroit Free Press* was about the only pleasure I had in my newspaper work in India; what a splendidly edited paper it is."

As one good turn deserves another, I believe the *Free Press* was the first paper in America to call attention to Kipling's genius. It is something for a man to have produced a paper like that, and more, that he paid generously for the contributions he accepted, whether the sender was famous or unknown.

My advice then to the Walter Scott tramping the streets of Toronto is:

"Get over the border as soon as you can; come to London or go to New York; shake the dust of Canada from your feet. Get out of a land that is willing to pay money for whiskey, but wants its literature free in the shape of Ayer's Almanac, in my day the standard work of reference throughout the rural districts, because it cost nothing. Vamoose the ranch. Go back when all the rest of the world

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is acquainted with you, and you may find that Canada has, perhaps, some knowledge of your existence. Anyhow, when you return you will have a good time, for there are some of the finest people in the world in Canada."

This proves a very much larger subject than I thought it was when I took it in hand, so instead of dealing with it in one article I propose to devote two to it. It would be useless to scold over a state of things for which there was no remedy. I believe there is a remedy; I believe that Canada can be reclaimed from literary darkness and rye whiskey; therefore, in a future contribution, I propose to point out what this remedy is.

(The Second Article will appear in December.)

ON THE COAST OF ACADIE.

STOOD the cottage near a cliff
By the sea.
By the sparkling sun-lit sea—
By the slowly-moving sea;
And the bride of yester-eve
Looked it o'er.
Dreamed of future joy-filled years,
Little recked she of their tears,
Unassailed her heart by fears.
Happy she—
By the laughing rippling sea.

Stood the cottage nearer yet
To the sea.
To the white-capped angry sea—
To the swiftly-moving sea;
And the wife of many years
Looked it o'er.
Thought of sons who'd left her side,
To explore its billows wide,
Claimed by its resistless tide.
Woe is me—
By that greedy treacherous sea!

Stood the cottage on the cliff
By the sea.
By the cloud-swept grey old sea—
By the gently-moving sea;
And a widow bent and lone
Looked it o'er.
Felt that restless changeful sea,
E'er to her unchanged would be—
Could not break its constancy.
Waiting she
For her blest eternity.

Agnes J. Chipman.

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TECHNICAL EDUCATION IN CANADA.

By Bernard McEvoy.

CONSIDERABLE attention has recently been directed to the desirability of establishing technical schools in Canada. The Minister of Education for Ontario recently made an important speech on the subject; outlined a plan of operations, and stated that the Ontario Government would be willing, under proper conditions, to assist in establishing these schools in suitable centres of industrial operations. Toronto, some years ago, took the lead in establishing a technical school, which has since been useful, more or less, in teaching operatives the rudiments of science, and has spent a considerable amount of money and effort in what must to some extent be regarded as an experiment as to the best method of technical teaching. It seems permissible under these circumstances to offer a few remarks as to what technical education is; as to certain conditions that must be fulfilled if it is to be successful; and as to certain difficulties which may attend its inception.

The word technical is derived from a Greek word signifying art, and Johnson's definition of it is "relating to the arts." We may say broadly that the word in its modern sense relates chiefly to those arts that are called "industrial" such as iron-founding, jewellery, and silver plate making, metal working, building, dyeing, weaving and furniture-making. No doubt these arts merge into what are called the "fine" arts at certain points; but, generally speaking, there is a broad distinction between them. There is something about the fine arts of painting, sculpture, architecture and music that differentiates them from those which for want of a better word we call the industrial. These fine arts are intimately concerned with the expressing of artistic imagination. The fine arts express mind by means of matter. It might almost be said, though perhaps not with perfect exactness, that the industrial arts express matter by means of mind. The painter uses matter in the shape of certain pigments and canvas and brushes to produce his effects, but the beauty of his work is not increased by his knowledge of the chemical constituents of his colours, or the scientific principles that underlie the making of canvas. He wisely leaves these to the industrial artist who makes them for him. In like manner the architect strictly speaking, viz: he who gives to a building a beautiful form, might conceivably produce all his effects without the employment of scientifically prepared materials. Of course, as a matter of fact the architect, who practises one of the most comprehensive and demanding of professions, usually adds to his capacity for design a knowledge of what strictly speaking is engineering and the management and knowledge of materials. But where the fine arts touch the industrial is mainly in the particulars of beauty of form and colour. These are really distinct from the material considerations which govern the "making" arts. With the industrial arts matter is the end, and to put matter into its most convenient form at the least possible cost is their *ne plus ultra*. The office of these arts is to change the form of natural products. It has been found out in the course of time, that in order to do this in the best way, it is necessary to know something—to know, indeed, as much as possible—about the laws governing these natural products. A full technical education must comprise the teaching of these laws and the incidence of their operation.

We find, therefore, that technical education divides itself into two

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branches—craftsmanship and theory, and it is highly important that we should not get our ideas mixed about these two distinct things. The perfect technical artist has both craftsmanship and theory. We see at the outset that there is a difference between the teaching of the laws that control matter, *i.e.*, science, and that training of the hand and eye which is concerned in craftsmanship. A man may be a good craftsman, and know nothing definitely about scientific laws. He cannot, however, be a good craftsman without learning by experience something of the operation of those laws. The industrial arts were carried on for hundreds of years before the scientific principles governing them were apprehended with any clearness. Some of the best work in the world was done under these conditions. In the days when men thought there were four "elements," earth, air, fire and water, wonders of architecture, metal-working, weaving, dyeing and furniture-making were performed. But they were performed at considerable waste of effort, being accomplished, so to speak, in the dark. Moreover, there was plenty of time in those days to do things. With the increase of population has come a demand for more rapid production and less wasteful processes. It is unnecessary to enter on the vexed question as to whether the former days were better than these. Ruskin says they were. But we are face to face to-day with the fact that unless we use our materials in the best way, and unless we use the daylight that science has cast over all industrial processes, we as a community shall be left behind by others that are more progressive. Moreover, it is by means of technical knowledge that we find our way to new fields of operation. And the community that does not successively find its way into new fields is out of the running, out of the swim of evolution, is not the fittest, and, therefore, will not survive.

Returning to the two branches of technical education, craftsmanship and theory, it is evident that from the time the child goes to school there is a certain combination of them. Writing is craftsmanship—the training of the hand and eye to accomplish a certain physical result. So is drawing. So is sewing, which ought certainly to be taught to girls at school. But arithmetic is theory—is science—is the teaching of law. So are grammar and geography. Language-teaching is partly instruction in theory, and partly merely the memorizing of the codes of expression adopted by different nations. It is suggested that more craftsmanship or manual teaching may be grafted on the existing curriculum of our public schools. I think that under certain conditions of caution this may be done. Writing and drawing are successfully taught, and they are—strictly speaking—manual training. This might be extended by the inclusion of instruction in the use of typical tools. The gentlemen who recently made a report to the Toronto Board of Trade on the subject of technical education, if I understand their presentation aright, wish to abolish the teaching of drawing in our schools. But it is just as desirable to teach drawing in the early years of a child's education as to teach writing. Both are means of expression, and the signs and conventions are best learned in those days when the mind is plastic and the memory is active. Moreover, drawing is a beginning in craftsmanship. It is the foundation of all constructive work.

Some years ago I was under the impression that to introduce manual training into our public schools would tend to turn the ordinary subjects out of doors. But a study of the educational work that has been done on this line in France, Germany, Russia and the United States has convinced me that I was wrong, and that a judicious combination of theory and practice may be helpfully and wisely instituted. I do not believe that the schools will, under these circumstances, turn out finished workmen. To master any craft thoroughly will in most instances take longer hours of application than it would be wise to introduce into the

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school time-table. But there is no doubt that school manual training would prepare the scholars in an admirable manner for those industries to which they are to give their lives. It would also render possible such a correlation of theory and practice as is greatly needed in our industrial economy, where specialization is the rule, so that when a boy goes to work he is frequently set to the performances of some small, repeated, mechanical task which is apt to make of him a mere machine, and to curtail his opportunities of getting anything like a general mastery of his trade.

I think also that some effective manual training might be given in our schools during the midsummer holidays. In some instances desks might be replaced by work-benches and duly qualified craftsmen appointed as teachers. It would be found that there would be no lack of voluntary and delighted pupils. During the three continuous hours of the morning a boy would be able, under these circumstances, to get some proper training of hand or eye. A girl might get some useful tuition in needlework and other household matters. This plan has been adopted in several of the schools in Paris with great success, and there appears to be no reason why it should not be successful here. If it were not convenient to use the school-rooms, it would be quite worth while to secure other accommodation. But I have no doubt that in a few years a properly appointed workshop will be an adjunct of most public schools. By taking a different lot of scholars on each of the five mornings of the week usually devoted to school work, a considerable number might thus come under the influence of teaching which would certainly be useful to them, and which would not militate against the pleasure or healthfulness of the children's holidays.

It is plain however that the manual training that could be satisfactorily given in connection with the ordinary studies, must be supplemented by technological schools in which further and fuller instruction may be given. The manual training in the public schools will be rudimentary and introductory. In the technological school proper the scholar will pass to a higher grade of teaching. The teaching of theory will still form part of the work, but more time will be devoted to craftsmanship. I am disposed to think that the old idea of apprenticeship to a trade at the age of fourteen had much sense in it. At that time childhood is passing into adolescence. There is a vivication of the bodily powers and of the nervous system ; a ripening of capacity that it is important to take advantage of. If such schools were instituted they would, to some extent, take the place of high schools, and they would be attended by those who meant to take good places in the operative world. Such schools might continue during, perhaps, a third of the school hours, the teaching of theory begun in the public schools. During this third, certain branches of mathematics, chemistry, physics and mechanics would be taught. These four branches of knowledge underlie all industrial art. Mathematics, the science of measurable quantity ; chemistry, the science of matter ; physics, the science of force, dealing with dynamics, light, heat, sound, electricity, and magnetism ; and mechanics, the science of applying the laws of force to practical purposes. These definitions are not exact, but they may serve the present purpose which is to find out if possible what we want to teach operatives, and why. I refer now to the teaching of operatives who are concerned with the industrial arts that are practised in cities. Further on I shall have something to say on the sort of technical education that is required by miners and agriculturists.

The teaching of operatives. It is necessary to bear that in mind. It is of no use for fledgling lawyers, doctors and parsons to take up technical education unless indeed they take it up as a recreation or a broadener of information. What we want to make in this country is a better class of operatives,

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and to that end our technical education should be directed. It is an important aim, and because the operative class is the real base of everything, it should have more consideration than the education of any other section of the community. It is scarcely necessary to say that the true prosperity of a country is to be determined by the prosperity of its operative class. If this be not healthy, happy, and expressing itself in joyful work, there is something that needs alteration. Much of the overcrowding of the professions, which is justly complained of, arises from the fact that craftsmanship has not yet taken on its proper dignity, or, rather, has lost it in the lapse of years. We are in a transition state. There was a time when the trade guilds of Europe were institutions of honour and respectability, the members of which—all craftsmen—had a recognized, and to some extent, an enviable place in the community. A position in the guild was won by a seven years' apprenticeship, and, as I have already said, the craftsman of that day did work which is still unmatched. Remains of their dignity lingered long. I, myself, as a boy, have frequently seen carpenters and bricklayers going to their work in silk hats. It was the mark of a complete journeyman, a tradesman who had "passed." Sometimes the bricklayers as they worked in the open air, retained this imposing head-gear while working. But we have changed all that. It is possible, however, to restore to labour a dignity of a higher kind than could be exemplified by the wearing of a "stovepipe" hat. We may put something inside the head instead of decorating its exterior. Technical education has, in my opinion, a mission that is above the merely utilitarian. It combines in its aims not merely the making of good operatives, but the educating of the *man*. There is in technical education, if it be properly pursued, a potency of intellectual training which cannot but assist in advancing the intelligence and status of its subjects as citizens.

It will have been gathered from what I have already advanced that I favour manual training in schools simply as an introduction to the real training of actual work. The only way to learn craftsmanship is to keep on doing it; and this continuous performance, so necessary in the training of the hand and eye is not possible in its full development in schools. It must be done in the workshop, on the building, in the foundry. Get the opinion of any number of practical men and it will be found to tally with mine. I speak as one who has passed through a workshop training and I know whereof I speak. None the less do I perceive the value of the training that may be given in schools. None the less do I perceive that in certain particulars this school-training is calculated to give a full-rounded grasp of the problems of industrial art, such as the workshop never supplies. The workshop is a money-making institution. It has not time to consider the art in its entirety on which it is engaged, and the principles which regulate it.

I have spoken hitherto chiefly on such technical training as is concerned in the constructive industrial arts. But it is plain that we must not lose sight of what may be called the ornamenting industrial arts. In some trades the desirability of science-knowledge is replaced by the desirability of art training. I call mechanical drawing a part of scientific teaching. It is really connected with mechanics and mechanical construction. But there are some trades that are concerned with ornament, and on their account we desire our technical schools to give us the requisite sort of art teaching. If a youth is to be an ironfounder, what he wants to know is chemistry, and physics, and the behaviour of metals. These will let daylight in on much that might otherwise be a series of puzzles to him. Mechanical drawing will also be useful to him. The same courses will be suitable for the machinist. But another youth is to be a modeller of ornamental patterns for iron or brass founding, and it is manifest that he

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must be also instructed in the principles of art. For if he have only to follow the drawings of a special designer, he will follow them much more intelligently if his eyes be trained by artistic tuition. There are also decorators, plasterers, stonecutters, cabinetmakers, goldsmiths, silversmiths and a tribe of others to whom art-teaching in indispensable. So that our technological school will have to devote attention to this branch. It will have been begun in the public schools by a due attention to drawing and modelling, by the surrounding also of the scholars by some of the best examples of art, such as is being attended to by our League of School Art. Here again it may be well to introduce a word emphasizing the need that great and constant attention be given to drawing for all pupils. As a means of expression it is needed by everybody; for those who will follow ornament as a business it is indispensable, as it is also for engravers, illustrators and many other artificers.

No better example need be given as to the importance of art-teaching than is afforded by the action of the British Government after the Great Exhibition of 1851 had shown that Great Britain was behind France and other nations in this particular. "When Great Britain found herself outstripped at the Crystal Palace Exhibition," says Dr. MacArthur, "she faced the music at once, and established the South Kensington Museum with its annexed art schools at an expense of six million dollars." There are now 200 art schools in England where 30,000 people receive instruction; and the progress is still more remarkable in the way of general education, for there are not less than 4,200 schools where drawing is taught, and where nearly 1,000,000 pupils are instructed in drawing and design. What was the result? Mr. Nichols supplies the answer in his statistics of British importation from France. From 1847 to 1856 it appears that thirty-five per cent. of the French exportations were of art industry, and from 1856 to 1868 they scarcely amounted to sixteen per cent., a decrease in twelve years of more than one-half. Now, during the first period France was nearly ten per cent. ahead of Great Britain, but during the second period, that is from 1856 to 1868, the export of British products in which art was required exceeded in value those of France 505,000,000 francs, and with a greatly increased value in her total exportations her art products were twelve per cent. more. In other words, while this kind of industry had increased in Great Britain 442,000,000 francs, it had decreased 68,000,000 in France. It is the custom of a certain school of artists to sneer at South Kensington instruction, but these are facts which appeal to practical men.

I come now to the consideration of the technical education that it is desirable to give to operatives already engaged in the pursuit of industrial art. This is the field that is at present worked by the Toronto Technical School, the Ontario School of Art and Design, and the various other art schools already established in Canada. It is a very important field, and it is one that is highly necessary to take into account, seeing that in the past we have to some extent neglected technical education in our primary and secondary schools. There are as a consequence thousands of young men and women earning their living as operatives who have had no chance of acquiring that technical knowledge that they would undoubtedly find useful to them in their various pursuits. It is due to them that they should have the means of obtaining it. The necessities of the situation point to evening classes. What they want is art-teaching, instruction in scientific theory and mechanical drawing. They want also the very best of teachers—second-rate ones are of no avail. It takes a far more capable instructor to teach a class of men who have "got out of the way" of learning than it does to teach a class of boys or girls in school. These men want to learn chemistry, and physics, and mechanics; and a Faraday with his wonderful inductions and his

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altogether masterly simplicity would not be too good for them. A model in some respects of the institution they need is to be found in the Ecole des Arts et Metiers (Conservatory of Arts and Trades) in Paris. It was the Convention in 1784 which decreed that should be formed in Paris, under the name of the Conservatory of Arts and Trades, a public depot of machines, models, tools, drawings and descriptions, and books upon all arts and trades, the construction and employment of which should be explained by three demonstrators and a draughtsman attached to the establishment. The end proposed by the founders was the practical instruction of workmen. There are now fourteen chairs of instruction and the subjects taught are:

Geometry applied to the arts.
Descriptive geometry.
Mechanics applied to the arts.
Civil construction.
Physics applied to the arts.
General chemistry in its relation to industry.
Industrial chemistry.
Chemistry applied to the industries of dyeing, ceramics and glass-working.
Agricultural and analytical chemistry.
Architecture.
Agricultural works and rural engineering.
Spinning and weaving.
Political economy and statistics.

The lectures are public and free to all, foreigners and citizens alike. Says Mr. Joshua L. Chamberlain, one of the American Commissioners to the Paris Exposition of 1878: "It is a deeply interesting scene for an American to sit amidst that motley auditory sometimes numbering nearly a thousand, all listening intently to the masterly yet simple expositions of men like Becurel, Gerard, Burat and Levasseur, of all conditions and ages, from the boy of twelve, first waking to the thought of the possibilities of the great world before him, to the dim-eyed sire of eighty years now at last realizing what might have been. There are as many as 160,000 of these auditors each year." In some respects no doubt a Canadian institution would need modifications of this idea. But with regard to most of the subjects taught and the excellence of the instructors we might well endeavour to imitate this French example.

In any reconstruction of the Toronto Technical School, particularly if a new building be erected, there would be a certain advantage in merging the present Ontario School of Art and Design with it. This school has for years done capital work on somewhat restricted funds, and its directors would probably not consent to absorption did they not see that such a step would lead to greater effectiveness. What seems to be required at present is a technological institution that shall give instruction in evening classes in industrial art and scientific theory. It should be directed by a board, the members of which know something of what technical education should be, and it would be a misfortune if in the composition of the board any interest other than educational should have preponderating influence. No doubt the best technical school in the world is that of Moscow which is conducted onder the direction of a despotic government! We have learned in Canada that popular government is not an unmixed good, and we have learned it especially in our Toronto experiment in technical education. There seems to be no reason why our most intelligent and progressive citizens should not take a hand in furthering such a work as this. If the citizens find the money for the enterprise, as they will have to if it is to be carried out, they should at any rate see that the funds they supply are administered by men who are likely to give them their money's worth.

I have referred to the necessity for technical instruction of a kind required by agriculturists and miners. With regard to the first it is satisfactory to know that the Education Department of Ontario has made agriculture a recognized branch of the public school curriculum and has authorized the use of a text-book on this subject ("Agriculture," by C. C. James, Dep. Min. of Agric., Ont.), the excellence of which is attested by the fact that it has been immediately adopted in the United States. The Agricultural College at

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Guelph has been doing good work in the same direction for years, and at the present time has its full complement of pupils. I have sometimes wondered whether or not it would be practicable to have, connected with our rural schools, gardens divided into small plots in which the scholars might practise horticulture, but this I must leave to those who are better acquainted with the subject.

I cannot leave the subject, however, without a word on the immense importance of teaching the children of this country the laws and principles which govern its basic industry. The cultivation of the land in the best possible way, the raising of stock and of fruits, are probably of more importance to this country than anything else. We ought to grudge no money that is judiciously expended in the instruction of the people who are to cultivate the land. As for the instruction that is desirable for miners, it will probably be found that a simple metallurgical course in the higher classes of the public schools will be of immense service. The instruction in mining proper will be better left for later years, and no doubt some classes in mining will be found desirable in our proposed technological institutes.

The difficulties in the way of the inception of a thorough system of technical education in Canada range themselves under three heads: 1. the question of funds; 2. the objections of trades unions; 3. the difficulty—at first—of finding suitable teachers.

With the regard to the first of these it seems just and fair that the expense should be borne partly by the Provincial Legislatures, and partly by the municipalities, the greater part being borne by the latter, seeing that the advantages to be reaped are largely of a local character. The initial outlay will be considerable, as it will comprise in many cases the erection of suitable buildings, and, in all, the expense of equipment. The equipment for the public school technical annex need not be formidable. In the special report of Mr. L. H. Marvel with regard to the expense of the industrial school at Gloucester, Mass., he estimates that "a room similar to the one at Gloucester can be fitted up for a carpentry class at an expense of $500. In such a shop, thoroughly and completely equipped, one teacher can instruct four classes each day, and twenty classes each week, of sixteen members each, and the actual cost of instruction would not exceed $800, annually, allowing forty weeks for the year. The expense of material would not exceed 50 cents for each pupil. Upon this basis the per capita expense of instructing three hundred and twenty pupils would be about three dollars per year. The expense would be greater if forging and casting were added." The school committee in Boston, in co-operation with the Industrial School Association, made a practical trial of a workshop in connection with a public school in 1882. The session was from January to May. A carpenter was employed as teacher. The total expenses of equipping and continuing the school were $712. The School Board of the city of Philadelphia appropriated the sum of $1,500 for the first year's expenses of industrial classes in one of their schools and $1,000 for those in another. The cost of a completely equipped Technological Institute will of course be much more than this. It should include (1) a museum of materials, especially those of the district in which the institute is situated; (2) a library; (3) a main lecture room, for periodical lectures to the public on technical subjects. Experience leads to the conclusion that if you can only get the lecturers these act as feeders to the school; (4) from six to ten smaller lecture-rooms for classes; (5) an art museum; (6) four art-instruction rooms including one modelling room; (7) secretary's office and board room; (8) five workshops. Here we have from 22 to 25 rooms. The external shape the building should assume would depend a good deal on the amount it was decided to spend on it. It should at least be a fitting edifice for the work to be done in it. It should not affront the

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art students by its ugliness, nor scandalize the physics classes by its contempt of the laws that govern proper construction.

There are numerous instances in which private generosity has come to the aid of the public treasury in erecting and equipping buildings for the purposes we are considering. The Worcester Mass., Free Institute was founded by John Boynton who gave the sum of $100,000 for its endowment and support. The Hon. Ichabod Washburn belied his first name by giving it a machine shop and equipments, a sum of $5,000 to be expended for stock, and the interest of $50,000 to provide for contingencies. Sir Josiah Mason, of Birmingham, England, bore the entire expense of building, equipping and endowing the Mason College; while the Birmingham and Midland Institute was, in the first instance, erected entirely by private subscriptions. It is doubtful, however, whether this method of "evening up" between millionaires and the million is on the whole so directly in the line of progress as defraying these educational charges out of general taxation.

It does not seem wise, in the present state of things, to wait for the waking up of millionaires' consciences. We are in need of technical schools now, and we shall have to pay for them. There are plenty of arguments to be used in favour of the necessary expenditure. Technical education is not in its initial stage. Canada is taking hold of it in the present day as a junior member of the comity of nations, but she has plenty of examples to follow. It is certain that where a city, a state, or a nation, has expended money on technical education it has been returned to it twenty, thirty and sixty-fold. We have only to look at the work that is being done in other countries to be convinced that we can no longer allow our own ground to lie fallow.

The trades-union objection to technological institutions, so far as it exists, is founded upon the supposition that the institutes will turn out a larger number of skilled operatives than there are openings for, and that therefore wages will fall. It is only the less intelligent who take this view, and a wider acquaintance with the subject generally dissipates it. In the countries in which technical education has made its greatest strides the trades unionists are its warm friends. They know that the possibilities of art-industry and science-industry are almost infinite, and that constant fresh developments of new materials and new ways of using them are the usual products of technical education. Moreover it is not proposed to teach special trades so much as to give general technological information and training that may be applied in any fresh situation in which the pupil may find himself.

The difficulty of finding suitable teachers for the work of technical education will be, it may be hoped, of a temporary character. There are plenty of teachers available, but teachers of the right sort are comparably few. Much of the success of this work will depend on a proper choice of instructors, and in this regard the policy of cheapness is a mistaken one. One good teacher is worth three or four second rate ones. We have in Toronto and Montreal schools of applied science which should certainly be capable of turning out those who are fitted for the work of technical instruction, while from our ranks of skilled workmen may be drawn the necessary teachers of the use of typical tools. The work of our art schools has already proved that that there is no dearth of excellent teachers in that department.

In conclusion it may be said that technical education is certainly one of the means whereby our great resources may be utilized for the common good. It is a means that has been successfully used by other countries, and where it has been tried it has never failed to improve trade and to elevate the operative class. It will be as successful in Canada as elsewhere if it is handled in an intelligent and public-spirited manner.

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A WOMAN'S HEART.

A Love Story.

"FORGIVE me if I wound you, but what I have just told you must be final."

"Then, this is indeed final," said Warren Blair, whose voice, so full of pain, belied strangely his cold, calm face.

Margaret Falkiner bowed her head.

But before he had reached the door she sprang towards him impulsively and laid both her hands on his.

"Oh! forgive," she cried, tears springing into her eyes. "I never thought in all my life to give such pain to anyone. Tell me that you forgive me if ever by word or deed I seemed to have done anything to make you care for me as you *do* care for me, and as I don't deserve, even if I were free to love you."

He bit his lip hard, and his strong hand trembled under her little gentle ones.

"See, I am unworthy; know, I am unworthy; feel, I am unworthy," she went on rapidly and passionately. "Think that I flirted with you; that I tried to make you love me; that I would have married you just for your money—think anything you will of me that is hateful and vile, but don't, don't suffer for me as you are suffering now!"

He uttered an exclamination of despair, as he shook his hand free from hers.

She stood motionless where he had left her, with her eyes fastened on the door that had closed behind him.

Then she walked slowly to the farthest corner of the room, and sitting there, she thought and thought so long that the twilight came and went, and it was almost dusk. She was frightened, horrified at herself. Who is it has said a woman is never so near to loving a man as just after she has refused him?

"I love Alec," she kept repeating to herself over and over again, as if to force it into her heart, which seemed to shut against it. "I have always loved him, always. I love him now, I shall always love him—Oh! Why does Warren Blair stand before me like a ghost, with that calm, still look in his eyes? Am I a woman or a weather-cock, that I should be twisted and turned about in this way? Warren Blair is rich, rich, rich, and I am poor, very poor, and Alec is poor, too, we shall both be horribly poor. Oh! why does Warren Blair stand there, always, always, with that white, sad face! Surely I am going mad. It's ridiculous," she cried fiercely, pressing her hands to her temples and over her eye, as if to shut out the vision. "It's ridiculous! Why am I thinking about him so much? He'll soon forget me. If I had said yes to him he would have thought—I would have thought I was marrying him for his money, and yet if he were poor and had come to me, I wonder if my answer would have been different?"

And she shut her eyes and conjured up visions. Those thoughts had evidently carried her very far away, for as the door opened softly, she gave a little start at hearing her own name spoken, and looking up she saw Alec Deane standing before her.

"Is that you, Alec?" she asked irrelevantly, nervously, and half guiltily.

"How dark it is!" and she rang for lights.

She had never called him by his first name before, and she had not noticed that she did so now; but it made his heart beat faster, and when they were sitting beside the mended fire a little later, and had discussed a few trivialities, he bent nearer to her and said:

"I had not hoped to find you alone, but I am glad because I want to tell

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you something, something which, try as I must, I cannot keep from telling you, though every day, and all day long, I keep the thought uppermost in my mind that I am too bold. I am a poor man, I have no prospect of fortune, except that my brains can make, but they shall make one; only now, just now, it looks so hopeless, and it will look hopeless always if I have not your love to help me; but I shouldn't ask for it yet I know —Forgive me, forgive me, Margaret, and understand—"

"I do understand; but why, why have you come to-day?"

"Why have I come to-day?" he echoed. "Why have I come to-day! Because I couldn't keep away any longer, that was why—Don't you see, Margaret?"

There was a look of terrible fear in his face.

"I loved you yesterday," she said, slowly, looking away from him, "and I think I shall love you to-morrow—"

"Ah!" he said, bending and kissing her hands passionately. "But," she continued, drawing them slowly away, "I don't seem to be able to love you to-day in quite the same way. I have just killed somebody for your sake—don't be afraid, I shan't go to the gallows for it; those are the sort of murders that have nothing to do with the law—but while the blood is red upon my hands I feel a sort of guiltiness—I cannot be so frank with you as I might be—do you understand?"

"Yes, I think so," he said slowly; "some poor beggar has not been as lucky as I hope to be——"

"That's it; now go, Alec—No, I will not give you a blood-stained hand, but come back to-morrow, and perhaps you shall have them both."

"Margaret, my darling!"

But she pointed to the door, and he obeyed.

. . . .

The morrow came, as morrows will, and with it Alec Deane.

Margaret met him with outstretched hands.

"Margaret!" he said, bending over them tenderly; and they talked as lovers will, and forgot all but their own happiness.

"And when, love, when?" he whispered for the third time—

"Oh, you impatient boy!" she answered, laughing, "Isn't twelve months soon enough?

"Don't be cruel, darling!"

"Well then, six, will that do?"

He had to be satisfied, and so it was settled.

. . . .

One May morning, when Margaret was busy writing pretty little acknowledgments to the senders of some presents, Alec Deane came in upon her in a state of suppressed excitement.

"I have some news for you, Margaret, such good news!"

"Really?" smiling round at him, and going on with her writing.

"But it's like a fairy-tale, Margaret, and I hardly know where to begin. Well," he blurted out, "a nice old relative in Australia, whom I never knew existed until now, has died, and in doing so, left me his fortune, which amounts to half a million."

"Alec!"

"I knew, of course, in a dim sort of way, that I had relatives out there; but that there was any money, or I should be the lucky heir, or anything of that sort, never entered my head. Upon my word I can't realize it yet, can you?"

"N——o."

"We shall be rich now, Margaret, just think of it, dear! And I am so glad for your sake, my beautiful darling. There is only one very awkward and disappointing thing about it to me, which is that they want me to go out there and see about some legal matters for which my presence is absolutely necessary. If they insist I suppose I shall have to go; but I shall not be an hour longer than necessary."

"You must go, if it is to your interests to do so, Alec; and, after all, a few months out of our whole lives will not make so very much difference, will it?"

"I was going to ask you, Meg, if

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you didn't think we might hurry it up, you know, so that you could come with me?"

"No, dear, no; we'll wait," and she kissed him softly on the forehead.

So the wedding was postponed, and the reason why was talked about with much interest for a day or two.

One evening about a month later, Margaret and her mother sat in the stalls of the Savoy Theatre to see Duse's inimitable performance of "Magda."

"Margaret," said Mrs. Falkiner, when the curtain had descended for the first entr'acte, "there is a man two rows in front of us who puzzles me. He has seen us too, I know, when he thought we were not looking. I believe he is Warren Blair; you remember him?"

"Yes, mother," said Margaret quietly, but turning a shade paler as she spoke.

"He has altered very much surely, or my sight is getting bad?"

"Yes, mother, he looks much older but —— he is coming to speak to us."

As there was a vacant stall next Margaret, Blair took it.

"Have you been out of England, Mr. Blair?" Mrs. Falkiner asked. "We have not seen you for so long."

"Yes, I was called suddenly away a little over six months ago. My affairs in Wall St. went wrong, and the result is," with an indifferent smile, "that I am practically a poor man." The fortune of war!" he went on, with a laugh, but Margaret's little hand had for a second involuntarily found his.

At the end of the play when he had put them into their brougham, Mrs. Falkiner said, "Now that your affairs do not keep you away, I hope you will not forget us?"

"Almost any day about half-past five," Margaret added softly, and it seemed to him pleadingly. And her voice sounded in his ears until he saw her again.

It was not long. The next day he came and she was alone.

She meet him shyly, she didn't seem to be able to help it, try as she would to be different.

"Margaret," he cried impulsively, "Margaret, is it possible that after all these months you've changed towards me, you —— Margaret, I worship you!" and he was beside her where she sat, and she was in his arms.

Then she thought, then she remembered, and suddenly freeing herself she rose with a terrible feeling of remorse.

"Oh! don't you know?"

"Know!"

"Yes, I'm engaged to Alec Deane—the wedding was to have been over by now—it's only been postponed—and we are to be married when he comes back from Australia."

She spoke rapidly as if it were a lesson learnt which she feared to forget before she reached the end.

His face was ashen pale.

"Woman," he said between his teeth, "then why, why have you let me come to you again?"

He moved towards the door.

"God only knows why," she answered from where she stood, very still, with her hands clasped tightly over her heart. "God only knows, but He does know, for He has put this great love for you into my heart. No, don't come to me—I never really understood it until I met you last night, when you said you were a poor man. I was always afraid it was your money, and not you; but, now that Alec is rich And you are poor, I understand better. And although I have promised to marry him, he has not one atom of my heart. It is all wrong—I could never marry him now; but I will ask him to release me when he comes back, and although it will hurt him very much, still not so much as if I married him. I owe this to you, to him—and to myself. Then I will be your wife. . . No! no! here are my hands—kiss them. Our hearts are together, our souls are together. We can wait."

Mary Keegan.

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NELSON, B.C.—DOMINION DAY SPORTS.

It is almost impossible to drive a waggon or trap in the mountainous Kootenay district; horse-back riding is the best method of moving about, and therefore amateur running races are a feature of all gala days in British Columbia mining towns.

A TYPICAL MINING TOWN.

BEING A DESCRIPTION OF NELSON, BRITISH COLUMBIA.

By W. F. Brougham.

BRITISH COLUMBIA now occupies the same place in the mining investor's text books, as South Africa and Western Australia. British Columbia is, however, a large tract of country, and the stranger, with a limited knowledge of mining geography, may naturally desire to know in what part of that province are the principal mines situated.

As a matter of fact, the actual working and dividend paying mines (excepting placer mines) are confined to one district, namely that of the Kootenays (East and West). The well-known Le Roi, War Eagle, Josie, Silver King, Slocan Star, Payne and Ymir mines are all to be found in West Kootenay, within a few hours' journey of each other.

The journey from Montreal to Nelson, the metropolis of Kootenay and centre of the mining industries of the Province, is not by any means a great undertaking. By the Canadian Pacific Railway via Revelstoke or via the Crow's Ness Pass route, Nelson or Rossland can be reached within four days.

There are no hardships or difficulties to be overcome, no Chilkoot Passes to scale, no summer's provender to pack in before the golden goal is reached; on the contrary, for whatever point in Kootenay you aim, the journey is now reduced to a luxurious lounge whilst train and steamer transport the traveller through some of the grandest scenery in the world.

After traversing the weird, limitless prairies, the awe-inspiring passage through the Rockies is made. Canyons and mighty mountains give place to the calm blue waters and peaceful

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surrounding landscape of the Arrow Lakes.

At the southern extremity of these lakes is a small town-site called Robson. Here the routes to Rossland and Nelson diverge; if bound for the former city, we cross the Columbia River, and from thence the train brings us within an hour to our destination; or if bound for Nelson, the train takes us up the valley of the Kootenay River, and we arrive at the latter city within two hours from the time we left Robson.

These two cities—Nelson and Rossland—are the largest and most important in the Kootenay. Rossland is, in reality, an overgrown mining camp, and is the only town of any size in that part of Kootenay known as the Trail Creek mining division. The War Eagle, Le Roi and Josie mines are in the immediate vicinity of the town, in fact it is to these mines that Rossland owes, not only its origin, but its everyday existence. Recently the British-American Corporation have established their headquarters in the town, thus giving fresh impetus to mining activity there.

On the other hand, Nelson is the commercial centre of the district; it is also essentially a residential town, and, consequently, a steadily increasing place, and of more stable a nature than a mining town pure and simple. The scenery along the line from Robson to Nelson is exceedingly beautiful. The mighty Kootenay River is followed closely until it broadens out into the West Arm of the lake. Continuing along the lake shore, a bend in the line suddenly brings in view the city, and a more charming or picturesque journey's ending can hardly be imagined.

The business portion of the town is built on a level plateau, just above high water mark. From this plateau the ground slopes gently upland toward the outlying mountains, and on this slope is built the majority of the residences, though latterly the ever-increasing demand for house accommodation has caused a number of dwellings to be erected along the shore of the lake, beyond the mercantile streets.

NELSON, B.C.—TWO COMFORTABLE HOMES.

One of the most remarkable features of Nelson is the cosy homes which its citizens have erected in spite of the difficulty of securing suitable mechanics and supplies.

To the visitor or intending settler, the sight of these tasteful and delightfully situated homes is both a surprise and a gladdening welcome. Here, at least, can be found a haven of rest where the very surroundings bring back to the mind the memories of the old home now, perhaps, some thousands of miles away. Here will be found a society as cultivated and as far removed from that of the average mining camp as is that of the principal cities of Eastern Canada.

In a perfect climate, more temperate and more equable than that of the Eastern Provinces, in the midst of magnificent

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NELSON, B.C.—IN 1892.

pine-covered mountains, skirted by a glorious sheet of water, in a country where the demand for labour never is exceeded by the supply, where commerce is daily increasing, where ready and remunerative openings for investment of capital can be easily found, where the hills offer their rock-bound treasures as the reward of energy and enterprise, Nelson is indeed an ideal city in which the young man can begin the battle of life, or in which the man who has already begun to bear the brunt of the fight, and who through misfortune or disappointment desires to shake the dust of his mother country off his feet, can begin the warfare anew.

The origin of the foundation of Nelson was the discovery of precious metals on Toad mountain—the highland immediately above the town. In 1887 the famous Silver King mine, Toad mountain, now the property of the Hall Mines, Limited, was located. In the following year it may be said that Nelson practically came into existence. The Provincial Government laid out the town-site, and lots

NELSON, B.C.—IN 1899.

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were sold in October of that year (1888) for about $50 apiece. One of these lots changed hands the other day for the good round sum of $10,000. In the spring of 1891 the railway to Nelson was completed, and a regular train service established. Then steamers began to ply on the lakes; streets were opened; business blocks and private residences began to go up, and the town continued to steadily increase in size, population and importance. To-day the number of residents is estimated at over 6,500. No less than four banks and twenty-nine large wholesale houses are now established in the city, and yet more are to be added to that number this autumn. Two important branches of the Canadian Pacific, the Columbia & Kootenay and the Crow's Nest Pass railways, make Nelson their terminus, as also does the Nelson & Fort Sheppard railway—a branch of the Great Northern—for Nelson is the supply city for the whole Kootenay district, and the great railway companies having fully recognized that fact, have made a railway centre of the commercial centre. Day by day new buildings are commenced or completed. Handsome brick blocks now adorn the commercial streets. Recently the energetic mayor, supported by the aldermen, raised the necessary funds for extending the present excellent, though limited water, sewage, and electric light systems, in order to meet the requirements of four times the number of the present population.

Although Nelson's prosperity both present and future is due, and will continue to be due, to the fact that she is the emporium of Kootenay, it must be admitted that the mines in the surrounding district have lent a helping hand towards the making of the city. Such mines as the Silver King, the Athabasca, the Fern, the Mollie Gibson and the Poorman, all within a short distance from the town, indirectly aid commerce and trade. Then Nelson is the starting point for the Slocan, Ymir, Windermere, Fort Steele and Boundary Creek mining divisions. The Ymir Camp is but an hour's journey by rail from Nelson, and Slocan City is reached within two hours by rail or steamer.

CATHOLIC CHURCH.

BAPTIST CHURCH.—NELSON, B.C.—ENGLISH CHURCH.

The C. P. R. are now about to complete the construction of a new branch line from Arrow-Head to Nelson, which will intersect a rich mineral country called the Lardeau. The new Crow's Nest Pass Railway has opened out

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considerably the East Kootenay district, points such as Fort Steele and Cranbrook, formerly difficult and well nigh impossible to reach during certain parts of the year, being now within a day's journey of Nelson. Moreover the rich coal fields of the Crow's Nest Pass and Lethbridge can now supply Nelson daily with coal at one-half the price at what it was before the new line was opened.

A large gas company will shortly open out a complete installation of gas plant for supplying both fuel and light.

An electric tramway is now in the course of construction by a subsidiary company of the British Electric Traction Company, the largest electric tramway corporation in England. As Nelson is the only town in Canada in which this corporation operates, it shows considerable faith in the future of the city in English financial circles.

But there are other considerations besides those of commerce and finance which will come to the mind of anyone who is seeking for a new home. There are the hours of leisure to be thought of, the necessary recreation which every true worker desires when his day of toil is done. There are few cities which can vie with Nelson in this respect. The town is situated amid some of the grandest mountain and river scenery in the world. Many citizens from Eastern Canada who have passed through Nelson on their travels, have returned to pay prolonged visits so as to enjoy the beneficial, health-giving air and perfect landscape that the city affords.

NELSON RESIDENCES.

The first is that of Mayor Neelands.

The sportsman can find in Nelson unlimited occupation. The fishing in the Kootenay Lake and River is unequalled by any in Canada. The wooded mountains surrounding the Lake abound with deer and grouse, while, in the distant snow-clad hills, mountain sheep, wild goat and bear can be obtained. Excellent facilities are afforded for lawn tennis, cricket, base ball and lacrosse, while boating and a three-mile bicycle track make up the complement of amusements for those who care not for the use of rod or gun.

For the sportsman of limited means, who desires a holiday or a home where, amidst every modern comfort and a cultivated society, he can indulge freely in his inclinations, Nelson is an Arcadia.

In conclusion the writer desires to point out that this is no fancy description from the pen of one who has any material interests, pecuniary or otherwise, in Kootenay, but emanates from that of one who is, or rather has been, a mere globe trotter, a cosmopolitan

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BOGUSTOWN—A SUBURB OF NELSON, B.C. [illegible] 1893

This gives a good idea of the narrowness of the arm of Kootenay Lake, on which Nelson is situated, and of the mountainous character of its shores.

and Jack-of-all-trades, and who having wandered through many lands, drifted some two years ago to Nelson, and there found a haven of rest where the all but exhausted income could be added to by no undue mental strain, and where at the same time, delightful and varied recreation could be found for the hours of leisure. And if perchance the writer may be thought unduly zealous in thus parading the many advantages of the city of his adoption, it may be justly urged that he is moved so to do by an intense feeling of gratitude to Nelson and the community of kindly hearts therein for having admitted a sorry tramp to an hospitable hearth.

THE HISTORY OF NELSON.

By Permission of "The Nelson Miner."

IN dealing with the history of a city like Nelson, which has grown without boom in twelve years from a few shacks in a wilderness of forest and rocks to the busiest and most progressive city of the Kootenays, it is hard to point out the occurrences which have been, as it were, the milestones of progress, there being such a multiplicity of events which were and are but details of larger movements.

These thousand and one incidents that after time has settled them into their proper relative proportions are easy to judge of, when viewed at close range, are apparently all of similar size and importance. The recorder of what has happened a hundred years ago can speak with confidence, but when he has to deal with what happened practically yesterday, he has to tread warily.

Salisbury, the name by which Nelson was first known, was named by the mining recorder, Mr. Henry Anderson, in 1887. It was located in that year by Arthur Bunting. The mining recorder, Anderson, also made a location to the east of Bunting. Then in 1888 Mr. Gilbert M. Sproat, the Gold Commissioner, arrived, and declared that the land was covered by a Government reserve. Bunting and other pre-emptors

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NELSON, B.C.—THE HALL MINES SMELTER.

The Hall Mines on Toad Mountain are about five miles from Nelson. The ore is brought this distance by a fine wire-rope, aerial tramway. The smelter has a blast copper furnace, capacity 280 tons per day, and a blast silver-lead furnace, capacity 100 tons per day.

were crowded off, with the exception of Anderson, who still stayed with it. Sproat re-named the town Stanley, and he and Anderson see-sawed against each other until in the beginning of 1889 the Gold Commissioner left, and was succeeded by G. C. Tunstall.

What there was of the town bore two

MINING PROSPECTORS—WAITING FOR THE DINNER BELL.

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names until the inhabitants, having put in a claim for a post office, the embryo metropolis was given one and named "Nelson," in honour of the Lieutenant-Governor of the Province. The first sale of lots was held in the fall of 1888 by Sproat, and on his way back to Vancouver he surveyed a waggon road from Nelson to Sproat's Landing.

Naturally the first great step in Nelson's prosperity was the discovery of the rich mineral deposits on Toad Mountain and the surrounding creeks. For the first two years of its existence Nelson was a collection of rough log shacks, mostly roofed with dirt, some of the better class of cabins having "shakes" for roofing, while quite a few were happy to possess canvas roofs. The appearance of the land where the present city stands was much the same as it is now outside the limits, plenty of fallen timber and rocks, but very little underbrush.

In many a back yard of the handsome residences in Nelson to-day stands a little one-roomed cabin, which the owner once was proud of as his home, and many a wife living now in a comfortable house, with all the myriad conveniences and comforts modern civilization supplies, can well remember when on the site of her present home she has slept on a bed of pine boughs, with nothing but a canvas roof between her and wintry skies, and had to devise all kinds of make-shifts to eke out scanty outfits of culinary and other utensils, frequently comprised in a water-pail, frying-pan, coffee-pot, and a few tin cups and plates.

SILVER KING MINE.

Scenes of this kind are very common in British Columbia. About the larger building above the shaft are clustered the smaller buildings of the mining company and the homes of the miners.

The first general store in Nelson was started in a cabin on the site of the present Provincial Jail by Denny & Devine, who were shortly afterwards bought out by Lemon & Hume.

The first hotel was owned by John F. Ward, and was a commodious and airy tent. A year after it was put up the proprietor branched out and built a log house in place of the tent, which was purchased by John E. Walsh, who used it as a general store.

James A. Gilker also opened up a

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store in a tent in 1889, between Hume's store and the Government Street, and was the first appointed postmaster in Nelson, the mail first being brought in weekly down the Columbia and across to Nelson. When winter came on a fortnightly service was the best the Government could do, although there was great dissatisfaction at the time.

The first railway, Columbia & Kootenay, was built in from Robinson in 1892, giving communication with the Columbia river steamers. Then in 1893 a Spokane Falls & Northern branch, under the name of the Nelson & Fort Sheppard Railway, was extended from the State of Washington up the Salmon River Valley to the head of Cottonwood, and thence to Nelson.

Steamers were running on the Kootenay Lake from 1884, the best one being named the Midge, and was brought in by W. Baillee Grohman, in connection with reclamation work on the Kootenay River.

AN EDUCATIONAL BUREAU FOR CANADA.

By Dr. J. M. Harper, of Quebec

SOME time ago a little volume was issued from the American press bearing the title "From Colony to Nation," and though the purpose of the booklet is merely to tell, in simple narrative, the story of the growth of the neighbouring republic, there is in its title a fitting caption for the record of the present developments on this side of the line that are bringing to light every day the possibilities of our growth and prosperity as a consolidating community. Indeed so far have these possibilities of our coming nationhood been revealed that the term "colony" has come to be but seldom applied in these times to the federated provinces of Canada; and though its disuse has in it no sign that the ties which bind us to the motherland have become irksome, there is in it a manifest indication that the Canadian dependency is no longer unwilling to assume some of the traits of independence.

Andrew Carnegie, whose wealth now seems to give the stamp of the proverb to every word he utters, has declared that the genius of a colonial dependency can never reach the higher scope, nor its love of country the higher patriotism. But there is now no reproach to Canada in these words, for the genius of her sons and daughters has already reached the higher flights in science, art, and literature, while the pages of her history are already golden with the deeds of a true patriotism. In a word Canada is on her way from colony to nation, and no movement which has for its object the maturing of its running in that direction, is likely to meet with lukewarm consideration. As one of our editors has meaningly said, when the national interests of Canada are at stake it is not so difficult now as it once was to know where to find all true Canadians. The Ashburton Treaty would hardly have received the support of such patriotic negotiators as Sir Wilfrid Laurier or Sir Louis Davies.

When the foundation lines of Canada's nationhood were laid in 1867, however, the game of give-and-take had to be very gingerly played by the statesmen of the time. Nova Scotia all but retired in a huff and Prince Edward Island refused for a time to have anything to do with the colony consolidation contemplated. It is therefore not a matter for surprise that some of the elements of nation building were held in abeyance, when the four provinces of Canada joined their fortunes. "Everything that leads to the true confederation or nothing" was no part of Sir John Macdonald's statesmanship during the months of deliberation pre-

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vious to 1867, patriotic as everybody now confesses it to have been. The game of give-and-take has always had to have in it a strong element of patience.

And perhaps no question tried the patience of the Fathers of Confederation more than the school question. For a time there seemed to be no solution of the difficulty. A federal school system was an impossibility. Therefore the elimination of one of the strongest forces of nation-building had to become a political exigency; and, on the principle that half a loaf is better than no bread, the negotiators finally decided to wipe their hands of the troublesome item. With a proviso or two for incoming provinces, the common school was left in the hands of the local legislatures and, as a constitutional offset, it is likely to remain as such, as long as there is a federation. Practical politics in Canada has no place for the "national school" idea; and the citizen who thinks of resurrecting the question may win some renown as a revolutionist, but is only likely to find a fruitless labour for his pains.

It is needless, therefore, to say that in the advocacy of a Central Bureau of Education for Canada, in which I have taken some share, there is not the faintest design of disturbing any of the educational systems within our borders. This I tried to emphasize in my Halifax address, and it has since been further emphasized by others. Besides, none of the provinces have any fear of interference, from the simple fact that the autonomy of their respective systems are not only acknowledged but protected by the constitution of the country. Indeed, in face of such acknowledgment and protection one would think that nothing short of perverse stupidity would ever be found raising the bugaboo of a possible interference. If there be a patriotism in our midst that nourishes itself in the wider national environment enclosing the provincial autonomy, he is but a shambling kind of Canadian who is always placing that patriotism under the ban, as he flutters and fusses over what no one has any intention of injuring. The patriotism of the provincial, narrowing as it is in some of its effects, is a virtue which no one is unwise enough to stultify; but the fact of its being a virtue does not make a vice of the outer patriotism which every true Canadian is now trying to cultivate. In a word, the advocacy of a Central Bureau of Education for Canada, though of the outer Canadian patriotism, has no quarrel with provincialism nor need be suspected by it to the smallest extent. As well might the deliberations of the Dominion Educational Association, which originated the later phases of the advocacy, be suspected of disloyalty on account of its cosmopolitan traits and national tendencies. As the *Educational Monthly* has said in discussing the question: "The idea of endangering the provincial autonomy in educational affairs by the organization of a sub-department such as that under consideration cannot but have even less weight than any other possible argument against it. The Dominion Association of Teachers has endorsed it, and, so far, no word has been raised against it by any of the superintendents of education. If there were in it the faintest shadowing forth of a future national system of public schools, it might rightly be said that the provincial autonomy as guaranteed by the British North American Act would be in danger. But, as we have said, there is in it no element of a possible interference with any provincial educational rights; and since this has been so well understood by every one who has carefully looked into the proposal, it is not a matter of surprise that it has been so unanimously received." There may be a virtue in fearing the influence of the good, but the right kind of Canadian, let us hope, is never likely to be possessed of that virtue.

And when the functions of the proposed bureau are considered, there is to be met with in each of them, a further guarantee of non-interference. As one of the sub-departments at Ottawa, such as the Archives and Printing Bureaus, it would hold the same rela-

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tion to the Canadian Government that the Educational Bureau at Washington holds to the Federal Government of the United States. The following of a good model is some guarantee of good effects, and it may be said that the man has yet to be found who has ever claimed that the Washington Bureau interferes with the educational systems of the individual States, just as the man has yet to be found who can shut his eyes to the magnificent work it has accomplished in maturing and making known the educational progress among the millions to the south of us. The administration of such a Bureau is confined to the immediate details of its own work of collaboration. It is neither supervisory of school systems in an official sense, nor has the administrative authority to enforce its suggestions. Its officers have an influence of reform, it is true, but it is not the influence of coercion or disintegration but the consolidating influence of a nationalizing outcome of work which, being of the outer and wider patriotism, enlists the sympathies and co-operation of all truly patriotic educationists.

It may be startling, but it is none the less true, that Canada is the only civilized nation or *quasi*-nation in the world which cannot tell, in unit form, the story of its own educational progress. As has been said, "the world can learn nothing of our educational status as a consolidating Dominion by applying to the central government for information. The Federal authorities have no more the means of giving coordinated information on the educational standing of the country as a whole, than they have the means of making a census of the South Sea Islands." And surely in such a fact there is an unanswerable argument that a collaborating sub-department of the kind advocated is a necessity, even if the plea of giving more play to the moral induction between all our school systems is to be discountenanced. The mere chronicling of provincial efficiencies in the matter of education would in itself be a fostering of our national pride, and to possess ourselves of that simple function as a federation on its way from colony to nation is surely no unworthy project.

But there are several higher functions of an Educational Bureau, which are worthy of consideration; and I cannot do better than quote the following from the *Educational Monthly*, a periodical which has given no little attention to the subject of an Educational Bureau for Canada. As that journal says: "The following reasons may be enumerated to show how a Canadian Bureau of Education would prove a potent means for improving, vitalizing and co-ordinating the various school systems in the Dominion, and provide an interblending of educational influences that would bring us nearer to being one country, one people.

(1) "The proposed Bureau of Education would have as one of its most important functions the collection of all documents referring to educational developments in any part of Canada, and the preparation of historical memoranda connected therewith.

(2) "Such a Bureau would see to the issue of an annual report, containing a comparative statement of the school statistics of the various provinces, and referring to the prominent educational movements in the various sections of the country during the year.

(3) "The Bureau would also supervise the preparation of a compend of the great educational movements in other countries of the world, and offer suggestions as to the adoption of the best measures, based upon the experiments of administration made in these countries.

(4) "By judicious means, such a Bureau would also see to the diffusion among the people of all the provinces information respecting the school laws of the different provinces, the classes of school-officers and their respective duties; the various modes for providing and disbursing of school funds; the qualifications of teachers, and the best modes of training and examining such; the most improved methods of imparting instruction as well as organ-

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izing, classifying and grading schools; the collecting of plans for the building of commodious and well-ventilated school-houses, and the taking cognizance of any educational activity that might lead to a better insight into school work in all its phases, on the part of those entrusted with the management and supervision of our Canadian schools and school systems.

(5) "But besides being an agency for the diffusion of correct ideas respecting the value of education as a quickener of intellectual activity throughout the whole country, such a Bureau would have suggestions to make in regard to the educative means to be adopted to secure the higher industrial effects in science and art, without which there can be little advancement or even permanency in the manufacturing industries of a country.

And (6) "Through the influence of the Minister, under whose supervision it might be placed, and the public utterances at conventions and educational gatherings by the officers who have its affairs immediately under their charge, such a Bureau would tend to bring about a wholesome and general knowledge of education as a subject intimately mixed up with the industrial, intellectual and moral advancement of the whole people."

It may be here stated that the movement is progressing. It has been inaugurated by the Dominion Educational Association, whose members are of all creeds and races; and a deputation from that association lately waited upon Sir Wilfrid Laurier to lay before him the views of our educationists on the subject. The Hon. Dr. Ross, who, with others of the superintendents, has favoured the movement from the first, was one of the deputation. The newspaper press has given the subject very favourable attention; and with an advocacy that shows no impatience about it, the public mind is gradually being educated to know what is involved in the proposal. Our public men have finally to understand that there is in it no danger to any public interest, but a great public gain in which no person or party's prestige is to be gained or lost; and this, I think I have made plain, has been the object of my writing the above.

WAIFS.

When ends Life's Masque, the gayest domino,
Once cast aside, the saddest face will show.

Oft had Ambition's steed his rider failed,
Had not the spur of Vanity prevailed.

We shine as heroes, or as martyr'd saints,
When Love's own gilded brush the picture paints.

Weakness allows his barque to drift. Too late
He 'wakes to danger; blames "relentless Fate."

The keenest joy the human heart can know—
O joy that follows in the wake of woe.

Deny him pois'nous sweets—the child will cry.
We all are children, friend; e'en you and I.

When Passion's vanquish'd, bound, and guarded well,
Shall Reason's flag float o'er Life's citadel?

Helen Holton.

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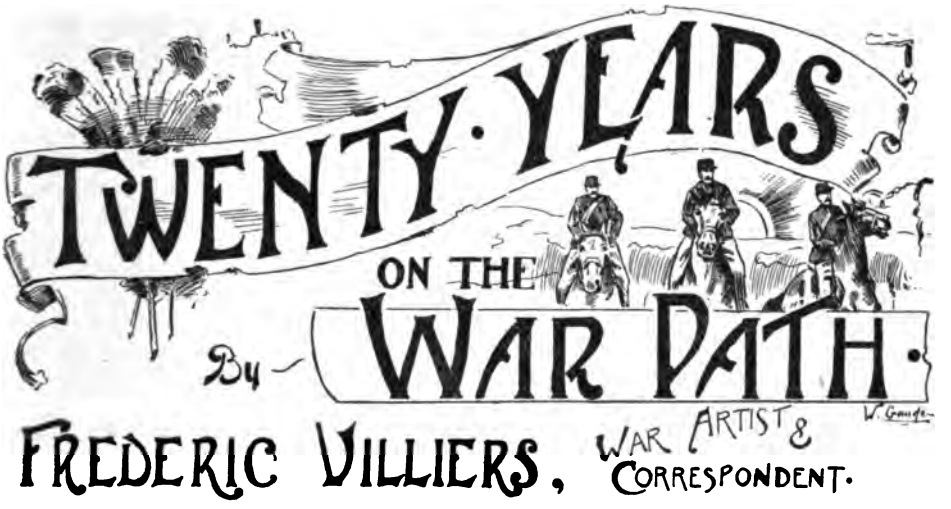

I.—UNDER THE RED CROSS.*

IT was a warm time in the Morava Valley, not only climatically—for the summer was exceptionally hot and oppressive—but heated with the heavy atmosphere of battle, burning villages and blazing camp fires. Every night during the last week in August a dull red light flowed over the valley, colouring the limpid waters of the Morava with blood-like tints.

A low crackling and hissing came sighing with the evening breeze from the burning homesteads of the unfortunate Servian peasantry, as specks of bright flame shot up into the air. Each day's bloody work added to the night's lurid glow, for the Turks were always victorious and destroyed everything that came in their way as they advanced, illustrating the aphorism that where the hoof of the Turkish horse treads no blade of grass ever grows. I had watched the last shots one evening flicker against the purple background of the darkening hills, splattering in the gloaming like flecks of fire from a flint and steel, for the Turks were now within a few miles of our camp, and the morrow portended a warmer period still.

Far into the night the stretcher-bearers were trailing over the Alexinatz bridge and up through the winding streets with their suffering burdens of maimed humanity. Archibald Forbes and I would spend our evenings during this anxious time, starting from the schoolhouse of Alexinatz (which was used for a temporary hospital by the English surgeons under their brave and clever chief, Dr. Mackellar), and give help to the patient sufferers lying on their litters as they waited their turn outside the lazarette. To-night there was an unbroken line of bearers stretching down the main street from the own out into the open country. Many of the badly wounded had waited since early dawn for treatment; some, growing impatient, had struggled out of their stretchers or the crowded waggons, and had crawled along the sidewalks towards the school-house till their life blood drained from their veins into the gutters. There they lay, some stiff and stark, staring up into the face of the mellow moon.

As we slowly walked down the sad procession we would turn aside those already dead to make room for the living to gain the hospital. Forbes and I toiled unremittingly backward and forward on this painful duty till the fires in the valley paled before the

* The first of ten articles by this famous English correspondent. Published in Canada by special arrangement.

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stronger light of dawn. The three or four rooms which constituted the hospital were crowded; there was hardly space for the doctors to work in, and this they had to do by the fitful flicker of a few tallow candles fixed in congealed pools of grease on the floor. I had been assisting the surgeons by passing the instruments from one room to the other, holding a candle or pressing the hand of some poor creature under operation, when, almost faint with the heavy atmosphere, I left the room for the fresh air.

Picking my way carefully through the crowd of wounded on the landing and staircase I had gained the street entrance, when my leg was plucked at by a poor creature in the shadow of the portal. As he lifted his head a moonbeam fell on a sight I shall never forget. His face, a mere pulp, was crushed by a fragment of a shell, and was as black as a negro's with clotted gore. Staring, appalled at the gruesome sight, he arrested me by touching my boot, and slowly lifting his arm pointed to the lower part of his face. He repeated this action more than once before I understood him: then I knelt by his side with my brandy flask and poured some of the liquid down his throat. He could not express his thanks by word of mouth, but his eyelids trembled and he lifted his arm again, bringing his hand gradually to the salute. The quiet patience of this soldier and his fearful plight will ever remain in my memory.

During the night a contingent of Russian volunteers arrived with a few officers. Then, when the sun was up, Servian reinforcements came in from Deligrad. To the blare of bugles, with swinging stride the troops tramped down the street. Some of the few remaining wounded of the previous night still lying in the roadway aroused themselves for the moment and tried to turn their groans to cheers, as regiment after regiment passed on. Far into the morn the points of the bayonets glittered above the dust cloud as the soldiers marched through the town out into the open into the valley—the valley of the shadow of death, for the smell of powder and blood was everywhere.

The desultory shots that had been exchanged in the early morning gradually ceased, and for a time universal quietude reigned; but just before midday the opening of artillery fire on both sides and the sharp crackle of musketry presaged close fighting. I am easily stirred by some dramatic action in a good play, or the martial strains of a fine band, but the ping of the bullet and the whistle of shell that day certainly stirred me more.

"Plenty of time," said my friend Forbes, noticing my perturbed spirit. "They are just playing up to the grand finale, and that's when we ought to be there. Come, sit down and eat your dinner."

We took our accustomed seats at the little table in the corner of our hostelry facing the street. As we were beginning our meal a smiling young Russian, with Calmuck-like cheekbones, tip-tilted nose, sandy hair and small grey eyes, looked through the window.

On seeing us he opened the door, walked in, bowed, and marched up to our table. He smiled, and wiping his pince-nez on the sleeve of his jacket, placed them on the table by his side, then called for food and commenced eating.

Now, being more or less an old campaigner, I can put up with almost any kind of eccentricity in the manner of eating, but this little Russian's behaviour was, to say the least, nauseating. Not so much in using his fingers, or in the fact that if he had had such luxuries he would not have hesitated in eating peas with a knife, for that weapon he used with marvellous dexterity in conveying his food to his mouth.

When the feeding was done, he calmly seized his fork, which had been untouched for any edible service, and slowly began dislodging from between his teeth the stringy portions of the tough beefsteak he had been consuming. At one moment he seemed to be performing an act of jugglery, as the

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three-pronged instrument almost disappeared down his throat in search of some molar, but would miraculously turn up once more. And he would smile, as much as to say: "You observe, ladies and gentlemen, there is no deception about it." My sense of decency was so aroused at this loathsome exhibition that I turned to Forbes and whispered:

"The young man will not be a great loss to society if he gets shot this afternoon."

After the Russian had made his mouth comfortable and lodged his goggles on his little sunburnt nose, his face widened into a broad grin as he told us that he had only arrived that morning, that he knew us by repute, that he was a brother war correspondent for a Moscow journal, and that he felt highly honoured in making the acquaintance of two such distinguished brethren. In spite of his urbanity and good humour, the uncomfortable sensations he had caused us by his novel use of the fork could not easily be effaced. We were glad to light our pipes and get once more into the street.

All the time during dinner the increasing rattle of musketry and booming of guns told us the fight was waxing hotter and hotter. We hastened to the *tête du pont*. The works at the bridge were bristling with bayonets, for the reserves that had arrived in the morning were packed closely in cover. About a half-mile from the bridge we joined Mackellar and his surgeons and jogged in their ambulance till we came to a favourable spot beside a deserted cottage, where we halted to receive the wounded. In our immediate front were fields of Indian corn; then a wood stretched from the river on our left flank as far as the foot hills skirting the right of the valley.

Through this wood close up to the foot hills, where it passed a village, our road could be traced by occasional puffs of dust as a shell struck it, or as a mounted orderly scampered along. The fighting was going on on the other side of the thicket. We could see the branches of the trees stand out in bold relief from the yellow flashes of our artillery on the outer fringe. The little village on our right seemed almost deserted, but lazily hanging in the noontide heat was a red-cross flag on the roof of one of the houses. A surgeon whom I joined was told off to go as far as this hamlet and report the number of wounded.

As we began to move parallel to the wood a horseman passed us waving his arms in recognition, grinning from ear to ear. His horse, a rugged heavy-boned animal, seemed to be playing cup and ball with him, but the rider still held on.

It was the Moscow correspondent of the fork incident. One or two shells from the enemy missing our artillery, passed over the trees and fell upon the road. One whistled so near to us that we fell flat to the ground. It whisked along into the field on our right and burst in the soft soil. As the mud and stones were scattered around, more and more did our little Russian's horse play cup and ball with her rider, till we lost sight of horse and man as they galloped into the village.

On entering the hamlet, we found it rapidly filling with wounded, many of whom had maimed themselves by blowing off their trigger fingers. The stumps were freshly blackened with powder; and we could see by the look of these cowardly creatures and by the sombre faces of the more seriously hurt, that the day was lost. We made our way to the ambulance house. The wounded were being hurried out of the place into the country carts, which were sent off as soon as filled. To our surprise we found the Red Cross service worked devotedly by three Russian women, dressed in neat uniforms, with their badge of office painted on their black mackintosh aprons. Up to their arm-pits in blood those plucky little ladies had been carrying on the duty of the hospital all day, and they were now standing at their post seeing to the safe evacuation of the wounded.

The noise increased in the main street, now a gun thundered along,

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and then another, followed by a few infantry fugitives. A shell skimmed over the roof of the hospital, loosening a few tiles, but leaving the Red Cross flag still flying. The Servians had already commenced to retreat; how soon the Turks might be in the street, Heaven only knew. I turned to the Sisters, lifted my hat, and said:

"Ladies, the enemy is outflanking our position, and will probably be in the town in less than half an hour. Let us see you on the road safely, and leave this business to us," pointing to the few maimed creatures still awaiting transport.

One lady, with top boots of Hessian cut, short skirt, Cossack jacket, and pistol slung across her shoulders, touched her little black silk Montenegrin cap, fixed on her mop of frizzy auburn hair, and after a mock salute, said sternly:

"Sir, who are you?"

Rather abashed, I was stammering out a reply. Not heeding me, she continued:

"Your are civilian. I can see this is no place for you."

"I am a war correspondent," I stuttered.

"Then," replied she, "as a non-combatant, seek a place of safety, and leave us alone."

Our Moscow friend of the fork incident had ridden up, and hearing the remark of his countrywoman, that miserable stereotyped grin of his suffused his face. In my inmost heart I was sorry that his horse had not missed him at cup and ball.

The Russian Red Cross ladies stuck heroically to their post. Out of pique, we felt obliged to stay and see them off the ground, which was now being swept by the fire of the Turkish sharpshooters clearing the way in their front. As we left one end of the village with our contingent of wounded, the Turks entered the other. Luckily for us the Serbs made a bold stand for at least an hour, allowing us to come up with the current of the retreat. We were whirled along into thick clouds of dust, in which, struggling and jumbling, rolled artillery, ambulance, and peasants' carts crowded with women and children and their goods and chattels. For a time a serious block occurred. The wheel of a waggon left its axle, down crashed the cart, shooting its contents of household goods into the road. The pots and pans rolling between the legs of some artillery horses, frightened the brutes on to their haunches, and they, backing the gun into a team of oxen, set these animals kicking out right and left, scattering the limping, wounded and cowardly stragglers. With shrieks, groans and curses the seething masses wavered for a time, then struggled on, all making for the protection of the reserves at the *tête du pont*.

On reaching Mackellar's quarters once more, I found that Forbes, with great forethought, had at the commencement of the retreat turned the doctor's ambulance-waggon with the horses towards Alexinatz, and was now strongly urging one of the surgeons, young Hare, to hurry up into the vehicle. This surgeon was called "the timid Hare," not for want of pluck, but because of his modest and retiring temperament. Hare was tying an artery of a wounded soldier, who was still bleeding badly, and would not leave his charge.

"For goodness' sake, come along," cried Forbes, "the Turks are now at our side of the wood. Look! their bullets are drilling holes through the mud wall of the hut!"

But still "timid Hare" hung on to the man's artery.

We rushed at the surgeon just as the last turn of the bulldog *tourniquet* did its work, and Hare and his patient were at length bundled into the waggon. In another moment we were being whirled off with the rest of the column. As I looked back along the road the Red Cross flag in the village we had quitted was still flying, but over the heads of the followers of the False Prophet.

Flames leaped up in several places, and a column of black smoke rolled

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towards the sky. Only a few shells burst on our line of retreat, for the Turkish guns were soon silenced by our heavier artillery at the head of the bridge. The Moslems did not harass the Servians further, for night was falling. Unmolested, our degraded column passed over the bridge up into the town to repeat the horrors of the previous night.

Entering the schoolhouse to see how the wounded were getting on, I discovered a body laid out for burial. The figure seemed quite familiar to me. Walking up to the table, I stood dumbfounded.

There was the little nose now almost black against the livid face. With a quiet smile on his lips lay our Russian correspondent friend of the fork incident. A handkerchief, tied round his throat, hid the wound that invited death. A stray shot had passed through his neck.

A great sadness fell upon me, for he was one of us, after all. I could picture his mother, or some other dear one, waiting anxiously for his return far away in the heart of Russia. While I was still in the room, the soldiers placed the body on a stretcher, and a Sister of Mercy arranged a few white flowers round the little cross on his breast as he was carried out into the street.

As he was a civilian, the officials of the Orthodox Church were notified of his death. In rich vestments, four priests and a choir of boys headed the funeral procession, which I followed as it moved off to the little cemetery overlooking the town. It was almost dark before the service was over.

When I returned, Forbes had sent off his day's budget of war news, and was waiting for me to sit down with him to his evening meal at the inn. I told him of the fate of the little correspondent and my sad journey. Looking steadily at me, he said:

"Do you remember your observations about our Russian colleague at this very table this morning?"

The recollection came back to me with painful vividness.

"Yes," I sighed; "I remember—I remember."

To be Continued.

CANADA: AN ODE.

Far from a western land
Wistfully wandering,
Seeing earth's cities,
And sailing its streams;
Hoping for happiness
Mine, not another's
Lured on by visions,
And driven by dreams.

Distant lands beckoned me,
Promising pleasure;
Farther I fared
For the regions of rest:
But to the homeland
Presently bending,
I found, like Columbus,
The land of the blest.

Claude Bryan.

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THE PROFESSOR'S DREAM.

By Bradford K. Daniels.

I WAS only seven years old when the dream first came to me, and I was so terrified when I awoke that I ran shrieking to my mother's bedside. She tried to comfort me by saying that I dreamt of the sea because I had seen it for the first time the day previous, and because I was tired from my long journey. Be that as it may, the dream haunted me for days and made me afraid to sleep alone in my little room. For years afterwards my first glimpse of the sea, after being away from it for some time, would awaken memories of that June night when I dreamed the strangest dream a child of my age ever dreamt. This is the dream :

I am a half-naked savage, squatting with a company of my fellows upon a sandy beach about a fire. The waves are breaking lazily along the shore, and the sea, sparkling in the sunlight, stretches interminably away till sea and sky are one. Stranded upon the beach is a strange-looking craft of monstrous size, and such as we have never seen before. Back of us is a high wall of rock, down whose black surface a stream tumbles and flows into a small lake at the base of a sandbar, which extends far out into the sea. Upon the fire is the body of one of the pale-faced strangers who were on the craft when it stranded ; to one side are the bones of his comrades—for we have been feasting for several days. My fellows sniff the roasting flesh and, with wild bloodshot eyes, glance ominously at the woman who is bound to a log at the foot of the cliff. As they look at her my grip tightens on my great stone club, and hearing me grunt in disapproval, they turn their heads away in dogged silence. My arm is stronger than any two of theirs, and my club is much heavier. The woman is the only survivor of those who came on the strange craft. Her flesh is very soft and as white as the sea-bird's breast, and about her head is a mass of shining hair—so different from the straight black locks of our women.

After we have gorged ourselves we lie down upon the sand and sleep in the white moonlight, as only brutes gorged with flesh can sleep. But I do not sleep as soundly as the others ; the evil spirits plague me with bad dreams, and through them all I hear the dying groans of those we have slain, and ever the strange woman with the shining hair rises up before me and looks at me with sorrowful eyes.

The sun is high in heaven when I finally awake, but still my fellows sleep on around the ashes and charred remains of yesterday's feast. I arise and go to the woman, and she looks longingly at the falling water. I bring her a drink in a large shell. Then my fellows awake and begin to clamour for her. In a moment my club crashes in the skull of one of them, and then, placing myself between the woman and those who would have her, I fight the one great fight of my life.

In the midst of the struggle I suddenly awake and find myself pounding the wall of my bedroom with my clinched little fists. Then it was that I ran shrieking to my mother's bedside and refused to be comforted.

They used to call me the "coon" when a child at school, and then a fierce anger would flame up within me that made my tormentors quail before my very look. Although my parents were both light complexioned, I am dark as a mulatto, with a mass of coal-black hair, thick lips and a low, receding forehead. Once I overheard two old women talking about me, and they said that my mother must have been frightened by a negro. That evening I asked my mother what the two old women meant. She looked at

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me strangely for a moment and then burst into tears.

As I grew older my great physical strength and ungovernable temper, coupled with a remarkable aptness at my lessons, made my playmates both fear and respect me. But I could feel that deep down in their hearts they hated me as much as young, healthy minds could hate.

I was undoubtedly the best student in the school. One noon one of the boys, who was piqued because I had solved a problem in algebra that he had failed to master when sent to the board, called me "cuff," a slang word for negro. I sprang upon him like a wild beast, and, although he was older and larger than I, beat him till his face was covered with blood. When a man, who chanced to be passing, dragged me away from my victim, I flew at him like a demon, taking him so completely by surprise that he turned and ran for his life.

Then came my college days. I had not been at the institution a week before a sophomore saluted me as "coon" one day on the campus. It was the first and the last time I ever heard it during my college course. The sophomore's battered body was under a doctor's care for several weeks, while I narrowly escaped being expelled.

At the close of the football season I was the champion half-back of the college team; and at the mid-winter examinations I easily led my class, and maintained the position till I was graduated. After taking a post-graduate course I was called to the chair of Geology and Mineralogy at my Alma Mater.

I am not a woman-hater, but, for some reason, the women always take an intense dislike to me. How often have I seen some sunny girl in her teens, with happiness overflowing in her voice, her eyes, her every movement, skrink back into herself like a snail into its shell, when our eyes met. Sometimes I look at my face in the glass; then I realize that it is not its ugliness alone that repels people: it is my hard black eyes, which pierce them like daggers and silence them.

Naturally I felt ill at ease at all social functions, and came to live more and more to myself, devoting all my spare time to a treatise on geology dealing with the Glacial Period. Through this book I hoped to become famous and to receive a call to some larger university. "Old Fossil" the students called me behind my back; but none dared trifle with me to my face. The power to inspire people with a vague fear of me seemed to increase from year to year, and I took a grim satisfaction in exercising it.

I was getting well along with my book when an old fisherman, who had a mania for collecting rare specimens of rock, told me of some curious markings that he had observed on the bare top of Black Wall Island. They were gouged into the surface of the rock, he said, and ran in a south-easterly direction. I suspected at once that these scratches were the work of icebergs.

It was winter when the fisherman told me this, and from that time I could scarcely wait till I saw the island for myself. As soon as commencement exercises were over I set out for Black Wall Island. I found it to be a lonely rock, some sixty miles from the mainland, whose dark walls rose boldly out of the sea. About its base the waves beat and thundered, and over its barren heights clouds of sea birds wheeled and screamed till their clamour could be heard above the tumult of the water.

At the north-east corner of the island a sandbar runs far out into the sea, forming a cove with the coast to the west of it. Here I was put ashore by the Government tug, to live with the Doans, the family who kept the lighthouse, and the only people living on the island. From the sandy beach rose a wall of rock, over which a stream tumbled and flowed into a small lake at the base of the sandbar. The sea stretched away before me, sparkling in the afternoon sunshine like an ocean of shifting diamonds.

So eager was I to verify the fisher-

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man's story that I hurried up the winding path and sought at once the most elevated part of the island. I found the island to be of aqueous formation, and had no difficulty in tracing the furrows that some monster berg had ploughed in its surface while drifting to the south-east. In confirmation of my theory, I found two large granite boulders near by, lying, in all probability, just as they had been left by melting ice ages before.

Here, at last, was proof of my pet theory. My fellow geologists had stoutly maintained that the ice had not drifted as far south as our latitude, and had poked a deal of fun at me for claiming that there were slight glacial markings on the top of a neighbouring mountain. Now they would have to acknowledge me in the right, and my name would become famous in the scientific world.

I was going about in a most excited manner, gesticulating and muttering to myself, when I noticed a woman seated on a slight elevation nearby, and regarding me with wide-eyed astonishment. For a moment we looked wonderingly at each other, but she quickly recovered her self-control, and, advancing and offering me her hand, said, "This is Professor Conrad, is it not? I am Alice Doan, the lighthouse-keeper's daughter."

I doffed my hat and stammered something—I do not remember what.

"Father said that he expected you soon, and that you were coming to study the rocks of the island, and could tell us where those big granite ones came from, and all about them. I have a curious stone in the house that I want to show you. A big storm washed it out of the sand in the cove three years ago."

Her frankness and simplicity of manner put me quite at my ease, and we walked over to where she had been seated. A nearly completed sketch of the west side of the island, with the sea shimmering in the afternoon sunlight, a solitary sail on the horizon, and in the foreground several gulls circling above the cliff, lay on the rock.

"So you paint?" I said.

"Oh, yes. I never took any lessons, and I don't suppose it is at all good; but I do love to paint the sea when it is sparkling in the sunlight, or the moonlight either," she added, thoughtfully. "I'll show you my pictures before you go away."

Presently she led the way to the building, which was lighthouse and dwelling house combined.

In the evening, while Jacob Doan, her father, was telling me some strange tales of shipwreck that had occurred along the treacherous shore of the island during the twenty years he had kept the lighthouse, his daughter seemed to be studying my face at every opportunity. Thinking, of course, that she was noting how very homely it was, I felt as uncomfortable as I ever had felt at a reception in the old college days. Presently she remarked, rather abruptly: "It seems like a dream that I have seen you somewhere; were you ever here before?"

When I assured her that I had never seen Black Wall Island until to-day, she said nothing more on this subject, but in a few moments got up and brought me the curious stone she had spoken of. It was fully two feet long, rounded at the ends, about six inches in diameter, and with a groove half an inch deep circling it in the middle. I recognized it at once as an implement of warfare that dated back to the stone age—to the time when our forefathers had advanced only a step beyond the brutes in their manner of fighting. When I told her about it her blue eyes dilated with wonder, and she said:—

"Perhaps that is why I always shudder when I look at it. I kept it in my bedroom at first, but—now don't laugh at me—I had the strangest dream about it one night. It frightened me so I put the ugly thing out in the kitchen."

That night I lay awake until long after midnight, listening to the wind about the lighthouse tower, to the deep, dull boom of the breakers on the shore, and trying to recall where I had seen this girl before. She was a charm-

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ing woman, with a finely moulded and graceful body, and a face whose delicate beauty was enhanced by the wealth of bronze-coloured hair in which it was framed. I began with my earliest girl acquaintances and came on down the years, but could recall no one that even reminded me of her.

The next morning at breakfast I learned that Miss Doan was ill. Recalling the splendid specimen of womanhood that I had seen only the day before, I expressed my surprise at her illness, but the troubled look on the mother's face, and the general air of restraint about the whole family caused me to quickly change the subject of our conversation.

On rising from the table, I noticed for the first time a small oil painting between the two windows, and learning from Mrs. Doan that it was her daughter's work I examined it carefully. It was a moonlight scene from the north-east corner of the island. There was the sand-bar running far out into the hazy sea, and the silver-crested waves breaking along its entire length. The cliff and part of the beech were in deep shadow. Stranded upon the beach, and looming up large in the moonlight, was a strange-looking craft, that reminded me of a Chinese junk more than of anything else I could think of. When I turned to question Mrs. Doan about the picture she had left the room.

I spent the entire day in studying the surface of the island and in taking notes. That evening I sat in my room without a light, gazing absently through the open window at the witchery of the moon-lit sea, and thinking, thinking. It was all so puzzling. That I had seen Miss Doan somewhere, sometime, and that we both had a confused memory of the fact, I was morally certain. Indeed, the longer I thought of it the more certain I became that I had heard her voice before, and looked into her eyes. But when, where?

How long I had set there, musing, I have no idea, when a strange thing happened. The door of my room opened noiselessly and, to my great surprise, in walked Miss Doan. She was dressed as I had last seen her, but there was a look in her eyes that I had never seen there before, and which awed me.

"Come," she said in a whisper, at the same time taking holding of my hand. Without a word I got up and followed her. She led me down to the garden, across the moon-lit field and into a dense growth of low, scrubby spruce, that a century of sea-winds had dwarfed and twisted into unshapely things when viewed by daylight. Still holding my hand, she led me along a path so dark that I could not see my guide, except when occasionally a little moonlight filtered through the dense mass of boughs above us. Presently we emerged upon the top of the cliff above the sand-bar, when my guide paused and drew me to her side. At first I saw nothing but the hazy sea and the long sandy bar; but presently, glancing below me, I noticed the hull of a strange-looking craft—the craft whose picture I had seen on the dining-room wall that very morning! Higher up on the sand, lying about a smouldering fire, were a number of dusky, half naked savages sleeping in the moonlight; and near them— Like a flash of lightning it came to me that these were the things I had seen in that first dream of the sea, when I was still a child! There I was, sleeping among my fellows, and lashed to a log at the base of the cliff was Miss Doan. Then I watched my former self dreaming, then awaken, and go to the woman by the cliff, look into her wide blue eyes, and fetch her water in a shell from the falling stream. When my fellows awoke and began to clamour for her, I fought for her, just as I had fought in my childhood's dream more than thirty years before. In the thick of the fight I suddenly awoke, to find myself sitting alone in my room just as I had sat down in the twilight, with the notes of my day's work still in my hand. The wind was moaning about the tower, the waves booming along the shore, the moonlight dancing on the water

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like a million spirits—all just as it was when I fell asleep.

. . . . . .

Miss Doan and I have talked the whole matter over. Finding an extraordinary coincidence in our dreams, she has decided that I am her rightful protector from of old, and has promised to become my wife. She will donate the curious stone weapon that she found on the beach to the museum of my Alma Mater. It is a woman's fancy of hers that this weapon once saved her life.

THIS CANADA OF OURS.

DO ye know the mountain meadow
Where the sunshine lingers long;
Where the robin rears its nestling
And pours forth its low love-song?
Where the grizzly roams in spring-time;
And the bighorn sports in play;
And the brilliant purple aster
Flings its petals to the day?

Do ye know the brown reef stretching
Where the kelp sea-serpents twist;
And the blue-white bergs from Greenland
Sail so ghostly through the mist?
Where the eider drake is mating;
And the curlew calleth clear;
And the winds from dusk to dawning
Seem a dirge sung o'er a bier?

Do ye know the flaming forest
In the dead of winter's night;
And the shifting, sinuous, signals
Of the nimbus northern light?
When the shadows of the spruces
Fill with formless, fearful things,
And the horned owl of the woodland
Saileth by on whisper-wings?

Do ye know the arctic summer
And its laughsome, lusty life;
When the shadows slant at midnight
On the caribou at strife?
Where the tender tints of aspen,
In a woof most deftly spun,
Shame the gaudy tropic glory
Of the glaring tropic sun?

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Do ye know the wild wave lashing
On the land-locked ocean shore,
When the birch-bark of the fisher
Dares to venture forth no more?
When the trout is on the shallows;
And the maple leaf is red;
And the paddle and the tomp-line
Yield to snowshoe and to sled?

Do ye know the prairie panting
In the torrid noonday heat;
When the air is full of fragrance
From the roses at your feet?
Where the cattle in the foot-hills
Wade knee-deep in grain and grass;
And the wiry wheat is nodding
As the sighs of summer pass?

Do ye know the wondrous west-strand
With its fiords and headlands bold;
And its wealth of mine and metal;
And its forests dense and old?
Where the salmon in the tideway
Swim in never-ending throng;
And the wavelet to the beaches
Croons a sleepy, slumber song?

Say ye so! your foot has trodden
The long, weary, winding way;
In the depth of arctic winter
Ye have watched the flashes play;
On the marge of either ocean
Ye have heard the sea-fowl cry;
And the glamour of the forest
Must be o'er ye till ye die!

Then stand firmly in the vanguard
Of the hopeful, patriot, band;
For your soul has learned the legend
Of this fair Canadian land.
And the scenes your memory conjures
Are the gifts of heavenly powers
That would have ye know the meaning
Of "This Canada of Ours."

Charles A. Bramble.

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CANADIAN CELEBRITIES.

No. VIII.—MR. D. McNICOLL.

TO Canadians the Canadian Pacific Railway Company means something more than an organization of capitalists engaged in the business of carrying goods and passengers, even as to Englishmen the Company of Merchants of England trading in the East Indies came to mean something vastly more important than a mere trading organization. As in the one case John Company paved the way for the conquest by English arms of an ancient empire, so in the other the railroad has made possible the conquest of another empire, a conquest more peaceably achieved, but perhaps—who knows?—of more enduring tenure. Canadians have given freely of their lands and moneys to the Canadian Pacific Railway, and as recompense they have seen broad acres by the million wrested from the wilderness and cities springing from the plains. They have felt, in almost every phase of the complex commercial life of to-day, the influence of the great corporation. Even in the field of politics creator and created have jostled, not roughly, but yet with sufficient force to set men hoping that in the future the Company may be governed by as wise and moderate counsels as have generally prevailed in the past.

In a word, then, the Canadian Pacific Railway Company is a national institution, touching the life of Canadians at a hundred points of contact. And it follows, quite naturally, that the work this organization is doing, and the men who are dictating its policy and controlling its destinies, should be subjects of widespread and deep interest to the people of Canada. That these men are of marked executive ability has been for years a fact patent to everyone who has paid any attention to the development of the Canadian Pacific Railway. Year by year, as its rails and wires spread through province after province; as its sails began to whiten the oceans and the lakes; as its hotels, from the Atlantic to the Pacific, opened their doors to the passing guest, it was plain to all men that there was remarkable creative energy and administrative skill at the command of the Company. Great purposes found fulfilment in prompt and effective execution. The railway was being run with brains. An interesting fact—and significant in that it explains, in some measure, the achievements of the Company—is that the men who built the railway are the men who carried it through its days of experiment and discouragement, who formulated and executed its plans of conquest, and who now, in the days of its power and prosperity, guide its fortunes. There have been losses and changes, of course, but, broadly speaking, the rulers of the C.P.R. to-day are the men who made it yesterday. The Company has been loyal to its officers, and its officers have been loyal to it. Change has meant, in most cases, promotion; and while it should not be said that promotion has brought increase of loyalty, it has certainly implied continuity of policy, ripened experience and increasing devotion to the interests of the Company.

Mr. D. McNicoll, lately appointed Assistant General Manager of the Company, is a good illustration of the truth of what has been said. He was one of the makers of the railway. He is now one of its rulers. He has watched it grow from small beginnings; and now, when called to one of the highest posts in the gift of the Company, he brings to his duties a fund of knowledge of which no man has a counterpart—knowledge specific, concrete, exact. Not alone the knowledge of general principles that an officer

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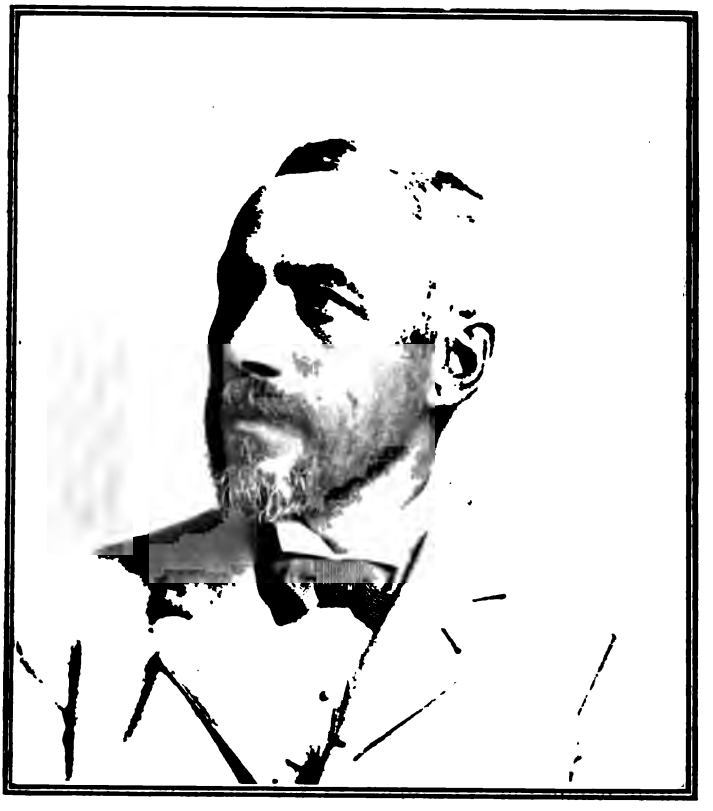

MR. D. McNICOLL.

Assistant-General Manager Canadian Pacific Railway.

from another road would possess, but that intimate acquaintance with the detail of the work of the Company that could only have been acquired through strenuous years spent in its service. Long prominent in the ranks of the railroad men of the continent, and known to his colleagues as a railroader of exceptional ability, Mr. McNicoll, as the second in command of the greatest railway corporation in the world, now enlists the attention of the general public. He has become one of the recognized Captains of Industry, and as such his career, his character and his personality inevitably become the property of his fellow-citizens. He may not have realized it, but his acceptance of his present position has made him—in a wider sense than was previously the case—a public man. Neither modesty nor indifference can save him. He is henceforth a fit and proper subject for the pen of the newspaper writer—perchance for the crayon of the newspaper artist.

The men who have made the C. P. R. have also largely assisted in the creation of themselves. Van Horne, Shaughnessy, McNicoll—these are names of men who a few years ago were to be found employed on different railways, drawing small salaries for work performed in subordinate and humble positions. But each of them was bent on proving for himself the truth of Emerson's apothegm—that "America is another name for Opportunity." Each of them proved it, and, luckily for the Canadian Pacific Railway, proved it while in its employ. Wise was the Company to assist in the demonstration. The career of each of these rulers of the C. P. R. carries with

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it a lesson to every Canadian youth—the lesson that there is room at the top, and that industry, energy, and brains will surely overcome all obstacles.

In the case of Mr. McNicoll, not a single adventitious circumstance helped him on the pathway of success. No accident of birth gave him position, money or influence. If asked the secret of his success, he would probably look at you with surprise—as though there were only one possible reply—and answer, in a voice that still retains something of the "burr" that makes the Scotchman born, "Hard work." He would say nothing of a shrewd brain, an indomitable will, and a restless energy that vitalized the hard work and gave it intelligent direction. But this was the combination that Mr. McNicoll brought to bear upon his life's task, and therefore it is little wonder if, while yet in the prime of life, he stands in one of the most responsible positions that the railway service of the continent presents.

A pen-picture of Mr. McNicoll's mental make-up would tell in heaviest lines of his strength of character. Determination, courage, will—these are the dominant characteristics of the man. They are in evidence in his strong face, with its firm lower jaw and clear frank eyes. They have impressed themselves on all his work. His friends have known and benefited by them. His opponents—he has no enemies—have learned of them at cost of many a pet scheme and deeply matured plan. As Passenger Traffic Manager of the C.P.R., Mr. McNicoll has had many a bout with the officers of other companies, and time and again has carried his end by sheer force and staying power. He is a bonnie fighter, capable of delivering telling blows, but never an unfair one. In argument he goes straight to his point, brushing aside all irrelevancies. Knowing what he wants, he takes the shortest cut to it, both in discussion and in action. So quick is he in going to the heart of a subject, so abrupt may be his treatment of a proposition, that he might, by a casual visitor and at first glance, be deemed ungracious. But the rapid decision is only quick thought uniting itself to equally quick speech; the apparent abruptness is nothing but the economy of time forced upon a man of affairs. Behind Mr. McNicoll's business-like rapidity of speech and action lies one of the kindliest of natures—ever ready to listen to a tale that deserves a hearing, ever on the alert to help a friend. And it is significant that Mr. McNicoll counts his friends by the host. He has made them, not by seeking them in the ranks of social organizations, not by striving after the title of "a jolly good fellow," but day by day, out of the men who do his bidding, and out of the men whom business throws in his path.

One proof of Mr. McNicoll's ability as a railway man is his rapid advancement from the position of clerk in the office of the Goods Manager of a Scottish railway, to the office of Assistant General Manager of the Canadian Pacific Railway. Born in Arbroath, Scotland, in April, 1852, on Aug. 20th, 1866, he entered the service of the North British Railway, and remained in it until 1873, when he became a clerk in the Goods Manager's office, Midland Railway, England. In 1874 he decided to push his fortunes in Canada, and entered the employ of the Northern Railway at Collingwood as billing clerk. He found quick promotion to the office of chief clerk in the General Manager's office of the Toronto, Grey and Bruce Ry., Toronto, where he remained until 1881. He was then appointed General Freight and Passenger Agent of the same road. In 1883 Mr. McNicoll entered upon the field of labour that was to finally qualify him for the responsible position he now occupies. In that year he was appointed General Passenger Agent, Eastern and Ontario Divisions, C.P.R. In 1889 he became General Passenger Agent of all lines, rail and steamship, and in 1895 Passenger Traffic Manager. In June of the present year he was appointed Assistant General Manager.

James S. Brierley.

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A SHIPMENT OF CANADIAN-BUILT ENGINES FOR ENGLAND AND AUSTRALIA.

A CANADIAN ENGINE-WORKS.

INDICATING CANADA'S RISING IMPORTANCE IN THE INDUSTRIAL WORLD.

By Norman Patterson.

MANY years ago there lived near the then small village of Amherst, Nova Scotia, overlooking the beautiful Cumberland basin and the extensive marshes on the Isthmus of Chignecto, an old Yankee clockmaker named Barrett, who dwelt in single blessedness in a long yellow building, combining dwelling, workshops and stables. Some people have thought he was the original of Judge Haliburton's "Sam Slick the Clockmaker." In his manner of speech, a certain dry humour, and the proverbial Yankee shrewdness, he did resemble Haliburton's clockmaker, but in the opinion of the writer, our friend Barrett was of a higher order than the man of "soft sawder" and "human natur," inasmuch as he must have possessed considerable mechanical genius. He not only manufactured the clocks which he sold and kept in repair throughout the surrounding country, but he had in and about his establishment a variety of mechanical contrivances mostly of his own design and workmanship, such as a small vertical steam engine, a frictional electric machine and other things, the making and operating of which required scientific knowledge far beyond the average of that time and place.

It was in the workshop of this curious old man that the present head of the Robb Engineering Works, then a small boy, saw for the first time the two machines which have since become the most important factors of this age, the steam engine and the electric machine.

Whether the sight of these contriv-

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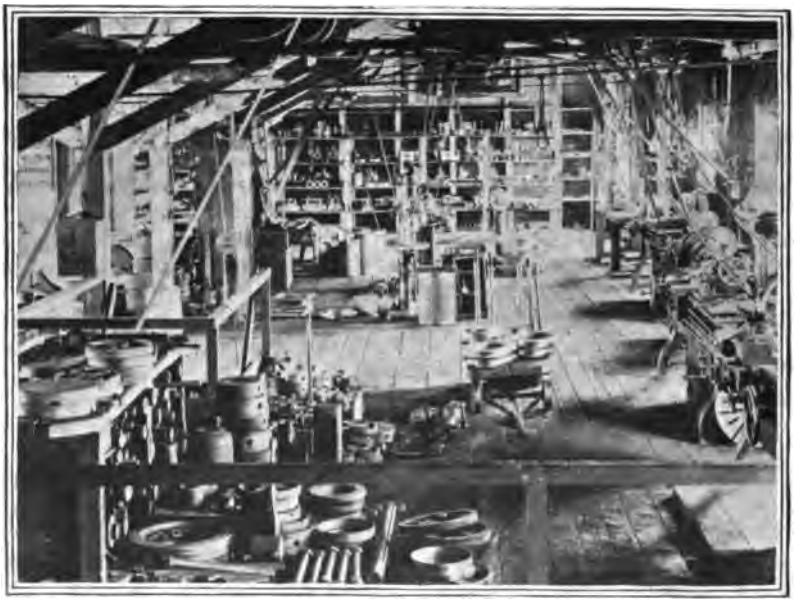
CANADIAN ENGINE-WORKS—PLANING A CYLINDER.

vances awoke in the youthful scholar an inherited Scottish tendency to mechanics, or in this instance, the real Yankee clockmaker brought about that which the author of "Sam Slick" aimed to accomplish, viz., to arouse Nova Scotians to the "getting up of steam" and to making that progress to which they are invited by the natural advantages of their country in minerals and other products, it is certain that one young "blue-nose" was stimulated to make the design and manufacture of steam engines his life study and business, with the result that the Robb Engineering Co. are at present exporting from their works at Amherst, engines to England, Australia, Cuba, Brazil and other distant countries.



CANADIAN ENGINE-WORKS—A CORNER OF A STOCK-ROOM.

This is an age in which the people of the world travel, write,

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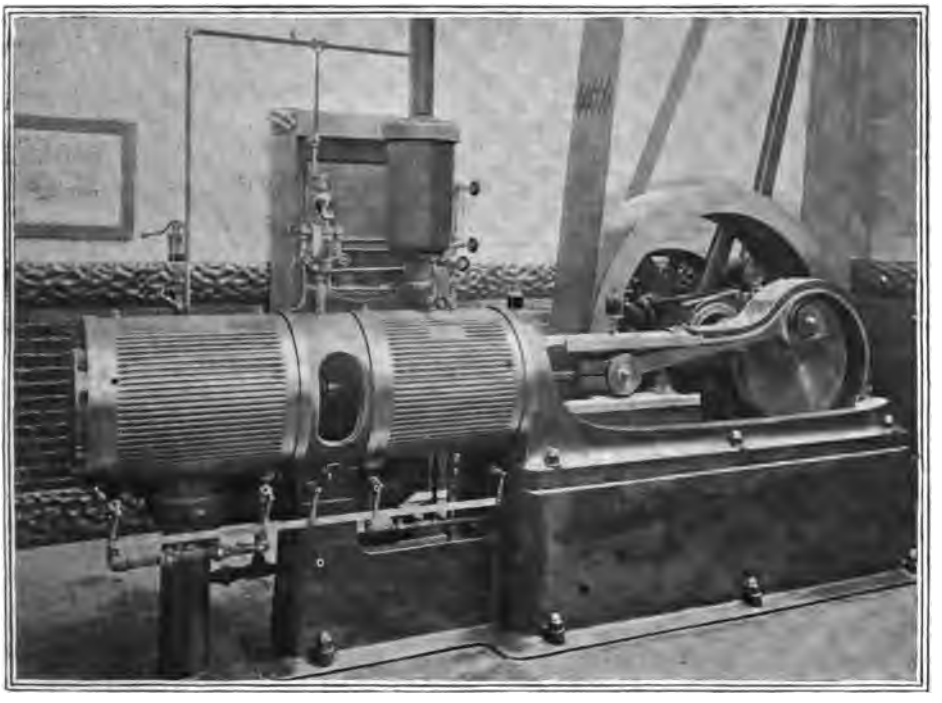
speak, fight their battles, live and die by means of machinery, and although only a small proportion of the readers of the CANADIAN MAGAZINE are mechanics or engineers, probably most of them will be interested in a brief description of some of the processes of manufacturing engines as practised in this Canadian engineering works.

The machine work in this establishment is done on the interchangeable system, first introduced in America in the manufacture of watches, fire-arms and other small articles requiring accurate workmanship, and by means of which it was made possible to produce them in large quantities, perfectly uniform in quality and workmanship, and at a comparatively low price. This system has been gradually extended to the manufacture of large machines, such as stationary engines, locomotives, and even to large structures such as bridges. As a result American manufacturers are able to produce, in an incredibly short time, dozens of locomotives and other machines, and to secure orders from foreign countries, even from England and other parts of Europe far advanced in the production of machinery. The interchangeable system is founded on the old axiom that "things which are equal to the same thing are equal to one another," and consists in making a large number of pieces all exactly alike, the accuracy of workmanship being secured by automatic machines and processes instead of by the old system of fitting every piece to its associates in each individual machine. It is clear that when a number of pieces are made exactly alike, if one will fit its associates all the others will, and consequently it is not necessary to do hand fitting. The old system required not only a high grade of manual skill, but a certain amount of technical knowledge and experience; whereas, by the interchangeable system, the



A 125 HORSE-POWER CANADIAN-BUILT ENGINE.

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CANADIAN ENGINE-WORKS—PORTION OF A MACHINE SHOP.

office supplies the brains and experience to a large extent. Skill and scientific knowledge being required only to design the automatic machinery and develop the system; afterwards the work is done automatically or by those who have experience in only one operation.

First I visited the draughting department, which may be termed the brain of the institution, since it controls and directs the muscular activity of the establishment, and in the large collection of drawings showing every minute part of each engine, we find a counterpart of the human memory. Every bit of knowledge and experience in engine designing and building acquired by this engineering company, as well as that learned and adopted from the work of others since engines were first built, is here stored, the diagramatic and written records being corrected from day to day, as new experience is gained. The draughting department, by means of blue print impressions made from original drawings on tracing linen, directs every man and boy in the establishment what to make and how to make it. Every workman is provided with these small blue print drawings containing exact directions and minute measurements for the piece he is required to make. These blue prints, after being once used in the shop, are placed in large envelopes with indicator diagrams showing the performance of the engines while working, and other records, and the number and location of the engines built from them. These envelopes are then fyled in a large safe as a permanent record of each engine produced.

Proceeding from the draughting department to the machine shops, one is at first confused by a mass of moving machinery, revolving, reciprocating, slow, fast. I stop before a man who seems to have no use for machinery, but who is industriously scraping a piece of iron with a hand tool. I am told that this man's business is to "make the crooked straight and the rough places plain," the machinist hav-

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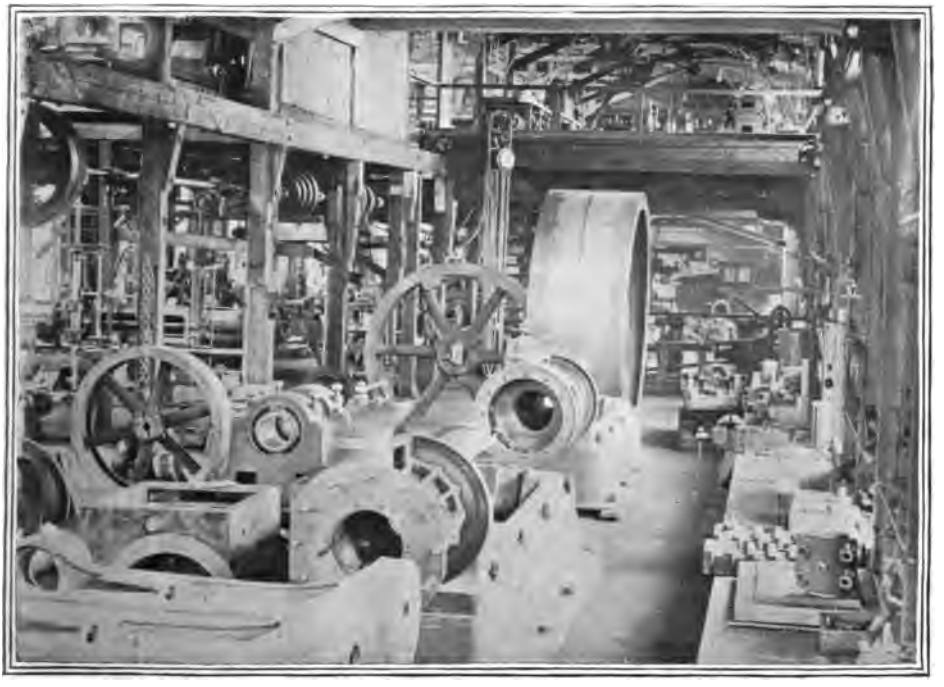

CANADIAN ENGINE-WORKS—PORTION OF AN ERECTING SHOP.

ing found that in machinery as in other human affairs there is no such thing as absolute truth, and the nearest approach to "truth" in a flat surface of iron is produced only by the old and slow method of hand scraping. It is interesting to observe the process and the results of this laborious operation. When a piece of iron, such as the steam valve or crosshead of an engine, which has been planed in a machine, is applied to an instrument called a surface plate, the machined surface is found to be all hills and hollows which have to be reduced by repeated scrapings and trials to the surface plate. The surfaces having been brought to comparative truth, it is curious to find that when one piece of iron is laid upon another, the "trued" surfaces refuse to come together, the upper one floating on the film of air between them for some time, or until the air has had time to escape. But when the air has made its escape, it is so thoroughly excluded from between the "trued" surfaces that the pressure of air on the outside of the plates, which, it will be remembered, is about fifteen pounds to the square inch, holds the plates together, so that when the upper is lifted, the lower one follows.

In a similar manner round surfaces, such as the journals of engine shafts, are made as true and smooth as possible by grinding with fine emery wheels which revolve at a high rate of speed while the shaft revolves slowly, and by careful burnishing and polishing.

Why, I ask, is it necessary to take so much trouble to get the flat and round surfaces true? Because the wear of machinery is due entirely to want of "truth." When the journals and sliding surfaces are made "true" and kept "true," and if the area of surface is large enough to sustain the weight or strain without squeezing out the oil, the metals will be completely separated by oil, so that they will not touch each other and run smoothly on the oil without wear. But if they are rough, or even slightly out of truth, the high places project through the oil,

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producing friction and wear. As an illustration of this, I was shown some surfaces which had been running together for months or years without wear, as was proven by the marks of the cutting tools being still visible.

In this department I was also shown some illustrations of the minute and accurate measurements necessary in this class of work, when conducted on the interchangeable or duplicate system, by which every similar piece of a machine is required to be exactly alike, within a limit in some cases of one quarter of one thousandth part of an inch. When a pair of straight edges, which, like the surface plates are of cast iron scraped accurately straight on one edge, are laid together and placed before a window, it is not possible to see a glimmer of light between them, but when a fine hair is laid between them at one end light could be seen about three-quarters of the way along between the straight edges. This hair was then measured by a little instrument called a micrometer calliper, which is ingeniously arranged to measure thousandths of an inch as easily and more accurately than the ordinary divisions of an inch, eighths or sixteenths, can be measured by the ordinary rule. The hair was shown to measure about two thousandths of an inch, and as I was able to see light about three-quarters of the length of the straight edges, it was evident that the eye is capable of seeing light through a space as small as half a thousandth of an inch.

All measurements are made by standard steel gauges which are warranted by the makers to be correct within one ten thousandth of an inch.

SURFACE PLATES HELD TOGETHER BY AIR PRESSURE.

In walking about through the shops I saw many interesting machines designed especially for manufacturing the engines made here. In almost every case several operations are performed at one time on each machine, so time is saved, and the machined surfaces are made as true as possible with each other without special care or adjustment, as the machines perform this work automatically.

As an example of several operations being performed simultaneously by one machine, I noticed a large machine which had infolded in its steel embrace a large casting, which seemed to my unaccustomed eyes to constitute nearly the whole of the engine, but which I was told is called the engine frame. This machine was "facing-off" the end

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CANADIAN ENGINE-WORKS—HAND-SCRAPING OF FLAT SURFACES.

of the engine frame to receive the cylinder, boring the guides where the crosshead is to reciprocate and boring the main bearing to receive the crank shaft, these operations all proceeding at once under the care of one workman.

Another machine was turning and boring engine wheels or pulleys, three tools being operated at once in this operation, and the hard cast iron was being turned off so rapidly that the chips of iron were hot enough to burn the hand.

In passing along, I was especially struck with the large proportion of young men among the workmen, the clean and beardless faces revealing to good advantage the bright intelligence usually to be found in young men who have an interest and pride in their work. I was told that nearly all these young men had served their apprenticeship in the shops, each apprentice being selected for his adaptability to to the work. Strange to say, a large majority of them bear Scotch names, and although born in Canada, are of Scotch descent, illustrating the tendency of the Scottish race to mechanics.

After being conducted over the boiler shops, foundry and pattern shop, I finally arrived at the testing department which contains large foundations arranged for receiving engines of any size, with steam connections to the boilers and condensers, pony brakes for measuring the power, indicators for taking diagrams of the action of the steam in the cylinder, tachometers for indicating the changes of speed, apparatus for weighing the steam used by the engine, by means of which it is possible to subject an engine to all variations of work, and to test its

MACHINE FOR GRINDING FLAT SURFACES.

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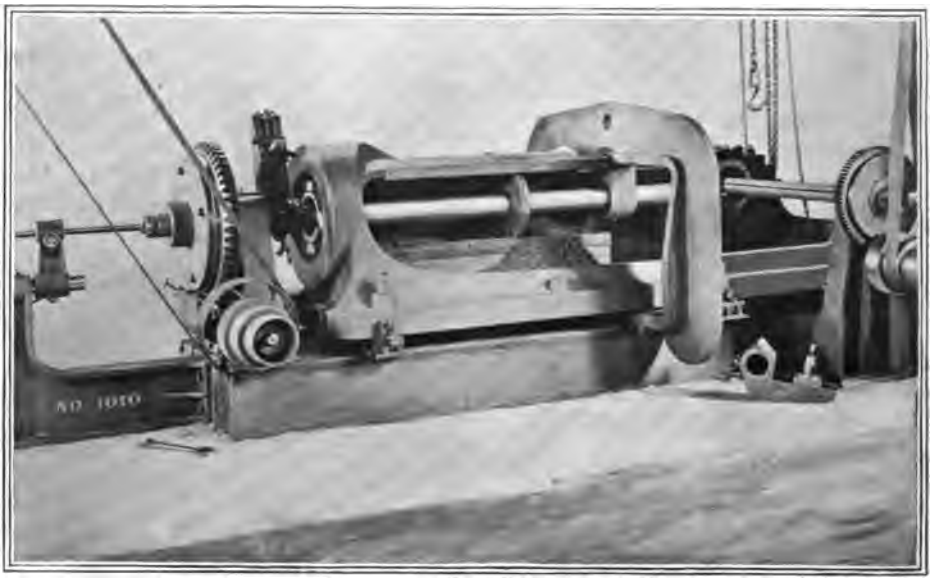
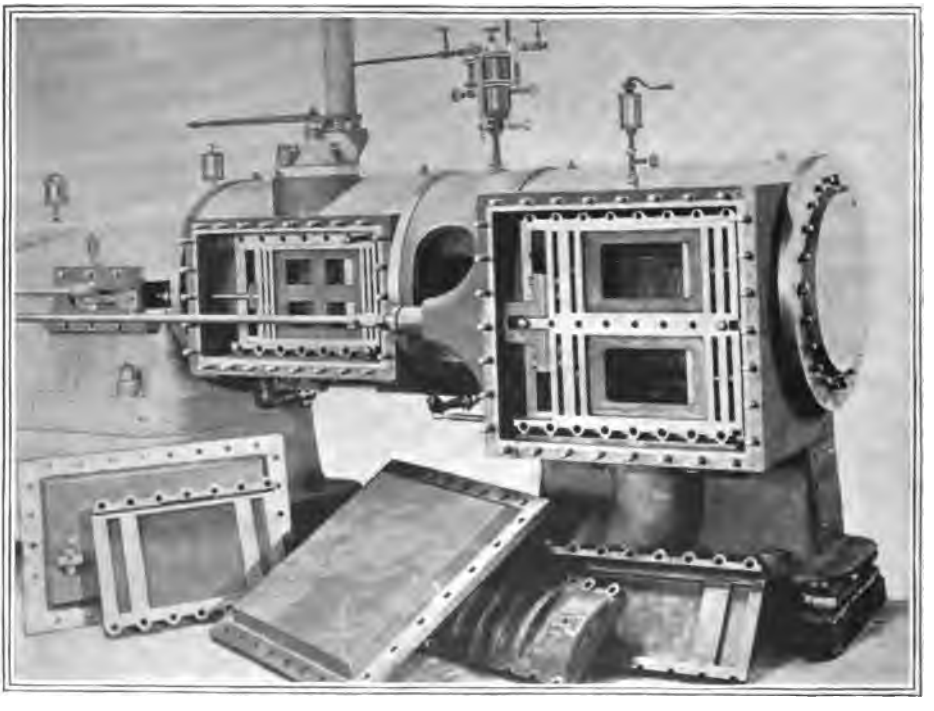


CANADIAN ENGINE WORKS—BORING A BED FOR 300 HORSE-POWER ENGINE.

speed, regulation, consumption of steam and general performance before it leaves the works. Every engine, large and small, is tested in this way ; working parts



HIGH AND LOW PRESSURE CYLINDERS OF 300 HORSE-POWER COMPOUND ENGINE SHEWING STEAM CHESTS AND VALVES.

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are carefully adjusted, valves corrected and indicator diagrams taken, which are fyled away with the drawings and other records of every engine that is built.

At the time of my visit a large engine was being tested which was to be shipped to Perth, Western Australia. This engine is one of a duplicate pair of compound engines and electric dynamos which are to furnish power for an electric railway system for the City of Perth, W. A. While watching this large engine in operation, I was much interested in an explanation of a new system of automatic cut-off and regulation for compound engines, by means of which the steam is distributed and expanded so that under all changes of load, no matter how sudden or variable, the regulation of speed is instantaneous and the work equally divided between the high and low pressure cylinders. This system of governing was developed at first by Mr. E. J. Armstrong, M.E., of New York, who organized the engine department, and has been elaborated and adapted to the present form of the engine by Mr. A. G. Robb, the mechanical superintendent of the works.

D. W. ROBB.

It occurred to me that perhaps many of the readers of THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE, like myself, although we read and hear much of compound and triple expansion engines, did not really know what is meant by these terms, and having the advantage of the friendly guidance and instruction of the superintendent of the works, thought it a good opportunity to obtain this information. It was explained thus:

Steam is a gas under pressure, produced from water by heat. The more heat the higher the pressure. Of course, the higher the pressure the greater the amount of work a certain volume of steam is capable of performing.

The study of all engine designers, from Watt down to the present, has been to utilize as much of the pressure of the steam as possible before allowing it to escape. This is accomplished by allowing the steam to expand in driving the piston of an engine. If steam was allowed to fill the cylinder full of high-pressure steam at each stroke, and then escape at full pressure, much work would be lost, whereas, if the steam is only allowed to partly fill the cylinder, or to flow into it during a part of the stroke of the piston, and

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the supply is then cut off, it will expand, still exerting some pressure and doing work until it expands down to the pressure of the atmosphere into which it escapes.

As the art of steam engineering advanced, it was found that the greatest possible economy in the use of steam was obtained by raising the pressure in the steam boiler as high as possible, because it does not require as much heat or fuel in proportion to work done with a high pressure as with a low one, and by getting as much expansion out of the steam as possible; but further experience and investigation showed that when steam was expanded beyond a certain point in a single cylinder the cooling effect on the interior surfaces of the cylinder was sufficient to almost offset the gain by expansion. For instance, steam at 100 lbs. pressure to the square inch has a temperature of about 338 degrees Fahr., while the same steam if expanded down to atmospheric pressure has a temperature of only 212 degrees, the same as boiling water. The difference being 126 degrees, or more than the difference in the temperature of the atmosphere on the coldest day of winter and the warmest day of summer, it will readily be seen that when the interior of the cylinder is subjected to this great difference it will have a tendency to cool the hot steam while entering, and to be cooled itself by the expanded steam before it is expelled from the cylinder. In order to overcome this loss, the steam is used in two or more cylinders consecutively, being first expanded partly in one, and then used over and further expanded in another cylinder, so that the variation in temperature in each cylinder is much reduced, and the economy of steam correspondingly improved.

A two-cylinder engine, intended for the use of steam at 100 to 125 lbs. pressure, is called compound; a three-cylinder engine, intended for a higher pressure of steam is called triple expansion; and so on for higher pressures, until we have quadruple and quintuple engines.

Before taking my leave I enjoyed a brief visit to the model engine-room of the works, where I saw a beautiful, smooth-running engine which drives a large part of the machinery, and which I was told is a duplicate of three engines sent to Barcelona and Madrid, Spain, where they are used for an electric tramway.

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THE BIG GAME OF CANADA.*

I.—THE MOOSE.

By Charles A. Bramble.

IN the year of our Lord 1892 the Ontario Fish and Game Commission issued a report. This in itself would not be worthy of mention, because commissions have an inveterate habit of issuing reports upon very slight provocation, but in the particular document under consideration there are some statements reflecting upon Alce Americanus which I desire to challenge.

On page 318 occurs the following paragraph: "An indiscriminate slaughter of this noble animal has long threatened the total extinction of the race, and it is probable that the time is not far distant when the moose, like the buffalo, will be seen no more in Canada." This would be very sad if true—but is it true?

I feel free to assert that though the moose is no longer to be found in certain parts of the Canadas and Northern States, where it once abounded, yet that the area over which it yet roams is vast beyond adequate conception. Moreover, I am positive from what I have myself seen in the far Northwest, that the moose is undoubtedly much more numerous there than it ever was within the memory of living man. I shall go into this subject at greater length before laying down my pen, but for the present let it suffice if I assert that the comparatively small portion of

*This series will consist of six articles. With the sixth will be issued a coloured map of Canada showing the habitats of the various big game.

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its southern range from which the moose has been driven is as nothing to the great stretch from the Saguenay to Cook's Inlet, in which the moose yards in winter as of old, and in numbers such as were unknown when there were thousands of Argus-eyed, tireless red men continually hunting for meat. The moose is by no means a simple animal, and no doubt it preferred retiring before the white man to being exterminated by him, so that from the first landing of Jacques Cartier, and the rest of that restless band of roving spirits who gave North America to the world, the moose has been slipping away north and west.

These animals are wonderfully abundant in regions that suit their habits and provide for their needs. Once upon a time Nova Scotia and New Brunswick were great moose preserves, and of late the latter is said to have regained much of its lost prestige; but to-day the territory inhabited by moose in the Lower Provinces is, if anything, smaller than was once the case, as might be expected from the comparatively dense population of those districts. Yet in more distant regions the moose is more than holding its own against all comers, and the time is not yet in sight when the dismal prediction quoted above shall come to pass.

When the Pilgrim Fathers landed at Plymouth Rock they found Virginia deer extremely abundant, but for moose they had to go 40 miles to the northward and eastward of the present site of the city of Boston, where, however, according to the author of the *New England's Prospect*, published, if I am not mistaken, about 1637, they could be found without trouble. He says quaintly: "There be's great store of them." From this we may infer that the natural range of the moose on the Atlantic seaboard did not extend south of Boston, although along the Alleghanies they undoubtedly penetrated at least to the Virginias. The Adirondacks, western New York, Ohio, Michigan and Wisconsin, as well as all New England, excepting perhaps Rhode Island and Connecticut, were undoubtedly parts of the original moose range. A glance at a map shows, however, that, after all, this was but an insignificant area compared with the Canadian range of the animal, and had the young Dominion elected to adopt the moose instead of the beaver as a national emblem, it would have been equally justified in so doing.

Excepting for a few scattered animals in Maine and in Northern Minnesota, our American cousins have made a most thorough and business-like clean-up of their moose; that is, as far as the eastern range is concerned, for there are yet moose in Montana, and Idaho; and the Sea Alps of Alaska about Cook's Inlet is, of all moose-ranges, the best stocked. With the exception of Southern Ontario, we Canadians have not quite driven the moose from any of its pristine haunts, although we have thinned their numbers cruelly in spots.

Last year I was in Northern Cassiar, and although the moose were local in their distribution, I have never seen them more abundant than in certain sheltered valleys, 40 miles or so N.W. of the Thaltan River, in lat. 58° North, long. 129° West. There were no moose on the seaward flanks of the Coast Range, nor did I find any before an occasional stunted white birch showed that the Pacific flora had given place to one more typical of Canada.

Fifty years ago there were five hundred Indian hunters preying upon the game of the Upper Stikine, Dease and Liard Rivers; to-day there are not fifty, and the moose, caribou, and sheep have increased enormously in consequence. It is no uncommon sight to see two or three moose during the course of a day's march with pack train, and an Indian can get one at short notice any day.

The Northwest is so vast that no man's personal experience can cover it all, but by putting together the fragments of information given me by Hudson's Bay men and miners over the

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DRAWN BY ARTHUR HEMING.

MOOSE-HUNTING IN WINTER.

This represents the death of a moose that has been chased out of the bush on to an ice-covered lake and there shot. The Indian Guide is kneeling down and making explanation to the successful hunter.

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camp fire, I am convinced that moose exist in enormous numbers all through the wooded region, extending in a broad belt from the Ottawa to Western Alaska. They keep clear of the prairies, and do not go north of the tree limit, but between those bounds you may find moose almost anywhere.

It is somewhat strange, that while moose do not exist in British Columbia, south of Cariboo, they are found in Western Montana and Idaho. The only explanation I have ever been able to get is the somewhat lame one that deep snows and extreme cold killed them off several years ago, previous to which catastrophe they were numerous. This remarkable theory is rather absurd, seeing that at a higher altitude and in a region where the snowfall is enormous—sometimes 20 feet during a winter—they flourish exceedingly.

Calling the bull moose in the rutting season seems never to have been practised except by the Abenakie or men of the East. The Western Indian kills all his game by still hunting. He certainly is a master of the art. Moose in the Northwest, at least in the Manitoban and Saskatchewan districts, do not yard, as the snowfall is light and feed is scattered; had they to remain imprisoned on an acre or two of ground, as they do in Nova Scotia and New Brunswick, they would infallibly starve to death.

A MANITOBA MOOSE.

This amateur photograph was taken about a year ago in Northern Manitoba, between Lake Winnipeg and Lake Manitoba. The lucky hunter was a Winnipeg merchant. For this photograph, THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE is indebted to the Hingston, Smith Arms Co., Winnipeg.

Some of the most exciting stalks I have ever had were in company with a Scotch-Cree half-breed, in one of the best moose districts of Saskatchewan. Fine fresh moose tracks, newly fallen snow and a shot were almost a certainty. The moose is very crafty, but as it always does precisely the same thing, it is easy to circumvent the animal. Before lying down, a cast is

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taken to leaward and a half circle made. The object is, of course, to be able to see or at least smell any pursuer following the tracks. The Western hunter understands this little precaution, however, and as soon as the tracks give indications of the nearness of the quarry, the Indian or half-breed divests himself of every superfluous article of clothing and equipment, and leaving the trail proceeds by a series of gigantic loops, keeping carefully downwind of the tracks and only visiting them at intervals. At length a time comes when the tracks are no longer to be seen running in the general direction they have heretofore followed, and then the hunter feels tolerably certain the moose is lying down within the area partly circumscribed by his last loop. He was careful before, but now his recent caution seems mere clumsiness to his present stealth. He treads on his toes like a ballet-girl; his rifle, fully cocked you may be sure, is in his right hand; while his left carefully wards off any branch or twig that might rub against his clothing, and so perchance alarm the game. In the end his reward generally comes in a murderous hot shot at short range, and then the work of gralloching or butchering the great beast has to be begun.

The time-honoured Eastern method of moose hunting is by calling. It is no doubt admirably suited to the lazy sportsman, as it combines the maximum of pleasure (from his point of view) with the minimum of exertion, but it would not suit the Western hunter who has to live by his skill in fencing, and who cannot afford to recognize any close season. Calling has been so often written up that there is no possible excuse at this late day for repeating the offence. All the world knows that during September and part of October, a bull moose may be brought within range by imitating the call of the cow, or the roar of a rival bull, through a birch-bark horn. Lots of men have been out calling, and a few have actually killed a moose or two. But if likely to do much of this sort of "hunting," the sportsman had better learn to call; it's very easy, though professional callers that are any good are almost as rare as eggs of the great auk, and much more valuable.

I have already quoted from the 1892 Report of the Ontario Game and Fish Commission. I will place myself under a still deeper obligation by abstracting another pearl or two from that masterly document. Regarding the average size of the moose, we are told by the Hon. J. M. Gibson's merry men that it is "equal to that of a large horse." Unfortunately the name of the horse is not given, and as "large" horses vary between 15.3 and 18 hands, we should be groping in the dark did we depend entirely upon the O. G. & F. C. report. Happily moose in captivity have been measured many a time and it has been found that an ordinary bull stands 16 hands, or 5 feet 4 inches at the withers, which are out of all proportion to the hindquarters, which latter are low and mean as compared with the forehand. A mane of stiff, bristly hair adds still further to the disproportionate height of the withers.

All wild animals are deceptive as to weight. They are thin and slab-sided, and never weigh as much as domestic animals of the same apparent size. Wherefore I disbelieve most strongly in the weight credited to some moose; though I think it possible that moose, especially in the Cook's Inlet country of Alaska, may reach 1,200 pounds live weight. The ordinary "gigantic" bull, with a 44-inch head, does not exceed 800 pounds. Moose and fish always grow after death, in fact I have known a dead moose to put on 50 pounds a year regularly until his slayer also took the Styx canoe-route. Moreover, last winter I found that a certain grey timber wolf slain in the Manitou region of Western Ontario, grew just one foot for every score of miles I journeyed from the place of his undoing; eventually he will be worthy to rank beside the 14-foot tigers of the retired Anglo-Indian.

The bull moose is at his best when six or seven years old, but there can be little doubt he occasionally lives to twice

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that age. He has no foes to dread in the northern woods, and must frequently live out the full span of moose life. The cow, according to my observation, always produces two young at a birth, though she is said to produce but one in the spring of her second year. The youngsters are born in the latter days of April, or early in May, and within three days can run faster than the old lady herself. The cow generally chooses some heavily wooded island as a lying-in ground, and it is no easy task to find her at that season. As for the bull, he is an exile from the bosom of his own family, and his presence is neither desired nor tolerated. It is said the bull will destroy the young calf during the first day or two of its existence, should he get the chance—which may or may not be true.

The moose is an ungainly animal, a hideous animal if you will, but nevertheless I think it is the king of Canadian game. During the past 19 years I have had opportunities of hunting almost all the large Canadian mammals, and I think to-day, as I thought in the early eighties, that there is no more interesting sport to be had in the world than hunting our Canadian moose in the depths of the great sub-Arctic forests of the Dominion. Dwellers in the Eastern provinces are truly fortunate in having at their very doors the moose, the brook trout, the Atlantic salmon and the woodcock; for among all the Western forms, grand as many of them are, I cannot find any that equal as game animals, or fishes or birds those I have named.

In October, 1900, the long close season on Ontario moose will be over, and I sincerely hope there will never be another. Close seasons extending over years merely prevent legitimate sport, but do not interfere in the least with the pot and skin hunter. Moose are exceedingly abundant in the extreme west of the province, near the Manitoba boundary; they swarm between Lakes Nepigon and Superior; they jostle one another west of Lake Nipissing; they impede railway travel on the Temiscamingue colonization line. Why, then, in the name of common sense, was a long, cast-iron close season ever advocated? A close season extending its protecting ægis over any seriously depleted districts would have been well enough; but a close season which turns every white hunter who kills a moose between the Ottawa and Lake Winnipeg into a malefactor, is a perversion of authority that is simply nauseating. I found this summer, when fishing on the north shore of Lake Superior, that all the white men between Peninsula and Rat Portage hardly kill a score of moose in any one year. Surely, seeing the illimitable and fully stocked wilderness to the northward, that stretch of country 700 miles long by 500 deep, could well stand a drain of twenty moose a year. As to the Indians, they kill just the same as ever, and small blame to them either. I saw two or three unfortunate families of Chippewas living on an exclusive diet of rabbit last winter, because their hunters were ill with rheumatism or disabled by accident, and I do not think any one would have begrudged them the moose meat they certainly would have had but for unusual hard luck.

Possibly few will read these rambling notes of mine, except they be sportsmen, therefore a few remarks upon rifles may not be amiss. Ten years ago there was no weapon to compare with the 450 or 500 double-barrel express for moose shooting. To-day the express has a serious rival in the .303, made up as a sporting rifle with double barrel and hammerless action. The repeater I do not like. I have owned many, and tried them under all conditions. They are, I grant, cheap and accurate, but are also heavy, ill balanced, badly finished, and sure to get out of order in camp. A brand new repeater in a gun-shop is a dream of beauty, but for genuine hard work, a good English double rifle, either express or .303, is very far ahead of any repeater I have ever handled.

The moose is not a very tough beast, and, moreover, is usually shot at short range, owing to the wooded nature of

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the country he frequents, so that a rifle of extra power or particularly flat trajectory is not necessary; but, still, power and flat trajectory are such admirable things in a rifle that I should certainly recommend a .450 express carrying a 330 gr. bullet and 110 grains of powder, or a .303 taking the government cartridge with soft point bullet. Anything more powerful is not required, and I found last year that many of the best hunters among the Crees are discarding their 45-70-500 repeaters and buying the new 30 calibre Winchester to use the new American army cartridge. These men are very safe guides. Their families depend largely upon the meat provided by the one rifle belonging to the head, and you may be very sure no risky experiments are made. When a Cree hunter gives up a 45-70 and changes to a 30 it is because he is convinced the latter will kill as well or better than the old rifle.

Many cartridges are not required in moose hunting. The shooting is generally easy work, the finding of the game and getting within range being the arduous part of the undertaking, and no one but a butcher would kill more moose than he could use while the meat remained fresh. One moose should last any ordinary man for a year, though, of course, in the case of nature's children, or of surveying or mining parties far from civilization, a dozen moose might well enough fall to one gun during the twelve months. If, instead of making long, useless close seasons, the government would offer a reward of $1,000 for the apprehension of anyone killing a moose for its hide alone, and make the penalty a long term of imprisonment, we should have more moose near civilization than we have. The Indians of the wilderness are not hide-hunters; the harm is done by the white loafers near settlements.

MEN OF BLOOD.

By John McCrae.

THE "Athens" sleeper was rocking along at the end of the night express that was leaving Omaha behind it in the darkness, to the eastward. There were only seven or eight occupants of the car, including a lady, who seemed to be travelling with a young fellow named Smith, whom I knew slightly. She was elderly, severe-looking, and was reading Augusta Evans Wilson. I afterwards learned that she was Smith's aunt, and that with regard to her he had no expectations and even less love.

The porter and I had a speaking acquaintance of long standing, and when he came to make up my berth I beckoned to him to sit down.

"Well, John, have you got a king or an archbishop on board?"

John smiled, for he generally tells me of some exalted personage who has travelled with him on his last run.

"No, suh! but dat gen'le'm'n (pointing to a tall, quiet-looking old gentleman in the corner of the car) shot a man!"

"Eh?" I queried.

"'t least, he came along two weeks ago, and down t' Well's City. He says, 'Dis is de place I shot ole ——' aw, I fu'git his name—but dat's shuah, suh!'"

"Do you think he'll get up in the night and slay some of us, John?"

"Oh, no, suh!" replied John, gravely. "I do'an suppose it's a habit. No, suh!"

Well's City had once been my home, and even now I spend several days every year there, so I was naturally interested. Besides, I thought I knew by detail all the black deeds that had ever been marked down upon the not-too-virgin page of that thriving town.

Next morning after breakfast I took the opportunity of making the old gen-

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tleman's acquaintance, and we had a pleasant chat; but I had not the tact requisite to lead the conversation to murder or sudden death. He was slightly autocratic, and I do not like autocrats; possibly I am one myself, and resent competition. As we were speaking, the smoking compartment filled up with hard-smoking passengers —all commercial men, as it happened.

"Excuse me," said the old gentleman to one of them, "will you let me see your time-table?"

"Certainly!"

Scanning the list of stations, he looked up and said, "I see we are due at Well's City in half-an-hour; for all I know there may be a warrant for my arrest there. Oh, don't look startled, for it has been out for seventeen years now, and I don't think they care much whether they get me or not."

"Tell us the yarn," said somebody.

The old gentleman bit the end off his cigar in a reflective way.

"We used to have pretty lively times then," said he. "Whiskey was abundant, and gun-powder was more plentiful than tooth-powder by a good deal.

"I had been ranching, and decided to come east with two men, named Jackson and Collins; but on the day just previous to our departure there was a murder in town. A man named Hagan, who ran an insurance business, killed a big bully named —— I forget what his name was—anyway he was a plague to humanity—and was pulled for it. It wasn't love of justice, but merely that Hagan had few friends, and the bully was an old residenter, so the upshot of it was that Hagan was sentenced to be hanged. It was all done very decently, and in order, but Collins, Jackson and I thought Hagan ought to have had a grant of land instead.

"'I think,' said Jackson, 'that we should help Hagan to break jail.'

"'Too darned risky,' said Collins, briefly.

"We suggested a good many plans, but none were feasible; it will be judged that time was not precious with us, or we would scarcely have lavished it so generously, in the interests of philanthropy.

"'Look here,' said I, let's try to get the Governor to pardon him, and if he won't—well, we could forge a pardon, I should think. I know a lawyer's clerk over in Miggsville who knows all the forms and that sort of thing.

"'That ought to do us,' said Collins, complacently. 'It's a question of stretchin' Hagan and stretchin' the truth, an' the truth has it.'

"So away we went and got the lawyer's clerk ——"

The old gentleman stopped to light the cigar he had been holding. In the lawyer's clerk of whom he had just spoken, I recognized myself as I had been seventeen years before. I remembered him now; in fact, the details of the whole case had been gradually coming back to me as he mentioned the names.

"The lawyer's clerk," he continued, "was game, and not only offered to fix up the pardon, but sent a reprieve, also forged, to Well's City the day before the hanging; so that if we were unable to see the Governor at once, Hagan might not suffer in the meantime. He was an oily-tongued beggar.—'That's one I owe you,' said I, mentally, to the old gentleman.—So we sent him up to Well's City to present the reprieve to old Billy Price, who was gaoler, hotel-keeper and several other things. He pretended that he thought old Billy a high legal official, and called him 'your worship,' and showed up the reprieve as bold as brass."

"'Of course your worship understands this point.'

"'Oh, yes! oh, certainly!' says Billy, as solemn as the biggest judge in the land. Finally, Billy very graciously gave his assent to the reprieve —it was the first he had ever seen, and our friend the clerk persuaded him that the power lay in his hands as well as the Governor's—and Hagan was safe in the meantime.

"Well, to make a long story short, we went to the Governor and were refused; came back and, with the clerk's

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help, forged a pardon, sent him with it (he was to represent that he was assistant-secretary to the Governor), and the Justice of the Peace at Well's City gave orders to liberate the prisoner next day at noon. He thought it looked more legal-like to name a certain day and hour, just as for an execution; although I dare say that ordinary procedure would be to let him off at once. Legal proceedings were a little crude in those days.

"'Chub' Harper, another of the prize bullies of the country, who had been very zealous in having Hagan convicted, heard about the pardon and immediately set out for Miggsville to persuade the Governor to nullify it. We three, having left Well's City for good (thinking ourselves better away during these happenings), had taken up our quarters at a village half-way between Well's City and Miggsville.

"Late at night, as we were in the bar-room, Chub rolled in, drunk, but not so drunk as he looked. After a few minutes' talk with the hotel-keeper, he beckoned Collins and me into the little sitting-room. Jackson followed and shut the door.

"'You fellows,' began Chub, in a husky voice, 'an' me are all out on the same job!'

"He proceeded to give me a sportive dig in the ribs.

"'Aint that so?' he asked, with a drunken wink. 'Now, you're all agin my side of the question, I know. Aint that right, again?'

"None of us returned any answer.

"'Now, y' think I'm drunk. Aint I right?' with another wink. 'Well, let's talk business. That's all square, aint it? I'm not askin' anything out o' reason.'

"'Say what you're going to say!' said Jackson, angrily, with an oath.

"'No hurry, Mister Jackson,' replied Chub urbanely. 'Now, I'm on my way to Miggsville to see Governor Miggs. He'll say when he sees me, "What can I do for you, Mr. Harper?" Then I'll say, "I'd like the extreme penalities of the law to be inflicted upon the aforesaid Hagan." Then he'll say, "If that's your will, Mr. Harper, it's my will!"

"Collins smiled contemptuously.

"'Ain't I right?' pursued Chub.

"It struck me that since Chub was so extremely sociable this evening, that we might safely offer to detain him, and if we could get him sufficiently drunk, it would be quite certain that he could not reach Miggsville in time to do our plans any hurt.

"'Yes, I guess you are right, Chub,' I hastened to add. 'Sit down; there's no hurry.'

"Chub bowed ceremoniously; he was scarcely courtier-like, for his outfit was extremely dirty and tattered.

"Divining my thought, Collins and Jackson sat down and drank. Then someone proposed a game of the usual, and Chub called loudly on the hotel-keeper for cards, and I ordered more whiskey.

"For an hour things went on quietly, Chub getting steadily drunker.

"'I'm goin',' he said, as he staggered to his feet.

"'Hold on, Chub,' I said, 'one more drink. Look here, let's play for Hagan. If you win, go ahead; and if I win, let him go. How's that?'

"'All right,' said Chub thickly.

The first hand brought me the poorest of luck. I spied a card on Chub's knee.

"'You—thief!' I cried, as I reached for the card.

"At that moment I was dimly conscious of his striking at me with a knife. I cannot to this day see how he got that knife so quickly. I sprang back, but scarcely avoided the blow. My jacket was cut for nearly a foot down the front, and it was a moment or two before I could assure myself that I was uninjured.

"Jackson rose to follow Chub, who had by this time shut the door and escaped, but Collins seized him. 'You stay here,' he shouted authoritatively. 'He's too handy for you. He's not as drunk as he looks.'

"'That's so,' said Jackson thoughtfully.

"I was wild with indignation.

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"'When I see Chub,' I thundered, 'I'll bore him full of holes, as sure as I live!'

"I say Amen to that," said Collins. This was unexpected, and had the effect of quieting me. 'I don't know,' I added more quietly, 'if we have any right to take his life—'

"'I don't give a curse for his life,' retorted Collins.

"There was a long silence.

"'There's no use goin' after him to-night,' said Collins. Then he added, as coolly as I am speaking now, 'we'll go out in the morning and kill him on his way back. I'm tired of him!'

"After all my threats, this proposition stuck in my throat, but I cared less then for a human life than I do now, so I soon fell in with the idea.

"Having ascertained that Chub had ridden off to Miggsville, we concluded that he would be back about nine in the morning, for Governor Miggs was notorious as an early riser, and Chub could easily see him early in the morning. Our plan of campaign arranged, we three went to bed and slept the sleep of the righteous.

"In the morning we held further council of war, and concluded that Chub would not return by the road on which the hotel lay, but would take another road, nearly as direct, but some four miles distant from the hotel.

"After breakfast we cantered out for our hunting-party. Five hundred yards out I reined up.

"'I've got no ammunition!'

"'The blazes you haven't,' yelled Collins, 'I've a good mind to pull y'er teeth for slugs!'

"He was considerably my senior in years as well as experience so I permitted him to make such remarks.

"'Well, never mind! But if you think that's goin' to let you out of shootin', yer mistaken. 'But come on.'

"When we were about half a mile from the road, we saw a horseman coming towards us in the distance; it was evidently our quarry, so we galloped up a couple of hundred yards and dismounted. It would be an increase of risk to go nearer, lest Chub prove too dangerous, but for all that our proceeding struck me as a little underhand; but I remembered the treachery of the past night and hardened my heart.

"'Best stay here,' said Collins. 'He'll smell a rat if he sees us, and we can plunk him from here!'

"I thought, I remember, how expressive a word 'plunk' was, but we had no time for etymological studies.

"'We'll toss who's to do it,' said Collins, as he picked up a flat stone. 'You and Jackson. Round or flat?'

"He tossed.

"'Round!' I yelled.

"'Flat it is! Now you an' me. Yell again.'

"'Round!'

"'Flat again. You're it!'

"Collins handed me his rifle with a cartridge. 'About five hundred yards,' he said briefly.

"I lay down, adjusted the sight, and slipped in the cartridge.

"'Hold on,' said Collins, 'pull that feller again!'

"I took out the cartridge and placed it in his outstretched palm. He took it, and rolled the bullet between his lips; then he solemnly spat on it, and repeated some Spanish or Mexican sentence—it sounded for all the world like 'Hot radishes eat high.'

"'What's that lingo?' asked Jackson.

"'It's a charm. If them words don't work, nothin' will. I never knew it fail. Spit on it!'

"He held it out to Jackson, then to me. I could scarcely refrain from laughing at his earnestness, but we obeyed.

"I reloaded, lay down, and glanced over the barrel, but my hand shook and my eyelashes got in the way till I could scarcely see the sights.

"'Yer shakin',' said Collins, with a touch of scorn.

"I selected a white stone to sight upon, but my hand shook more than ever. Collins reached for the rifle, but I waved him away, and with a final effort steadied myself.

"I lay still, watching the figure on the horse. Suddenly he reined up, then advanced a few yards, halted

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again, just at the edge of some bushes that would have prevented us from seeing him. Unexpectant of our attack, he leaned over in his saddle to look at one of the horse's fore-feet.

"'Let him have it,' Jackson whispered excitedly. I made one supreme effort, took the clearest sight I ever took in my life—and fired. I was certain I had got him.

"He plunged forward and fell, the horse falling with him; then, apparently freeing itself, it galloped down the road at full speed.

"'That's settled,' said Collins, with a sigh of relief. 'Let's go.'

"'Hold on,' said I, 'I'm going to see. Wait for me!'

"'What's the use,' growled Collins. 'Dead or alive, we'll never be back here to find out.'

"I mounted and made for the thicket; the riderless horse's hoofs pattered on the hard ground, growing fainter and fainter in the distance. Within a hundred yards of the bushes where the body lay I pulled up short, the word 'murder' began to print itself in my brain, and I ignominiously turned and fled.

"As I rejoined my companions, Jackson said jocularly: 'By your face you evidently saw his ghost,' but I was not conversational. 'I didn't go all the way,' I said. 'We made straight across country for the nearest town, other than Well's City or Miggsville, sold our horses and came East—and never went back!'

As the old gentleman ceased speaking I almost disclosed my identity, but some impulse induced me to withhold it for the moment. We listened to the rattle of the train and pulled at our cigars.

"What was the outcome of it all?" asked somebody.

"Well, as I said, we never went back. We saved Hagan, but he never even thanked us for it. Of course he may not have known where we went, but he could have found out. Or again, he may have thought he was pardoned on his merits. But I don't want you to have the impression that western life was all murders; those were the only shootings I knew of during those three years I was there.

"Poor old Chub," said the old man, reflectively, "he had a pretty hard account to balance, I guess."

As he finished speaking I broke in: "That's a nice fairy-tale ending to such a story—a kind of 'lived happy ever after!'"

The tall passenger flushed.

"But it's true!"

I do not know why I should have been so disagreeable, but I laughed a contemptuous little laugh, which seemed to nettle him.

"I would swear to everything I have said."

"Don't perjure yourself," I replied loftily. I was trusting to clear it all up by disclosing my identity to him; besides, I owed him one for saying that I was "oily-tongued." But his wrath was now thoroughly aroused. "Am I a liar, sir?" he roared. I laughed again. Before anything else could transpire I was hurried out into the passage of the car by the arms, and found myself surrounded by the highly-interested drummers.

"Your time has come," said one.

"This case seems to call for blood," said another. A third said he had two pistols in his trunk in the baggage-car, and a fourth took me to the other end of the car on some pretext. In a few moments the other three reappeared.

"Look here," said the ringleader, "we're going to have a duel."

"The deuce you are," I retorted, for I was exasperated.

"Yes," said he, "don't object, like a good fellow. You see, Smith's aunt has a horror of that sort of thing, and Smith wants to give her a little surprise party. It'll come off opposite her car-window."

"Well, but —," I protested.

"Oh, come now, no refusals. I gave your apologies to the old fellow, and he thinks it will be a big joke. We've got two empty pistols, and he is just putting it on that he is mad. He understands— "

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I suppose I was foolishly non-resistant.

"Well, only on condition that you offer him my most abject apologies, and let him know thoroughly that it is all a fizzle."

"Depend on us!" chorused the drummers.

Then these descendants of Ananias went away, said nothing to my adversary, came back and reported to me that my apology was accepted; that the old gentleman agreed to the duel, and said that if he looked angry it was all for the benefit of Smith's aunt; so I was persuaded.

We had long since passed Well's City, and the train was timed to stop for twenty-five minutes at a flag-station, while the engine ran ahead a few miles for water and returned.

Promptly at ten o'clock our small procession left the train, and made for an open space opposite the rear Pullman, so that the passengers in the forward cars might not notice the proceedings. As we passed the window where Smith's relative sat, I saw Smith ostentatiously display two small pistols. I was not allowed to be within speaking distance of my adversary, and, as a consequence, the old fire-eater was earnestly desiring my life.

One of the drummers paced off thirty yards from where the old gentleman stood, and I was led to the spot. Smith put one of the pistols into my hand, and carried the other to my opponent. It was a small weapon, but I consoled myself with the idea that all unloaded weapons are alike at thirty yards.

The ringleader took his place midway between us, but out of the line of fire.

"Gentlemen, are you ready?"

We nodded assent.

"Take aim!"

I raised my pistol. Great heavens! thought I, if one of these be loaded, I may be a murderer—or worse yet, he may be.

"Fire!"

Two reports, as of giant firecrackers, succeeded. At the end of my barrel a beautiful little pin wheel was rapidly revolving, while from the muzzle of my adversary's revolver were rising beautiful little coloured stars. The pistols were fireworks toys.

I grinned inanely; my opponent grew red with rage, and threw his pistol as far as he could into the grass where it lay spitting impotent stars.

"What's this cursed foolery?" he gasped, as soon as he could get his breath. I could see now that he was quite ignorant of the nature of the duel.

I ran up to him. "This is all my fault. I ask your pardon a thousand times. But don't you remember me? I forged that pardon for you—the clerk!"

His face cleared. "Why, so it is. I remember your, your—red hair. But why—"

"Oh, all this nonsense. They told me they had given you my apologies, which I now offer again. They seem to have put up a little game on us."

The old gentleman shook hands cordially. "Confound you!" he added, by way of salutation, to the foremost of the drummers, who came up wreathed in smiles. "We'll go," said he, as he took my arm and led me back to the train.

"Hang it all, I would have drunk your heart's-blood when I came out here!" he pursued; "I suppose you were after mine, too."

"No, thank you. My diet is usually lighter than that. After you, sir," I said, as we reached the car step.

"Excuse my asking," said he, "but why did you say my story wasn't true? or hint it, perhaps I ought to say?"

"Well, you see," I began, as the drummers gathered around for the sequel, "it wasn't Chub Harper you fired at. It was myself, and you came mighty near me, too."

The tall passenger's eyes were as large as gooseberries.

"But you fell—"

"I know I did. I think that is what most people would do under the circumstances. The horse jumped and came to his knees, and I rolled off. I got under the bushes and lay still. I

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felt relieved when I saw you turn and ride off. I didn't recognize you, though, I dare say, I had seen you the day before."

"But Hagan got off?" queried the old gentleman decisively.

"No," I said," the reason Hagan never thanked you for getting him off was that he was hanged higher than Haman next day."

"And Chub?"

"Well, Chub got back with his message all right, and when they found the reprieve and pardon had both been bogus, they just strung up Hagan. I didn't go back for awhile, either, I promise you. I thought somebody there must be after my life, so I prudently absented myself. The last time I saw Chub he was happy, and drinking himself to death."

Smith entered as I finished speaking.

"Was your aunt scared?" someone asked.

"She's short-sighted, and thought we had gone out to pick berries."

LIFE.

I SAW a beam of light,
It shimmered on its way through realms of gloom,
More swift than shuttle in a weaver's loom,
And shone upon my sight.

I saw a falling tear,
It glistened in the glory of the sun,
Like threads of crystalline reflection spun,
But soon to disappear.

I saw a speck of white,
Far out upon the bosom of the deep,
Like some fair goddess sinking in her sleep,
Into the liquid night.

I saw a falling star,
It shot its golden course along the sky,
But perished in the twinkling of an eye,
Within the deeps afar.

I saw a human soul,
It looked on Time, and with a piercing cry
It faded into Immortality,
A part of the Great Whole.

I. R. Aikens.

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WHEN THE BRITISH FOUGHT IN SOUTH AFRICA.

THE FALL OF CETYWAYO.

By E. B. Biggar.

THOUGH there is to this day a wide difference of opinion as to the necessity or the justice of the Zulu War, there is a general confession that the Zulu monarch, Cetywayo (pronounced Ketch-wy'-o) was not only a remarkable man, but a king whose sway was beneficence itself compared with that of the average African potentate. Under him the Zulus reached the zenith of their glory as a military nation, and South African history yields nothing to compare with the discipline and power which the Zulus attained under this gifted ruler. When one speaks of the beneficence of Cetywayo's reign, one does not place the Zulu people side by side with the cultivated nations of Europe and America, but the comparison is rather with the state of the nation under its former kings. Chaka, the grandfather of Cetywayo, has been called the Bonaparte of South Africa. His reign began about the beginning of this century, and he made the Zulus a nation of warriors. His army was formed into regiments, each distinguished by a particular colour or design of shields; he introduced the short assegai, with which his men were obliged to fight with their enemies hand-to-hand, and woe betide the warrior who returned from a fight either without his weapons or wounded in the back. Chaka fought with the bravest at the head of his army, and all his warriors were forbidden to marry. He conquered far and wide, and in the nineteen years of his career of war and bloodshed, he swept off no less than three hundred tribes, some of whom were as completely annihilated as the British soldiers at Isandhlwana.

While like Napoleon in his genius for organizing men, and for the rapidity of his movements, he was also like Wellington in this, that he never lost a battle in his long reign of ceaseless wars. There was something to justify his warriors in their favourite war-song:

> Thou hast finished the nations—
> Where wilt thou go to battle now?
> Where wilt thou go to battle now?

It may be mentioned here that although he did not lose a battle, his last army was destroyed as if by a judgment from Heaven. In the wantonness of his ambition he sent his finest regiment out to crush a small tribe of the Palula. Before they accomplished their mission of slaughter they were smitten, like the host of Sennacherib, with a mysterious disease known as "blood sickness," and of all the fine army but a miserable remnant returned to tell the tale.

The atrocities of these wars are indescribable. As one of the small incidents of Chaka's reign, it may be mentioned that he stabbed his own mother to the heart, and then called on the nation to mourn her death. As an act of grace, he allowed a small party of English, under Captain Gardiner, to settle at Port Natal, and sent the following condescending message to George IV.: "If you will look after your interests in England, I shall look after mine in Africa, and I shall take care that no enemies are left. We will then be sovereigns of the world!" This bloodthirsty monarch fell at the hands of Dingaan, one of his own brothers, of whom he had three, and they are said to have drunk his gore while he, in his dying agonies, gave utterance to this prophecy: "You kill me, but the white race, a race you do not know, shall occupy this land."

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We know how this prophecy has been fulfilled, and it is interesting to remember that, not a stone's throw from his grave, there now stands an English Mission Station.

Though regarded with terror by his enemies—of whom, at the time of his death, few were left within reach—and by his own subjects withal, Chaka's name was held in veneration, and is so regarded to this day. When an earthquake occurred in Zululand the superstitious natives believed it was Chaka turning over in his grave.

Chaka was succeeded by his brother Dingaan, or Dingana, a man more cruel while more crafty than he. He was the Nero or Herod of Zulu history. One of the titles he took to himself was the "Hyena-man," and the name was only too appropriate. He had obtained the throne by treacherously plunging his spear into Chaka's heart while the monarch sat quietly in his kraal, talking to his councillors. A white man once saw him amuse himself by burning holes in the skin of one of his servants, with a burning glass. An infant was once brought to him by its mother, who hoped thereby to save its life; he seized the child by its heels and with one blow dashed out its brains before the paralyzed gaze of its mother who was immediately afterwards murdered. Such were the common whims of this fiendish king.

In 1830, the Boers came over the mountains into what is now the colony of Natal, large districts of which, owing to terror of the Zulu monarch, had been depopulated. Dingaan received them cordially and, with a magnanimity which surprised as well as delighted the Boers, granted them a large tract of land. A deputation of about eighty stalwart Boers were then invited to a friendly beer-drinking in the presence of the king, being first requested to leave their arms behind. In the midst of the convivialities, the treacherous king shouted "Kill the wizards," and the Boers were all beaten to death with knobkerries. The Zulus then fell on the Boer camp and slaughtered the unprepared men and women to the number of 600. The spot has ever since been known as Weenen, "the place of weeping."

Dingaan had intended to kill his brother Panda, but spared him at the intercession of Capt. Gardiner. When he did so, however, he observed, "You wish me to spare a dog who will one day bite me," and his words afterwards proved true; for when Dingaan's treachery to the Boers became known, they gathered a small army and wreaked a fearful vengeance upon the cruel monarch, and actually succeeded in creating a revolution which placed Panda upon the throne. Dingaan took refuge among the Swazis, who paid back their old scores against the Zulus by putting him to death, and thus was proved the truth of an old Zulu proverb: "The swimmer in the end gets carried away with the stream."

Panda was of a more peaceful disposition and for thirty years sought to live on good terms with both Dutch and English, though it was very difficult for him to keep down the fighting spirit of his young warriors. Cetywayo was one of the youngest sons of Panda, but his brother Umbulazi was the eldest son. Umbulazi was his father's favourite and the natural heir to the throne, but Cetywayo was more in favour with the people, especially with the young warriors, who put him forward to serve their designs of aggression, and not because they saw in him the remarkable powers he afterwards developed. Panda was getting old and so indolent from obesity, that the cares of state weighed heavily upon him and finally he decided to let the question of successorship be settled between the two brothers. This they did in the most natural method that would occur to Zulu minds, namely, in a fight. Umbulazi appears to have had misgivings as to the issue, and selected as the scene of the contest a spot only five miles from the Tugela River, so as to escape into Natal in case of defeat. The conflict was one of the bloodiest in the history of the Zulus. Cetywayo, who was but a boy, won the battle and his defeated brother was never after-.

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wards heard of. Multitudes of the defeated army, accompanied by the women, fled to the river where they were pursued and speared in the water, hundreds of women thus perishing with their babes on their backs.

Such was the family inheritance of Cetywayo, and such were the traditions which, according to Zulu ideas, he was expected to maintain. Considering the character of his predecessors and the martial disposition of the people, his reign may be regarded as a marvel of good-will and self-restraint. Although the whole Zulu nation hailed him as king when Umbulazi was defeated, he did not put his father out of the way, nor did he even take the reins of government out of the old man's hands, except in so far as Panda desired to be relieved of the cares of state. Indeed, Panda reigned nominally till the day of his death, which took place from old age and obesity in 1872, sixteen years after the battle which decided the succession of Cetywayo. Cetywayo, like his father, desired to be on good terms with the English, and in 1873, the year after he came to the throne, he desired a confirmation of his authority from the British through the Natal Government, and Sir Theophilus (then Mr.) Shepstone went up to perform the English ceremony of coronation, in order, as Cetywayo expressed it, that he might be one with the Natal Government, and that they might be "covered with the same blanket." Sir Theophilus Shepstone, the Sir John Macdonald of Natalian political history, was a man of remarkably full knowledge of native customs and character, and possessed a commanding influence over the minds of natives and colonists alike. The young king spoke of him as "his father," and it was probably only his complete confidence in Mr. Shepstone which enabled him to accept, in perfect good faith, a ceremony by which he was crowned with a tinsel crown and invested with a kingly mantle which had done duty as an opera cloak. At the coronation Cetywayo was told that he held his power from us, and three conditions of the association were that there should be a trial before anyone was capitally punished, and not, as before, at the will or whim of the sovereign; that witchcraft was to be discouraged; and that the missionaries were to be protected in Zululand, though as a matter of fact the missionaries had been well treated during the reign of Panda.

Cetywayo had already shown a heart far more humane than his royal ancestors. During the reigns of Chaka and Dingana nearly all the royal wives were put to death, either before the birth of children or afterwards, but this Cetywayo would not do. Mr. Shepstone, writing of Cetywayo at the opening of his reign, said: "He is a man of considerable ability, much force of character and dignity of manner, remarkably frank and straightforward, and ranks in every respect far above any native chief I have ever had to do with."

The conquests of Chaka and the terror inspired by his name had driven many thousand Kaffirs west of the Tugela River, and the cruelties of Dingana kept up the stream of fugitives from Zululand into the region which became the colony of Natal; and at the time Cetywayo came to the throne the native population of the colony had increased to about 250,000. This numerous people lived among a colony of only 25,000 or 30,000 whites; and though they outnumbered the whites by ten to one, they lived under their rule for twenty years in a peace uninterrupted, except by a small outbreak of no great significance under a petty chief called Langalabalela.

The first cloud on the horizon may be said to have been raised by the encroachments of the Boers of the Transvaal—the republic formed by discontented Boers migrating from the Cape Colony, the Natal and the Orange Free State—who in their greed for land squatted within the borders of Cetywayo's country, and afterwards claimed the lands on which they had squatted. In some cases they had got petty chiefs to sign papers which they did not understand, but which afterwards turned out to be deeds conveying away

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their land. Cetywayo despised the Boers and resented their methods, and in his official messages to the Natal Government alluded to their President, with somewhat disrespectful familiarity, as "Uncle Thomas" (Thomas Burgers). Had the Zulu king had his will he would have settled the question of the Boer encroachments, and their existence as an independent republic, at the time they were in their straits in 1876-7, but by Sir Theophilus Shepstone's policy the Transvaal was annexed as British territory, and Cetywayo's warriors were robbed of their chance to "wash their spears." When Sir Theophilus, with his small escort, entered the Boer capital and proclaimed British authority, Cetywayo, hearing that the Boers were going to rise against Sir Theophilus, sent this message: "If they had done so, I should have said 'What do I wait for? They have touched my father.'" He no doubt meant all he said, and when, after the annexation of the Transvaal, the Boer land claims were, to some extent, supported by British authority, he was much chagrined. Of Sir Theophilus at this juncture he said, in one of his messages: "He is no more a father, but a firebrand. If he is tired of carrying Cetywayo now, as he did when he was with the Natal Government, then why does he not put him down and allow the Natal Government to look after him as it has always done?" We see here one of the figures of speech with which the beautiful Zulu language abounds, some of the speeches and messages of Zulu chiefs being poems in themselves.

Greed and fraud have characterized the Boers in their dealings with the Kafir nations regarding land, and few who know the history of the land dispute which culminated in the Zulu war, will not at this period of time sympathize with Cetywayo. Of the character of the Transvaal Boers it is enough to say that, so long as they could, they forbade the discovery and working of mines, as a sort of Satanic employment, and that they mobbed their own Surveyor-General for using a theodolite in the streets of Potchefstroom instead of stepping off the distance like the "Veldt Valkt Meister" of their own good old days.

The Boer claims to the piece of Northern Zululand adjoining the Transvaal were finally referred to a commission, in which the Zulus, Boers and English were represented, and the commission gave an award substantially in favour of the Zulu position. But the question of the Zulu raids over the Natal border, came up and, as the negotiations went on, Cetywayo found himself more and more humiliated, till the acceptance of the decisions made would have completely abased him in the eyes of his people. At some of his councils his officers, who represented the younger warriors, taunted him to his face with such words as these, "You are a coward; you are not the son of Chaka!" Even yet he remonstrated, on the one hand with his blood-thirsty young warriors, and, on the other, expostulated with the Imperial High Commissioner, who was massing troops in Natal to enforce the demands made upon him. Regarding the charge that he put people to death without trial, he replied, "Evil-doers would go over my head if I did not punish them." A reply which has some force when it is understood that according to inherited Zulu ideas, the lives as well as the property of the people are held at the will of the king. Cetywayo explained his objections to an increase of the missionaries as follows: "We will not allow the Zulus to become so-called Christians. If a Zulu does anything wrong he at once goes to a mission station and says he wants to become a Christian; if he wishes to be exempt from serving the king he puts on clothes and is a Christian. All these people are subjects of the king, and who will keep a cow for another to milk it?" But it must be explained, in justice to Cetywayo, that the missionaries already in his country were treated with consideration and no case of outrage against them has ever been recorded.

During the Boer dispute, and subse-

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quently, Cetywayo remarked to his white Prime Minister, John Dunn, that "he saw the English had thrown the bullock's skin over his head while they had been devouring the tit-bits of the carcass;" and it is not surprising that, while his spies brought word of the gathering of English troops, he, in view of the demands made on him, should prepare to defend himself. Miss Colenso, in her defence of him, says: "It is plain enough that when it became apparent that war would be forced upon him by us, the Zulu king contemplated nothing but self-defence." *

However he may have ruled his own people, he could appeal to history as to his treatment of the whites. "Did I ever kill a white man or white woman?" he asked in one of his messages during the war, "or ever take cattle from a white man before the war? Did I ever walk over the words spoken at Umlambongwenya Kraal by Somtseu (Sir Theophilus)? If I am to be destroyed, I can die happy if I know first what wrong I have done." That he would be beaten in the war he foresaw more clearly than any of his counsellors or his warriors, and had they listened to his advice he would, to secure peace, have humbled himself more than he did.

"The white man," he said at another time, in a message to General Crealock, "has made me king, and I am their son. Do they kill the man in the afternoon whom they have made king in the morning? I want peace; I ask for peace."

Of his magnanimous disposition, his treatment of John Dunn is a striking evidence. Dunn, who was born in the Cape Colony, of English parents, had gone as a trader to Zululand, and after living among the Zulus a number of years, adopted the customs of the people and was made an induna (chief). Though Dunn had espoused the cause of Cetywayo's brother at the time of the civil war over the succession, the young king did not take the revenge he might easily have taken, but accepted Dunn as a friend and even made him his chief adviser, employing him in his negotiations with the Government. Dunn took to himself a number of Zulu wives according to the custom of the country, and became wealthy in cattle and goods. When the Zulu war cloud was about to burst, Dunn secretly appealed to the English for protection, but Cetywayo, acting on his own generous impulses, sent him word that as the English were evidently going to invade the country he had better leave Zululand and go to a place of safety. Dunn very quickly acted on this advice, and leaving his kingly patron and protector to his fate, crossed the Tugela into Natal three weeks before the battle of Isandhlwana.

I have already given an account of that disaster, unique in the annals of modern warfare, and of the mournful end of the Prince Imperial of France, whose sword Cetywayo returned in a manner worthy of a knight of the age of chivalry.*

After various battles, in which victory was sometimes with the out-numbering Zulus, sometimes with the British, the power of the Zulu nation was broken at Ulundi, the capital. Lord Chelmsford had sent an ultimatum to Cetywayo, giving him until July 3rd to comply with the terms, which he no doubt would have done had it not been for the obstinacy of his army. The day before the time expired a herd of cattle, known by their white colour to be the royal cattle, were seen being driven towards the British lines, but afterwards intercepted and driven back by one of the Zulu impis (regiments). The time of grace went by, and there was nothing to do on both sides but fight. Cetywayo himself personally planned the attack in which thirteen corps, numbering twenty thousand Zulus, took part. The Zulu army was massed at the

* Messages such as the following appear to show his desire for amity: "Cetywayo thanks the Government of Natal for these words. They show that the Government of Natal still wishes Cetywayo to drink water and live."

* See CANADIAN MAGAZINE, Vol. II., pp. 26-33, and pp. 256-264.

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Nodwengœ kraal, hard by the Umvolosi River, on the opposite bank of which the British were encamped to the number of five thousand. It was on this spot that the Zulus had defeated the Boers in a bloody battle in the days of Dingana, and they counted on making the place renowned for a still greater victory.

They thought that if they could bring the British to battle in the open field the day would be theirs. For several days they had been parading and marching and counter-marching in sight of the British camp, apparently with the view of inciting a conflict, and when the British crossed the river early on the morning of the 4th, there was little opposition. Though the Zulus did not realize it, the British were as anxious as they to bring on the battle in the open field. When they had crossed the river they formed the whole force in a hollow square, with the 80th Regiment and a Gatling battery in front, the 90th and part of the 94th forming the left face of the square, the 13th and 58th, the right face, and the 24th and remainder of the 94th the rear. At each corner of the square was a battery of artillery, while inside the square were the Lancers (mounted), the contingent of Basutos and other natives, and the ammunition waggons. Maintaining this formation, the whole army moved forward to a high open ground, near the site of a ruined mission station. The ground sloped away in nearly every direction, with little cover save a few bushes, though the position of the Nodwengu kraal, but a thousand yards away, enabled the Zulus to form without being seen.

About half-past eight a halt was made, and while the British were burying one of their men who had been slain here the previous day, the Zulus were seen approaching in full force from both sides of the hill behind which they were formed, throwing out their ominous horns, as usual in an attack. Cavalry, under Col. Buller (now Sir Redvers Buller) had been thrown out around the square to check the advance of the enemy. The dark host of Zulus swept around in perfect silence, advancing steadily and closing in their wide circle in the face of the fusilade from the cavalrymen, who gradually retired within the square at the rear. The men in the front rank of the square were kneeling as if prepared for cavalry, while arrangements were made for a constant supply of ammunition from inside. As the British cavalrymen cleared away from each side of the square, a volley such as the Zulus had never heard before, poured forth from the thick red belt, while from each corner of the flaming square the batteries of artillery burst out with their dreadful roar, levelling masses of the enemy as shell after shell exploded among them. More than once the Zulus, still advancing, tried to concentrate for a rush, but no savage foe could long stand up against this hurricane of death, and sooh the main body on both sides hesitated. A few still pressed on, coming within thirty yards of the square, but while the main body wavered, an opening was made in the rear side of the square and the fleet Lancers were let loose. Riding with their lances levelled, the horsemen bore down upon the astounded Zulus like a whirlwind, and the host of Cetywayo, who himself sat with part of a regiment, viewing the battle from a neighbouring hill, broke in disorder on every side. As they fled over the plain the broadsword and lance were plied with deadly effect, and still, wherever an opening offered, the artillery added its work of destruction on the retreating army.

Many deeds of daring are recorded on both sides during this short but decisive battle. A narrow escape was that of Lieut. James, serving with the Lancers. He rode down two Zulus, who turned on him, and one of them threw an assegai which struck a thick leather cross belt, through which it penetrated inflicting a slight wound. He had often complained of the great weight of this belt, but had it been thinner this desperate thrust of the Zulu would have finished him. The Zulus were plucky even in their flight, and the Lancers tell more than one

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story how the naked warriors would leap aside from a thrust, and with the agility of a tiger, catch a lance and endeavour to hold it while they could return the compliment with their own assegais.

The battle proper had lasted less than half-an-hour, during which the Zulus had about 1,000 men killed, while the British had 18 killed and 85 wounded.

When the Zulus had got the shelter of the bush and the mountains, the British rested a short time and moved on to Ulundi, Lord William Beresford, who distinguished himself in the fight, being first in the Zulu capital. The whole place was deserted, even the king's house—a modest dwelling of four rooms and a verandah—being emptied of everything except a few bottles, which, it is needless to say, were empty also. Fire was set to one of the huts, and in the dry air of the Zululand winter the city of the king soon disappeared in smoke. One after another, thick column of black smoke marked the destruction of the military kraals that stood around Ulundi, while the unhappy Zulu king was being hastened to a place of safety in the depths of the Ngomi forest, the wildest and most secluded part of his country.

The strength of the Zulu nation was suddenly paralyzed, and no more was to be feared from their army. It was now only a question of a hunt for the king. But here the loyalty of the Zulus for their king, fugitive though he was, was as touching as any recorded of Highlanders for their chiefs. The officers in pursuit got together at times as many as forty Zulus, but neither promises nor threats nor verbal traps availed to make them betray their king. Day after day the pursuing parties were reported close in his tracks. At one time they came to the place where he had slept the night before; at another time the remains of recent camp fires, or the remains of pots and calabashes dropped in flight led the pursuers to think the object of their hunt was within grasp. Then, again, all traces would be lost, and a few shy "koodoos" or other creatures of the wild region would be the only signs of life in a day's hunt. When the Zulus obstinately refused to disclose their king's whereabouts, orders were given that a certain number of huts should be burnt and prisoners taken; but this soon got to be an inconvenient mode of punishment, and the number of prisoners taken from day to day and again let loose at night had to be reduced to eight, then to four, and afterwards to two, and finally to one of each sex. When this availed not, five prisoners were brought up and flogged to make them speak, but still they kept their secret. Bribes, threats and punishment alike were unavailing. At last trace was found of some of the king's girls, but when they were overtaken and examined they denied that they had anything to do with the king. Then a man was overtaken with a fine Martini rifle—evidently a servant of the king—but nothing could be got from him. It afterwards transpired that they were within 300 yards of Cetywayo, at one time in the chase. In one part of the hunt a Zulu was found who agreed to act as guide, but when he got into the bush he slipped off and was no more seen. At another time two men belonging to Oham, Cetywayo's brother, came in professing loyalty; but a little boy revealed the fact that they were misleading the pursuers, and they were denounced and sent off. Tracks were followed and stragglers examined, and cattle carried off, all to no purpose.

At last, scouring in the bush, they came suddenly on a woman who was so badly frightened by the apparition of white soldiers with guns that she confessed to where the king had slept two nights before. At this kraal they found three brothers, who, though threatened with being shot, denied solemnly that they knew anything of the king, and said, if shot, they would die innocently. These men knew the secret, but how to extract it from them was the question. A plan was hit upon. They were held till night and were each blindfolded, and led out, as

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they supposed, to be shot. But even yet they refused to betray their king, and these faithful Zulus, standing apart in the moonlight, each silently waiting the dreadful moment when the threat of the white captors would be carried out, and they should have to speak or die. When they had again refused to speak, the report of a rifle woke the echoes of the night, and it seemed to each that a brother lay dead. The rifle had been fired into the air, but it is no wonder that under the strain of this awful moment one of them gave way, and thus was the hiding place of the king disclosed to Major Barrow. They were close to the forest, on the other side of which was Major Marter, who got a clue about the same time. A Zulu came up to him and after talking for some time on indifferent subjects, said in his figurative style of speech, "I have heard the wind blow from this side to-day," pointing to the Ngomi forest, and when his listeners began to comprehend the figure, he added, "but you should take that road till you come to Nisaka's kraal." On reaching Nisaka's they were sent to another kraal, where guides were found who led them to a rocky precipice. Here they were led to a bush, and crawling along on their hands and knees to the edge of this wild and rugged cliff, they looked down upon an indescribably weird and lonely forest 2,000 feet below them. After looking in vain for a sign of life they made out a kraal, walled in on three sides by steep precipices, and on the fourth side sheltered by the thick trees of the forest, into which a fugitive might escape. This was the king's last hiding place. A path was found into which it might be possible to go; and down here, over crags, through water courses, again through the tangled mass of gigantic ferns or floundering among mountain bogs, the king hunters made their way, at last emerging into the open space in front of the kraal. After a long parley the king came out of the kraal remarking, "You would not have taken me, but I never thought troops could come down the mountain through the forest." In the kraal were found four rifles of the fated 24th, and the king's own assegai, which was sent to Queen Victoria.

He was brought back to Ulundi. When, instead of being taken to Natal, he was brought down towards Port Durnford, he said, "This is not the way to the Tugela," and after adding mournfully, "It is better to be killed than sent over the sea," he grew moody and did not recover his spirits till he was landed at Simon's Bay. The great guns of the man-of-war struck him with wonder, and when one of them was fired he exclaimed, "Waouh! I was only born yesterday." Though much interested in the machinery of the ship, he could not be persuaded to go down into the engine-room.

The rest of Cetywayo's life must be but briefly told. He was taken with two or three of his wives, to a place on the Cape Flats near Capetown, where he was placed in charge of a gentleman well known for his kindness of heart. Zululand was parceled out into 13 tribes over one of whom John Dunn was placed; but trouble soon brewed among the chiefs of these tribes, while the majority of the people pined for "their bone," as they termed Cetywayo. This state of things becoming worse the deposed monarch was restored in 1883 as king over part of his original territory. But the insolence of Usibepu, one of the new kinglets, led to a conflict in which Usibepu was joined by Oham, and poor Cetywayo was again defeated and would have been killed but for the heroism of one of his subjects, a Christian Zulu. This took place at Ulundi in 1883 in the same month in which his greater army had been routed by the British. He then gave himself up to British protection and died in March, 1884—some said of heart disease, others by the poison of an enemy.

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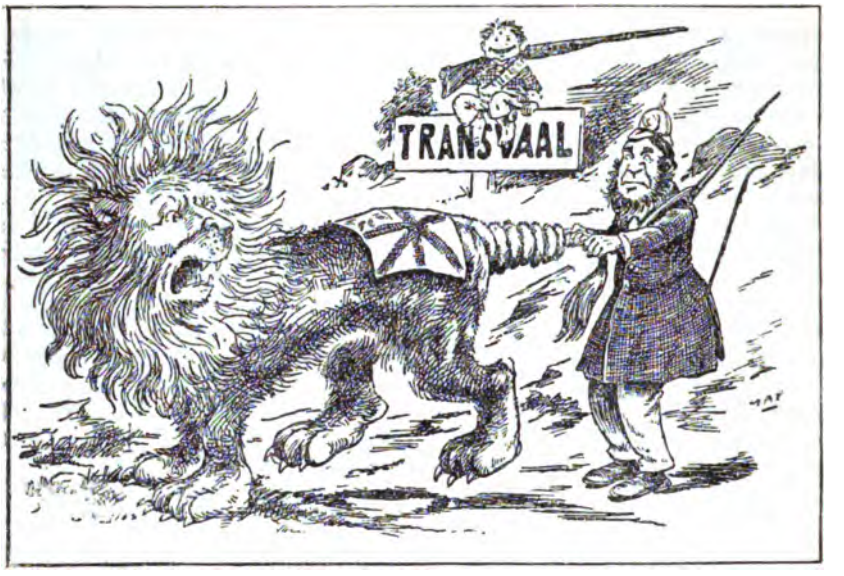

"It looks as if Oom Paul had about used up all the slack."
—*The Journal, Detroit.*

CURRENT EVENTS ABROAD.

WAR between Britain and the Transvaal began at five o'clock on the afternoon of Wednesday, the eleventh of October. At that hour expired the time limit set by the Boers for Britain's acceptance of the terms of their ultimatum. A formal declaration of war was made by the Transvaal on the following day, and foreign nations were notified. Thus the disputes of nineteen years were committed to the arbitrament of force. This outcome was almost inevitable from the first ; for underlying all differences as to the treatment of British subjects, or the respective rights of the two nations under the Conventions and under international law, was a fundamental conflict of national policies and ambitions. The Afrikanders, under which term is included all the men of Dutch race in South Africa, have been aiming to free South Africa from British control and establish there a great, independent Dutch Republic. There can be no doubt of this. It was known to be the aspiration of that comprehensive organization called the Afrikander Bund; it explains, as nothing else can, the whole policy of the Transvaal toward Britain ; it was the ultimate object, hardly at all disguised, of the treaty signed in 1897 between the Transvaal and the Orange Free State; and it is the reason why the Orange Free State, which has no quarrel with Britain and which treats its Uitlanders fairly, and why so many of the Afrikanders in the British colonies, who enjoy more than Britain sought to obtain for the Uitlanders in the Transvaal, have joined in the war.

Such radical opposition of policies leads almost certainly to war. As I tried to indictate last month, in pursuing their ambition the Boers have transgressed their treaty obligations and have subjected to grossly unfair and unjust treatment the men whose money they used to fill their own pockets, to make vast preparations for war, and to subsidize and arm the Afrikanders in the British colonies. Britain had to act in defence of her subjects and of her own great interests in South Africa.

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She asked only that the Uitlanders, who were willing to become subjects of the Transvaal, should have a fair amount of immediate representation, so that they could protect themselves and their property, and that the Transvaal, in other respects, should abide by the Conventions. On May 10th Britain asked for a friendly conference. On June 1 Sir Alfred Milner and Mr. Kruger met at Bloemfontein, in the Orange Free State. Sir Alfred Milner proposed a franchise law for the Uitlanders similar to that in the Free State and to that which existed in the Transvaal in 1884. Mr. Kruger offered objections, and the conference ended with no conclusion upon that or any other point. On July 12 the Transvaal passed a franchise law which contained so many conditions that its effects could not be judged. Britain replied that she was willing to consider any law which would bring about a fair share of immediate representation, but that this law was so involved and obscure that she must ask for a joint commission of inquiry to determine how it would work out in practice. The Transvaal employed three weeks in importing immense war supplies and then answered that she would grant Sir Alfred Milner's terms as to the franchise, provided that Britain would pledge herself not to interfere again in the internal affairs of the Transvaal and would not further insist on her claims to suzerainty. Of course Britain could not accede to these conditions, for a nation must always be free to take any action its interests demand, and to allow the Transvaal to make foreign treaties would only introduce further serious complications, since it would then become the centre for French or German intrigues

MR. CHAMBERLAIN: "Please do something, so I can hit you." —*The Record, Chicago.*

PRESIDENT STEYN.

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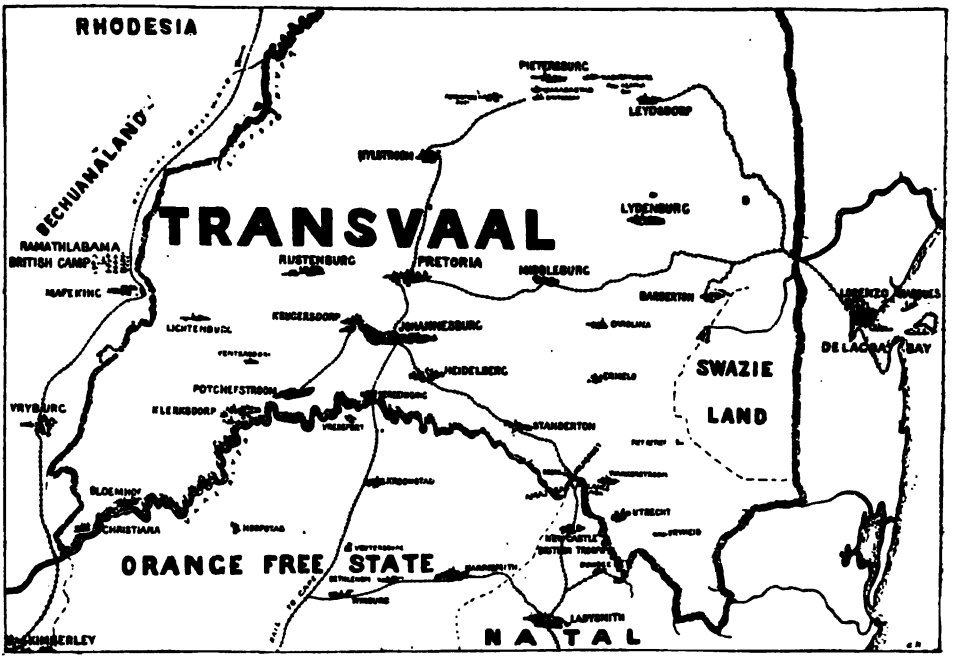

MAP OF TRANSVAAL.

against Britain's position. Britain welcomed the franchise offer, but declared the conditions impossible, and suggested another conference on a few of the general points still in dispute. The Transvaal then withdrew its franchise offer, and conditionally accepted the idea of a conference, but in such a way that the whole question would be re-opened from the beginning. This could not be considered. So Britain picked out points to which the Transvaal had at one time or other assented, and proposed that these be agreed to and the other matters left for future consideration. The Transvaal replied, charging Britain with bad faith. It was clearly impossible to do anything with Kruger, so Britain said she must withdraw all her offers and present new terms. Before these new terms had reached him, Kruger, on October 10, issued probably the most absurd ultimatum ever recorded, and the war began.

This ultimatum was a deliberate resort to war on the part of the Boers. Had they wished only a fair settlement of the details in dispute, the way was not yet closed to them. British public opinion was being kept sensitively alive by many recognized leaders of thought to every weakness in its own case and to every consideration that could be urged for that of the Transvaal; and Parliament, which is occasionally more cautious and generous than a Cabinet, had been summoned to meet. Any reasonable plea would still have received a reasonable hearing. It is true that the constant arrival of reinforcements would have made final defiance more hopeless, but this, taken together with all the other facts in the situation, only strengthens the conviction that it was defiance and not compromise which was all along intended. The event against which the Boers had been preparing for years had come, when British rule in South Africa was to be challenged. Indeed, the more carefully the question is studied, the less does Britain's course seem in need of defence. She could scarcely have asked less or done less without sacrificing many unquestionable rights for herself and for her subjects and running

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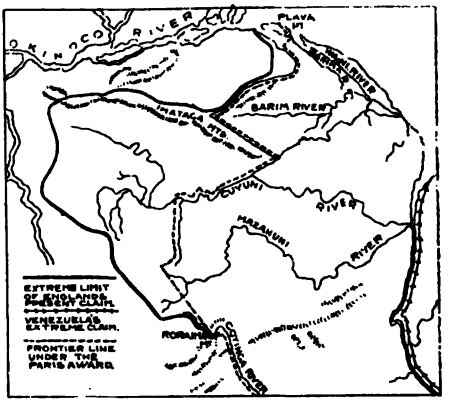
even greater risk of losing her position in South Africa. Her care not to excite the Boers unduly, and thus put an additional obstacle in the way of a peaceful solution, induced her to be deliberate in the despatch of troops, with the result that the abrupt breaking off of negotiations found her unprepared for effective aggressive movements. The Boers were able to secure important strategic positions and otherwise to gain initial advantages. But the end cannot be in doubt. Enough Afrikanders from the Colonies may join the Transvaal and Free State forces to raise the total to 40,000 or even 50,000 men. This would be an extreme limit. Britain has now in South Africa about 20,000 regulars, and an army corps of 50,000 men is on the way. In addition to these there will be the recruits from among the Colonists, who will number several thousands. The Boers will be shut off from outside succor and will have to depend on rapidly diminishing resources, while the British can be constantly supplied with everything necessary. It is an unequal struggle, but it will prove a bitter one. Even though all the natives should array themselves on the side of the Boers, Britain will win and the question of paramountcy in South Africa be finally settled.

President Steyn, of the Orange Free State, was born in that country on October 2, 1857. He was educated at Bloemfontein, and when nineteen years of age was sent to complete his studies in England and Holland. He has thus had exceptional advantages for an Afrikander. Returning to his native country in 1882, he began the practice of law, became Attorney-General in 1886, and was raised to the bench in the following year. In 1896 he was elected to the Presidency. He is represented as a splendid specimen of physical manhood, with a vigorous intellect and simple tastes.



MAP SHOWING THE CLAIMS AND SETTLEMENT OF THE VENEZUELAN BOUNDARY QUESTION.

The award of the Anglo-Venezuelan Boundary Arbitration Commission was delivered at Paris on October 3. The finding was unanimous. Britain's extreme claims were not sustained, but, on the other hand, Venezuela obtained only about 200 square miles of territory out of 60,000 square miles claimed by her. On the whole, therefore, the award was decidedly in favour of Britain. Had Venezuela been willing to compromise, she could have obtained in that way more than the Commission granted her, for Britain repeatedly offered concessions. This fact is most satisfactory since it is strong evidence that Britain did not intend to be unfair. The dispute has lasted since 1840, in which year Mr. Schomburgk was appointed to survey and delimit the boundaries of British Guiana. As early as 1884 the United States tendered its friendly offices for arbitration, and came more and more to regard itself as a party to the dispute, until President Cleveland in December, 1895, sent his notorious message to Congress. Lord Salisbury's moderation alone prevented a serious rupture, and the award shows he was animated by other motives than distrust of the justice of his position.

W. Sanford Evans.

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EDITORIAL COMMENT

AT a convention of newspaper men in Toronto a year or two ago, the presiding officer called upon Professsor Goldwin Smith, who had happened to come in to do honour to this gathering of journalists, to say something on a question then under discussion. He arose and remarked that as he knew nothing at all about the subject, he would be glad to say something concerning it.

What the Professor humorously assumed to be the proper attitude of a journalist is sometimes quite characteristic of people who talk and write. We are all prone to air our views on subjects which we do not fully understand. Mr. Gladstone had that attitude in his early days, and therefore found it necessary in later times to contradict some of his earlier statements and to modify some of his earlier views.

In Canada during the past five years we have heard much in condemnation of military training. The Royal Military College, the yearly manœuvres of the militia, and the formation of cadet corps in the public and high schools has been condemned by many intelligent writers in the country press and by many persons who have not had the honour of running a weekly newspaper. And there is a danger in this criticism going so far and having so much effect that it may enter the House of Commons and diminish the amount spent in this direction. Already the influence of these narrow-minded, uninformed individuals has been felt there with unfortunate results.

To counteract this opinion, if for no other purpose, it would seem advisable that Canada should contribute to the British force in South Africa. It will be a splendid object lesson to our people. They will realize the debt Canada owes to the Empire of which she is a part, and they would see more clearly that military training is necessary to individual excellence, to race development and to national importance. Without an organized military force in the country our domestic government and our national existence would be uninsured.

Canada was proud of her Jubilee contingent; but that pride will be but a small matter as compared with the national glory which must be ours if Canada is creditably represented in the forthcoming Imperial struggle.

*

It is said that a small Catholic educational monthly in Ottawa has suspended publication for the reason that it advocated adopting the rule that all Catholic teachers should possess regular certificates from the different provincial Departments of Education. The Church has, of course, a right to do as it sees fit in the matter, but a move of the kind suggested by the unfortunate monthly would certainly decrease Protestant opposition to separate schools.

But even all Protestants in this country are not content with the public schools of to-day. A few days ago some Anglicans in the city of Toronto met together and decided that a well regulated system of voluntary schools in affiliation with the Ontario Public School system is desirable. Truly this separate or voluntary school system will not down. The defenders of and believers in national non-sectarian public schools had better look to their weapons. Sufficient light has, apparently, not yet been let in, and some more of the underbrush will require to be cut away.

*

We are always hoping that the future will be better than the past. If we did not have this hope, much of the

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incentive to progress would be eliminated. The tone of the speeches at the recent meeting of the Dominion Christian Endeavour Societies was hopeful and hope-inspiring. It was hopeful because these young people seemed to think they could help to make the world better and that it was their duty so to do. It was hope-inspiring because these future legislators and leading citizens saw and named some of the evils. They laid stress upon the evidences of Canadian enterprise and industry and upon the steady development that was going on in the country; but side by side with these virtues were the saloon, electoral bribery, appeals to class and sectarian prejudices, and a disregard for the sanctity of the Sabbath. If these young people will endeavour quietly and persistently to remedy these evils, they will be doing the work which only broad-minded citizens are in the habit of doing. But they must not forget their aims when they mark their ballots. Canada is full of people who are just and good in theory, but who fail in practice. They vote Grit or Tory without regard to their principles of right and wrong; or they do not vote at all, thus showing even greater weakness. What Canada requires is not good citizens, but citizens who are actively good; not men who avoid politics, but men who go into politics and help to keep our political machinery from falling into the hands of the disreputable. Therefore, I say again, there is hope for a higher standard of citizenship if the Christian Endeavourers, the Epworth Leaguers and the members of similar organizations of young people will but live up to their ideals.

*

Another bold Irishman has visited Canada, and some funny things have happened. One Wednesday evening he was given a dinner at the Windsor Hotel, Montreal, at which one of the chief guests was the Honourable R. R. Dobell, of Quebec, who has just secured from the Government of which he is a member, a bonus of a million dollars for a bridge across the St. Lawrence at Quebec. The next day, the distinguished Irish visitor was dined at the St. James Club by Senator Paquet, and among the gentlemen invited to meet him, were Sir Wilfrid Laurier and the Honourable J. I. Tarte, the gentlemen who have recently been distributing bonuses everywhere, including several million dollars to the shipping interests of Montreal. Apparently Mr. Dobell and Mr. Tarte and Sir Wilfrid must have been talking about their generous subsidies, for the gentleman from Ireland took the trouble to give a shrewd reporter his ideas on bonuses. The *Gazette* of Friday (September 29th), contains the results of this interview, and the following paragraph is very interesting:—

"The Right Honourable gentleman is no believer in subsidies. He does not favour spoon-feeding, and considers that every enterprise should stand upon its own footing. Subsidies, whether Government or otherwise, he regards as useless; they kill independence in the individual. 'We have had,' he observed, 'no subsidies in our business, and I think it has grown fairly well without them.'"

How chagrined Sir Wilfrid and his two honourable colleagues must have felt when they read the condemnatory remarks of the Irishman whom they had helped to entertain!

The name of the bold Irishman who spoke so sensibly is the Right Honourable W. J. Perrie, head of the famous ship-building firm of Harland & Wolff, of Belfast, and one of the members of the Harbour Board of that city. His firm have recently completed the *Oceanic*, the largest steam-vessel afloat.

*

In view of the recent disaster to the *Scotsman* in the Straits of Belle Isle, and to the numerous other disasters on the St. Lawrence route, it might be well for the Government to pause before spending so much money on harbour improvements in Montreal. If the whole question were gone into thoroughly, it might be ascertained that it would be better to spend part of the money in improving the lighthouse service at the mouth of the

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river. The managers of the marine insurance companies doing business at Montreal have been raising rates on vessels taking the St. Lawrence route, and this shows that there is something radically wrong. It is not fair or just that enormous expenditures should be made on this route unless the improvements are likely to be of permanent benefit. The people of Canada have a right to expect a declaration of policy on this matter from the Laurier administration at an early date.

*

Last month THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE published three articles on the British West Indies, in the hope of arousing some interest among Canadians in the other British Colonies of North America. A crucial point in the history of these islands is at hand. A reciprocity treaty has just been concluded between Trinidad, Barbadoes, British Guiana and Jamaica on the one side, and the United States on the other, whereby the latter gets some favours in lower rates of duty on what it sells in these islands. Canada and Great Britain are to be included in these favours, but the fact that these reductions came at the instance of the United States is significant.

It would seem advisable from several view-points that all these colonies should be placed under Canadian jurisdiction, or else sold to the United States. The present method of governing them from London is expensive and unsatisfactory. If they were handed over to Canada they would be better looked after, because Canadian statesmen would be able to devote more time to a consideration of their requirements. The benefit to Canada would lie in an extension of her West Indian trade and in a broadening of our political aspect.

This question of the annexation of these colonies to Canada is one which should receive some attention from our legislators, publicists and journalists.

*

In a recent issue of this periodical Dr. George Stewart gave an appreciation of Francis Parkman's historical work. It was afterwards pointed out by a correspondent that Mr. Edouard Richard in his "Acadia" had charged Parkman with deliberately overlooking some historical data concerning the expulsion of the Acadians which would have contradicted, to some extent, his theories. In the August *Courrier Du Livre*, published at Quebec, the Rev. Thomas Hughes makes another attack on Parkman for his failure to appreciate the value of the work of the Catholic Church. Mr. Hughes says:

"The history of these great Provinces is recognized to be the history of Catholic faith and devotion. One of the most brilliant of modern writers, an American and a Protestant, has consecrated his pen to that precise service, to portraying the deeds of Catholic settlers, of nuns and priests and missionaries, and his account is adopted by the Protestant world in Canada, by the Anglican Englishmen there and by the Presbyterian Scotchmen, as the authentic history of the country which is now also theirs. Said a fellow-traveller to me: 'It is strange that our knowledge of the history of Canada should be due to the labours of the American Protestant, Parkman!' He did not remark, however, and perhaps he did not think it strange, that the Protestant historian, treading on the Catholic ground of virtue and zeal, of supernatural motives and highest spiritual gifts, presents as grotesque and repulsive a picture of all that he does not understand, as the English editors and bishops to-day are doing, in talking about Confession, analyzing, dissecting, mincing it and weighing it, when the poor people have never been to Confession in their lives! Poor Parkman's views of high virtue are bounded by dismal mist of fanaticism, delusion and hysteria, and his logic halts and his pen runs wild, the moment he steps beyond what a man like he can understand.

"We are thankful that we Catholics have other sources to draw on, for the records of Canada, than the delusions and hallucinations of any historian who understands only* one-half, and that not the better half, of Catholic virtue and heroism, and we have pledges, too, of the supernatural life which illuminated those early heroes and heroines, in the relics and shrines and graces, which are the heritage of lowly followers, who would fain, if they could, walk worthily in their footsteps."

* The word in the original text is "not," but that would negative the argument of the writer; therefore I have ventured to substitute "only."

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BOOKS AND AUTHORS

SIMPLER TEXT BOOKS.

THE text-books for use in the schools are being slowly simplified. Fifty years ago they were crude and uninviting. But the study of the child-mind, and of the best methods of imparting knowledge, has caused a change. Text-book writers proceed now from the known to the unknown, gradually, simply, evenly. All teaching will soon be a series of object-lessons.

The schools of Canada have, however, one text-book which is the opposite of being up-to-date, and that is the harsh and uninviting history of Canada by W. P. Clement. There are better Canadian histories in existence than it, and it is time it was relegated to the second-hand bookstores. Roberts' story of Canada, abridged somewhat, would be more suitable. Calkin's "History of Canada," published by A. & W. Mackinlay, of Halifax, is perhaps even more suitable than Roberts'. In his first chapter he deals with (1) extent of the Dominion, (2) condition four hundred years ago, (3) early inhabitants, (4) present inhabitants, (5) mother country, (6) British Empire, (7) France. In his second, he commences on the Discovery of America. His style is also much simpler and clearer than Clements, and his method of treatment much more scientific.

For public school use, however, the best history that has yet appeared is "Canada," by J. N. McIlwraith. This is a little volume issued by a London publisher in a series of histories which he calls "The Children's Study."* It is suitably printed and bound in limp cloth. The chief characteristics of the book, as distinguished from that now set before Canadian children, are: enthusiasm, simplicity of style and language, absence of dates, elimination of unnecessary details, and the placing of the greater men and events in proper perspective. The author, with the instinct of the story-teller, has seized upon the details which illustrate the characters of the men, the races, or the events which have been most prominent in the story of Canada, and with these details she has made that story into a romance. The spirit of the work cannot fail to take a strong hold on the mind of an inquiring child.

Another subject of school study which has been simplified in a new text-book is geometry.* Mr. H. S. MacLean, of the Normal School, Winnipeg, has given us a work decidedly new in treatment. Instead of starting off with definitions and axioms and postulates, he commences by asking questions about the shape, size, dimensions and surfaces of common objects. He then explains the meaning of a solid, a surface, a line and a point. Then he follows with a parallelopiped, a cylinder, a sphere, magnitudes, spaces and works slowly up through straight lines, angles and circles. The author might have gone even farther in a simplification of nomenclature; but as the sweeping reformer is usually termed a lunatic, he was perhaps wise in proceeding no farther than he did. Mr. MacLean must be congratulated upon having abated the hideousness of one more of the bugbears of the school-room.

The next text-books to be issued will be on Domestic Science and Manual Training. One on the former subject has already been furnished, but it is

*The Canadian publisher is William Briggs.

*Introductory Geometry, by H. S. MacLean. Cloth, 50 cents. Toronto: The Copp, Clark Co.

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unsuitable and another must be secured. As manual training is shortly to be adopted in Ontario, this text-book will be along at once. Let us hope that in spite of everything, Canada will soon learn that her educational system needs much reforming before it will be consonant with modern common sense.*

NEW FICTION.

Sara Jeanette Duncan (Mrs. Cotes) is bone of our bone, but she has never done much for the literature of her native land. A Canadian newspaper reputation, a New York appreciation, the world of English literature—these have been her steps onward and upward; but a desire to live in the hearts of her countrymen seems never to have moved her. Can we call this wandering one back to assist in our literary development? Perhaps; but let us not try. Yet, if she would but come—

Her latest novel is a story of India.† An actress of presence, of resource, of womanliness; an Anglican priest, pure, gentle, steadfast, wooed by this actress. This is the real twain of the book. They are the great characters, the twin redeeming figures in a somewhat sombre and mechanical painting. Miss Filbert, the Salvation Army worker, is an inane creation which reflects little credit on the author or on General Booth's organization. Miss Duncan has gone out of her way to paint the Salvation Army as an insipid, uncouth, harmless fraud, and she is most unjust. Had she examined the whole missionary system of all the churches she would have been able to paint the efforts of all in the same dismal gray. It is unfair to select one church and let the others go free. The Christian world is spending millions of dollars every year in foolish, harmful foreign missionary work—and Sara Jeanette Duncan should have said so or left the Salvation Army's missionaries in Bentinck Street out of her consideration.

But to return to the actress and the priest. Hilda Howe is the leading lady in a company which is endeavouring to make a profit out of legitimate drama in Calcutta in opposition to Jimmy Finnigan's side-splitting variety shows. The sailors and the mob patronized Jimmy, and only officialdom and the brokers were left for Stanhope's Company and Miss Howe. But though the success was not great, it brought Hilda into contact with nice people. At the home of Alicia Livingstone she meets the priest, Stephen Arnold. He goes to see her in *The Offence of Galilee*, and becomes much interested. In other ways they are thrown together, until the open-eyed actress is in love with the innocent, single-minded priest. "He warmed himself and dried his wings in the opulence of her spirit, and she was not on the whole the poorer by any exchange they made, but she was sometimes pricked to the reflection that the freemasonry between them was all hers, and the things she said to him had still the flavour of adventure." In her despair she confesses her passion, and with all her art endeavours to pierce past the crucifix and through the *soutane*. Impossible; he stands true. Then she abandons the stage, joins a sisterhood, and passes her novitiate in working in the hospitals. The author describes her as knowing "the sensations of a barbarian female captive in the bonds of the Christians." Determined to win the man, all "Hilda's vanity went into her intention, of which she was altogether mistress, riding it and reining it in a straight course." She has almost succeeded, when a treacherous, fanatical native knife ends the holy career of the Clarke Brother, Stephen Arnold, of New College. With his last breath he confesses that he had hoped to make her his wife, and to take her back home to some modest curacy where the birds might sing pleasure and sorrow to them forever; but "My God is a jealous God," he

* Readers interested in educational matters are referred to two articles in this issue; one on "Technical Education," and the other on "An Educational Bureau for Canada."—EDITOR.

† The Path of a Star, by Mrs. Everard Cotes, with Twelve Illustrations by F. H. Townsend. Toronto: W. J. Gage Co.

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said: "He has delivered me—into His own hands—for the honour of His name. I acknowledge—I am content."

The story, so far as it relates o these two characters, is charming. The other dramatis personæ are hardly pleasing, and certainly Miss Filbert, the ethereal Salvationist, is d sp easing. The book lacks a jolly character, a reckless, hearty chap, who would relieve the strain of the commonplace. Further, the style is hardly suited to a love-story. It is too mechanical, too laboured, too patiently wrought for perfect ease and freedom. Nevertheless it is a book no Canadian interested in current fiction or in life in India should miss.

When one starts into a new novel by Anthony Hope, one involuntarily prepares for the swish of sword, the ring of revolver, or the gleam of dagger; one looks for thrilling situations, dashing adventures and hair-breadth escapes. However, "The King's Mirror"* is a charming disappointment; and yet it is hard to think that the book will be as popular as "The Prisoner of Zenda." It does not appeal to the fighting qualities of the English race, but rather to their reason. This in itself is dangerous. If the author of "David Harum" had written a book which appealed to our reason instead of to our hearts, the booksellers would have made much less profit in the year A.D. 1899.

The King, who rules a kingdom which has Forstadt as its chief town, and which lies somewhere east of France, is introduced to us as a boy of seven years of age, and he tells us the story of his life until the time of his marriage. At eight years of age he is crowned, and begins to learn the meaning of self-control. His life is dominated by the dignity of his kingship, which represses his boyishness, makes him a man when yet in his teens, and prevents always that ebullition of natural feeling which marks the young man who is coming of age. He was taught to be his own jailer and says rather bitterly: "If our soul be our prison, and ourself the gaoler, in vain shall we plan escape or offer bribes for freedom; wheresoever we go we carry the walls with us, and, if death, then death alone can unlock the gates."

His sister Victoria has suffered from the same training. Each falls in love, but each must marry, does marry the person whom the political situation as defined by the ruling parties in the state, demanded he or she should marry. They were trained in this hiding of ideals, emotions, passions, souls. And yet the king has some compensations. He enjoys falling in love with the Countess Sempach; he takes much pleasure in bringing a beautiful operatic singer to his arms; he has some rollicking escapades; but after all these he returns to his kingly duties and the requirements of his position. "The king was the king, be he never so unruly."

"The Black Douglas," by S. R. Crockett, was criticised in these columns because of the fiendish character introduced in the latter part of the book. It is strange that this author's next story should be open to the same criticism. "Kit Kennedy"* as boy and youth is delightful; Christopher Kennedy, senior, has redeeming qualities which finally triumph over his human weaknesses; Lilias Armour, who trusted Christopher Kennedy with her all, is a sweet womanly woman, if not admirable, at least understandable; Matthew Armour, her father and the ruling elder, was a man of the stern, uncompromising Scotch type which has been the moral and physical backbone of that nation; Heather Jock, Willie Gilroy, Mr. Bisset and Alexander Strong, all are admirable; but Walter MacWalter, money-grasper, liar, cheat and wife-murderer, is enough to spoil any book. The vicious villain is not as suitable in a story as in a drama,

*"The King's Mirror," by Anthony Hope. Toronto: George N. Morang & Co. Cloth, gilt top; 310 pp.

*Toronto: William Briggs. Cloth, 384 pp.

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and is hardly necessary in either. Otherwise "Kit Kennedy" is an excellent story, exhibiting the author's thorough acquaintance with Scotland and with Scottish manners, customs and people. Morever it has the saving grace of occasional humour which heightens the pleasure to be derived from a perusal of it. Yet "Cleg Kelly" will undoubtedly rank higher in a general estimate of Mr. Crockett's books.

"The Auld Meetin'-Hoose Green"* is a collection of reminiscences of the happenings in a Scotch village, by Archibald McIlroy, author of "When Lint was in the Bell." Some of the stories are very entertaining; others are mere incidents and hardly worthy of mention in themselves, but combined they help to shed light on the character of the village people.

The Musson Book Company, Toronto, has recently issued "The Voyage of the Pulo Way," by Carlton Dawe, whose novel, "The Mandarin," was favourably reviewed in these columns not long ago, and "Far Above Rubies," a beautiful Scotch story, by George Macdonald. The latter is neatly bound in cloth at 50 cents.

"The Adventures of Jessie Baxter, Journalist," is issued in paper covers at 15 cents, by the Copp, Clark Co. This story shows Robert Barr's ingenuity in creating complex incidents and his genius for telling startling tales. When, however, he gives a Chicago merchant a French stenographer who does not understand a word of English, one's faith is sorely tested.

There is some Canadian interest in a gruesome volume published by Frank D. Rogers, the author, at Clayton, N.Y., with the title, "Reveries of an Undertaker."

In his Overseas Library, T. Fisher Unwin publishes two books which are rather attractive. "The Well-Sinkers" is a love story of the Australian desert, a pastoral with pathetic incident and equally pathetic local colour. "In Guiana Wilds," is more stirring in its incident and fully as meritorious in its carefully detailed painting of the habits, customs and "atmosphere" of the district in which the scenes are laid. The aim of this particular series of novels is to present the actual life of the English outside of England, to present the atmosphere and outlook of the new peoples at the outposts of the Empire. This is certainly an experiment, as the publisher admits.

The adventures of two young Englishmen in and about a European castle in the seventeenth century, is the theme of a very entertaining story entitled "Castle Czvargas,"* by Archibald Birt, published in Longman's Colonial Library. To those who love tales of stirring adventure, this book may safely be recommended.

"The Barrys,"† by Shan F. Bullock, is an Irish tale of man's weakness and fate's peculiar workings. It is an April story, sunshine and rain, light and shadow. The analysis of the impulsive Irishman is thorough and telling; and the handling of the domestic tragedy is skilful if not masterly.

Henry Seton Merriman, in order to protect himself from the United States piratical publishers, has found it necessary to use American editions of some of his earlier books. One of these is "The Phantom Future,"‡ a truly clever story, even though marked by the author's disapproval. A young medical student with a weak heart knows that his future is uncertain, and hence indulges in a gay recklessness which is worrying to his friends, who are una-

*12mo.; cloth, $1.25. Toronto: The Fleming H. Revell Co.

*Toronto: The Copp, Clark Co.

†Toronto: The W. J. Gage Co. Paper, 50 cents; cloth, $1.00.

‡Toronto: The Copp, Clark Co. Paper, 75 cents; cloth, $1.25.

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ware of the reason for it. He is the central character in a group of London Bohemians, who are revealed rather than described in this volume.

ALFRED THE GREAT.

An interesting volume on "Alfred the Great,"* whose thousandth anniversary is now approaching, has just been issued in England and Canada. Alfred Austin, poet-laureate, contributes a poem to it in which is the following stanza :—

Of valour, virtue, letters, learning, law,
Pattern and Prince, his name will now abide,
Long as of conscience Rulers live in awe,
And love of country is their only pride.

After the introduction, by Sir Walter Besant, there are chapters as follows: Alfred as King, by Frederic Harrison; Alfred as a Religious Man and an Educationalist, by the Bishop of Bristol; Alfred as a Warrior, by Charles Oman; Alfred as a Geographer, by Sir Clements Markham; Alfred as a Writer, by Rev. John Earle; English Law before the Conquest, by Sir Frederick Pollock; and Alfred and the Arts, by Rev. W. J. Loftie. It will thus be seen that this is a peculiar book, but at the same time most valuable.

MISCELLANY.

"Happy," is the simple title of a collection of six addresses, by Melville A. Shaver, minister of the Congregational Church of Cobourg. (Toronto: Wm. Briggs.)

The Carswell Co., Toronto, have issued a third edition, revised and enlarged, of their well-known volume, entitled "The Canadian Lawyer." It is a handy book of the laws, and of legal information, for the use of Canadian business men.

In the French series of one franc scientific books, entitled, "Les Livres D'Or de La Science," there are several new issues. "Les Chemins de Fer," by Louis Delmer, gives much interesting information about railroads, with 56 illustrations in the text and four coloured plates. "La Mer, Les Marins et les Sauveteurs," by L. Berthaut, gives a history of the French and other navies, the history, battles and other exploits of the French sailors, a history of its merchant fleet, and all sorts of similar information. It is illustrated very profusely. "Les Pyrénées Françaises," by Gésa Darsuzy gives a history of the inhabitant of the most southerly districts of France, the geology, flora and beauties of the French Pyrenees. A book with seventy-three illustrations and nearly two hundred pages of text at one franc is a marvel. The enterprising publishers are Schleicher Frères, 15 Rue des Saints-Pères, Paris.

"Ontario Game and Fishing Laws," by A. H. O'Brien, 25 cents, is published by the Ottawa Despatch and Ageny Co., Ottawa.

"A Selection of Readings and Songs," suitable for Scotch-Canadians, is prepared by the author, John Imrie, and published at 25 cents, by Imrie, Graham & Co., Toronto. The fourth edition is now ready.

"A Popular Exposition of "The Theory of Evolution," is the pretentious title of a very small but clever book, by Effie Macleod, a Charlottetown lady. It is published by Clark & Co., Chicago, and dedicated to Dr. Murray, of McGill.

Those interested in the study of art, and every intelligent citizen should be, will find much to interest them in "The Studio," an illustrated monthly, published at 5 Henrietta St., Covent Garden, London, W.C. The illustrations are magnificent. "Brush and Pencil," published at 215 Wabash Avenue, Chicago, is a somewhat similar publication, which displays much enterprise and unfailing taste. These are the publications which should be taken in preference to ten cent magazines that tend to degradation of artistic taste rather than elevation.

CATHARINE PARR TRAILL.

There died at Lakefield, Ont., August 29th, 1899, Canada's oldest authoress, Mrs. Catharine Parr Traill, aged 97 years and 8 months. As was her

* Toronto: The Copp, Clark Co. Cloth, $1.50.

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custom, Mrs. Traill had been spending the summer months at her daughter's cottage, "Minnewawa," Stoney Lake. It was one of her chief pleasures to wander around the island gathering grasses, ferns and flowers to add to her collection; but during the last few weeks of her life she was unable to do this, and felt herself rapidly failing. The end came suddenly. She was taken seriously ill on August 27th. The next day she was removed to her home at Lakefield, where she died on the morning of the 29th.

Mrs. Traill was the fifth daughter of Thomas Strickland, Esq., of Reydon Hall, Suffolk, England. In 1832 she married Lieut. Thomas Traill, an Orkney gentleman, and soon after they emigrated to Canada. Although we claim Mrs. Traill as a Canadian authoress, her earliest efforts were published in England before she came to Canada, her first book being issued in 1818. Being in poor circumstances after coming to this country, Mrs. Traill continued her literary work, not merely for love of it, but in order also to increase the family income. Mrs. Traill's love of nature and her fondness for children permeate her books. Living in a picturesque part of our country, she found plenty of material close at hand, as the titles of her books will show. In 1835, "Backwoods of Canada" was published. Then followed "The Canadian Crusoes, a tale of the Rice Lake Plains," "The Female Emigrants' Guide," "Lady Mary and Her Nurse," and "Rambles in the Canadian Forest." Among her later works are "Pearls and Pebbles, or the Notes of an old Naturalist," "Cot and Cradle Stories," and "Studies of Plant Life in Canada, or Gleanings from Forest, Lake and Plain."

In late years Mrs. Traill's circumstances became much reduced, especially through the failure of her lawyer some two or three years ago. Some friends in England interested themselves, and with the help of Lord Lansdowne, succeeded in obtaining for her a grant of £100 from the Royal Bounty Fund, in recognition of her work as a naturalist, provided that her friends in Canada should add to the testimonial. This was done, and a cheque for $1,000 sent Mrs. Traill. She knew nothing of it until she received it. Later the Dominion Government recognized her work by presenting to her a small island in the Otonabee River. So, through the thoughtfulness of friends, the closing years of her life were made brighter and she was spared much anxiety and care.

NEW BOOKS.

Among the more important works by Canadian writers in course of issue by William Briggs are: "The Pioneers of Blanshard," by William Johnston, of St. Mary's; "The Life of the Rev. William Cochrane, D.D.," by Rev. Dr. Grant ("Knoxonian"), of Orillia; "Lectures on Christian Unity," by Rev. Hubert Symonds, M.A., of Peterboro'; "The Lives of the Lieutenant-Governors of Upper Canada and Ontario," by D. B. Read, Q.C. This house has arranged also to issue in the near future Rev. Dr. Bryce's "The Remarkable History of the Hudson's Bay Company," which will include also that of the French traders of Northwestern Canada, and of the Northwest X.Y., and Astor Fur Companies. Dr. Bryce has for years been engaged upon this work, and with the advantage of thirty years' residence in Manitoba he should be able to write a history comprehensive and thoroughly satisfactory. Mr. Briggs will also publish collected volumes of the poems of Alexander McLachlan and Frederick George Scott, as well as a "Treasury of Canadian Verse," gathered together by Dr. Rand.

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"THE POLITENESS OF PRESS LEWIS."

THE palm for picturesque, comprehensive and polyglot swearing has been awarded to the old "bull-whackers" of the plains.

I have heard a freight brakeman try to express his feeelings when wrestling with a stiff brake on a car going down grade; I have seen strong men jamb their fingers when trying to set up stove-pipes, and many times have I been with the festive cowboy in pursuit of a refractory steer. The brakeman, the stove-pipe artist and the cowboy are not wanting in eloquence, but they are as infants when compared with a "bull-whacker" exhorting a string of balky oxen, with his waggons stuck in the mud of some creek.

It was universally acknowledged that old Press Lewis, who used to "freight" from Fort Benton to Fort McLeod, stood a head and shoulders above his brethren on the road when it came to the use of winged, burning words. But this is the true and simple little story of the time when Press had to acknowledge that there were limits to even his powers.

It had been raining just enough to make the long hill out of Fort Benton a veritable Slough of Despond. The soil was "gumbo," delightful stuff which sticketh closer than a brother The waggons were rather heavily loaded—I would not go so far as to say that Press was "loaded," too, but it is probable—and half way up the hill the long line of oxen and creaking waggons came to a stop.

Then Press opened up; at first (like the skirmishers' fire at the beginning of a battle) with mere preliminary remarks, comparatively mild personal remarks on the characters of the oxen considered individually and collectively. Then, with heavier artillery, he blazed away at their ancestors far back to remote ages, embracing in this volley the waggons in all their parts, and the unfortunates who made them.

After this he ranged yet wider, and a special corner in his anathema was reserved for Christopher Columbus for having "nosed-around-and-raked-out-such-a-dog-goned-ornery-locoed-son-of-a-gun-of-a-mud-heap!"

About this time it is said that his remarks became so exceedingly sulphurous that the sage-bushes in the vicinity shrivelled and died.

From the beginning Press had been liberally punctuating his sentences with strokes from his bull-whacker's whip, which is no toy. But, as far as results showed, he might as well have been quoting hymns to the oxen, or fanning them with a feather duster; like the everlasting hills, they stood fast and would not be moved. Then Press sat down by the side of the road, in the mud and the wet, and with a still, small voice mildly remarked to the stubborn oxen: "Gentlemen, please pull."

And now a strange thing happened, for each and every ox did straightway brace himself, and, with one mighty pull, drag those heavy waggons out of that sticky "gumbo," and up the steep hill as though the oxen had been "2.40 trotters" hitched to pneumatic-tired sulkies, leaving the bewildered Press Lewis to plunge through the mud in pursuit.

Basil C. d'Easum.

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A LESSON IN DISCIPLINE.

(The following incident occurred at a training camp of the Canadian Militia, held at Niagara-on-the-Lake in July, 1899):

The six guns of the Field-battery were drawn up on the shore for shell practice. The buoy-targets were placed nearly a mile out in the Lake.

An officer on the left of the battery noticed that number one gun, on the extreme right, was a couple of yards in rear of the muzzle line, so he sang out—

"Run up number one gun!"

The order was passed from mouth to mouth with the usual military salute, and the word came back—

"If number one gun is run up she will be out of action."

The officer only repeated his order,

"Run up number one gun!"

Up went the order, and back came the explanation:

"If number one is run up she must go into a hollow where we can't see the target."

This was too much for the officer, whose comment was brief and to the point: "Shut up! Run up number one gun!"

The gun was at once run up into line with the others, and the gunner did his best to lay his piece for the target which was out of sight.

Then came the sharp word—

"Number one gun, fire!"

There was no time to waste—the lanyard was pulled, the shell sped on its way, and when, a few seconds later, the puff of its explosion came back to the shore, *the shell had found the target!*

Well done, number one gun!

G. F.

"APPLIED MATHEMATICS."

"My daughter," and his voice was stern,
"You must set this matter right:
What time did the Sophomore leave
Who sent up his card last night?"

"His work was pressing, father dear,
And his love for it was great;
He took his leave and went away
Before a quarter of eight."

Then a twinkle came to her bright blue eyes
And her dimples deeper grew;
'Tis surely no sin to tell him that,
"For a quarter of eight is two."

R. Wilmot.

HERE'S TO THE MAIDEN THAT'S FALSE!

There's a maiden with a face that's fair,
And she knows it, and she shows it
Everywhere.
She's positively pretty; but fickle, 'tis a pity!
And she fooled me, which is really
Rather rare.

So here's to the maiden that's false,
To the fair, fickle, faithless fay,
To the frolicsome fairy,
Artless and airy,
Who entices our hearts away.

There are maidens whom to love is not a task.
Love they'll give you, freely if you
Will but ask.
Nature made them pretty, winsome, wily, witty,
That men in Love's elusive, liquid
Beams might bask.

So here's to the maiden that's false, etc.

There are maidens who have never sinned a sin.
Virtue bristles from 'em like thistles,—
Pure within.
If they love, it's love on ice, in a prudish paradise.
So a very merry, free and airy maid's the
Maid I'll win.

So here's to the maiden that's false, etc.

Then if you're fooled by such a maiden fair,—
For they'll meet you and they'll greet you
Here and there,—
Don't subside and blubber; brace your soul and seek another:
Change your tune and try again and
Don't despair.

So here's to the maiden that's false, etc.

Samuel Maber.

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THE

CANADIAN MAGAZINE

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A FAITHFUL SERVANT.

By Ouida.

AUTHOR OF "UNDER TWO FLAGS," "PUCK, "TWO LITTLE WOODEN SHOES," "A DOG OF FLANDERS,' "MOTHS," "THE MASSARENES," ETC.

NERINA TACCARI was a woman of forty-five years of age; she was a brown, comely, stout person, finely built and strongly made, with a smile like sunshine, and teeth as white as a dog's, and brown eyes which were apt to have storms in them at times when the stupidity or viciousness of other folks provoked her. She had been born in a little hamlet on the Sabine hills; high up on a mountain spur, where torrents ran, and snows often gathered; and, far down below, one of the greatest and fairest scenes of earth was outspread, as in frescoes by old masters a volume lies open on the knees of Jehovah. She had been married at fourteen years of age to a herdsman of the Campagna, and before she was twenty had known most of the trials of life; hunger, ill-treatment, and the bearing and loss of children, the fatigue of ill-fed toil, and the injustice of a spouse who expected her to make bread with stones. When she approached her thirtieth year her husband, after what seemed to her a lifetime of woe, was killed by one of his bulls; the animal, goaded into just rage by his cruelty, felled and tossed him, and the whole herd passed triumphantly over his body, which was trampled into a mere mass of bleeding grass-stained pulp. Nerina herself could not have recognized it when it was brought on a hurdle home to her hut, a conical pile of red tufa, stones and turf, built under the shadow of the Castel Giubileo. Left without a support and ordered by the owners of the herd to leave the tufa cabin, in which she and her spouse had lived, she went back to her own people in the hills, and thence into service with a family she knew, to get away from the many miserable memories and hunger and toil, which had been alone her portion on the Agro Romano. She was mountain born, and the heat and drought of the plains were hateful to her. The little city to which she went was in a topmost spur of her own Sabine Apennines—a small grey ancient place, with gigantic walls and marble ruins and tenth-century houses, clustered round a Longobardo church. It still retained its thirteenth century ramparts, and a deep, though narrow stream foamed beneath its bastions, rushing down over rocks and through gorges to tumble into the Licenza, which in its turn fed the Arno, before the Arno fell into the Tiber. Here she spent sixteen peaceful years; working hard, but living as one of the family and attaching herself to them with the affection of a dog. They were the people who had ever been good to her. Her mistress, Caterina Lorenzetti, always called Madama Tina by her neighbours and

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servants, was a widow with three young sons, who had means enough to live with a certain ease, though frugally and simply in a small venerable house which looked from the ramparts on the valley of the Arno far below, and had withstood many a rough time of siege and assault in the wars between the Popes and the Lords of Tivoli and Palestrina, of Subiaco and Olivano, and of all the walled villages and grim strongholds which then frowned in the face of the setting sun.

Nerina loved the merry, good-natured, handsome lads, but she adored their mother, who had never said a harsh word to her; although her clumsiness and ignorance and violence in the first years had sorely tried the patience of Madama Tina, who had been reared in a convent, and possessed by both nature and habit, strong instincts of order, tranquillity, and calm.

"If I turn her out," the good lady replied to the counsels of her neighbours in those early days, "I shall have a crime on my conscience, for she knows nothing and is of a violent temper; in desperation she might do something rash; her heart is good, and I hope to guide her aright, so that she can take her own way safely when I shall be no more."

Her patience did not fail her in her task, and Nerina became a grateful and capable servant; never very peaceable, quiet or accomplished, but unremitting in effort, devoted in sickness, useful in all homely, hardy ways, and filled with a passion of loyalty and love for Madama Tina and the three bright boys who had all the old seraphic beauty of Italy in their handsome faces, and who, if they sometimes plagued her, loved her warmly in return.

Every drop of water which was used in the house she brought up in bronze pails from the well on the rampart; she went for the milk and did all the marketing; she made the bread and cooked the polenta; she scrubbed and swept and scoured all the coppers, and all the stairs and floors; she went to Mass at five o'clock in the morning in all weathers; she washed all the linen in the river which ran beneath the city wall; and in her few leisure hours spun and sewed for the family and herself. It was a hard life, but she was content in it, and even enjoyed every hour in in it with the vigour of a sane and robust temperament, a healthy constitution, and a grateful soul. It was so much to her to sleep soundly without fear of a brute kicking her off the bed of leaves on to the ground; and to hear the placid voice of her mistress and the gay songs of the children, instead of the curses of the herdsmen and the lewd jokes of the shepherds in drink.

She would have asked nothing more of the saints than to let this life go on for ever. "Only let me be worthier," she said in her prayers every time that she knelt down in the little dusky side aisle where she went for confession in the Longobardo church. In this town, perched so high, at a greater altitude than even the rocks of the Sagro Speco, the winters are exceedingly cold, and the summers cruelly hot; in midsummer the stones burn the feet which tread them, and in winter the icicles hang from the fountains and water-spouts, and the winds moan round the battlemented walls, as the mercenaries of Borgia and Farnese, Orsini and Barberini, were wont to ride beneath them in days of siege when all the country beneath was burning in the internecine wars of the pontiffs and princes.

But Nerina was a strong, mountain-born woman, who did not heed such small things as heat and cold, and she came and went up and down the steep streets, like a gust of wind herself. Several offers of marriage were made her by men of the town, by men of the hills above, and men of the plains below, but she would have none of them

"Never more a master for me," she said to her mistress. "I am out of the net of the fowler; never more will I get in it; not I."

And this plain, peaceful tenor of her days might have gone on until death should have taken her, but for the restlessness of others which caught

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her in its eddy as a swirling stream whirls away with it a bit of moss, a dead leaf, a snapped twig.

The beautiful tall boys grew up, and went away, one by one; the eldest, who was a priest, was sent by his church to Brazil; the second, perforce, became a soldier, and was in Africa; the third went to study painting in Venice. The young artist came back at intervals, but rarely; the two others had not returned, and the old grey house was silent and sad; the two women wept together, and all differences of rank and education were forgotten in a common sorrow. In a degree, however, the tenacious, fiery soul of Nerina rejoiced.

"Madama Tina has no one now but me," she thought; and then her better self smote her for such selfishness. How could she ever make up to the mother for the absence of the three sons? "I'm only a poor stupid servant," she said to herself with contrition.

The one who had gone to study art was the youngest, by name Romanino, a lad of twenty, with a face like the Pitti Ganymede's, and a temperament tender, impulsive, heroic, full of dreams. His mother had heavy anxieties about him which she could not confide to the unlearned brain of her woman. Yet Nerina vaguely understood the dreams which had sent Romanino, their darling, into danger.

"Ser Romanino wants to make the world anew," she said; "and it's too bad, and too old, and too cruel; he will only break his heart on it, as the poor mules break theirs climbing up over the stones of these steep streets."

She understood only a little, vaguely; but something she understood; Romanino had talked to her so much, leaning his curly head against her knees, and indifferent to the capacity of his auditor in the ardour of his own eloquence. "He wants to have nobody hungry, or cold, or shoeless any more," she said to her mistress. "Dear, sweet soul! He might as well wish the stones of the ramparts to turn into wheaten loaves. There are the gorged pigs on one side of the world and the famished dogs on the other; and there always have been, and there always will be. Tell him so, Madama."

His mother did tell him so; but the youth in Romanino believed in its power to move mountains, as generous, noble, and holy youth ever has done, and ever will do to the end of time. The mountain does not move an inch in a million years; and the ever-renewing hosts of life are flung against it, and perish before it, in vain. But youth, when it is tender of heart and lofty of soul, does not believe this; it thinks such truths the embittered exaggeration of cynics.

In these times of anguish Nerina, herself miserable, redoubled her devotions and attentions to her lady: a peach on a vine-leaf, a honeycomb on an old china platter, a trout from the river, a bunch of Centofoglie roses, a flask of Falerian—something or other she always found, and brought in, as an offering for holy days, and at night scarcely dared let herself sleep lest her mistress should be ailing and want her.

These simple things were nothing in themselves, of course, to the aching heart of the anxious mother; but to the affection of her homely servant, which sought for and found them, she, in all her sorrow, was not insensible.

The coming of the post was, as it is to so many in days of suffering, the supreme event of the day. Nerina saw that the rare letters which did arrive brought tears more often than smiles to the worn face of the lady; and when she took a letter in her hand from the postman at the house-door, she shook it, and smelt it, and stared at it, and would have given her soul to have known what was inside it, so that if it brought anxiety, she would have burnt it before it could have reached Madama Tina. If she had known how to read, she would not have had any scruples about opening an envelope to see if the contents were messages of good or evil; and if she had found them, the latter would have thought it as right to have destroyed the missive as to stamp upon a scorpion. With strong

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and primitive natures fidelity does not hesitate at evil; if evil can spare any injury to the one beloved, it becomes no longer an evil, but a duty, a virtue, a heroism. Nerina could not have reasoned about it, but it was thus that she felt. To screen her lady from calamity, there was no crime which would not have seemed sanctified to her.

One winter these uncanny atoms of written paper, which had such magical power (she saw) to wound and to delight seemed to cause continual anxiety to her mistress; especially those which came from Romanino. "He is vexing his soul again," thought Nerina. "O Lord! why cannot he content himself with his brushes and sticks of charcoal, and let the world mend its way itself, or roll out of purgatory into hell as it will."

She had never heard of Il Maretto of Brescia. But his was a kind of life she would have wished her young master to lead; always in the same little city, always painting pictures of the saints, growing grey in his native air, and leaving at death his name as a sacred trust to his fellow-citizens—all his life a noble, calm, beloved figure, pacing the same stones from the cradle to the grave, and in his tomb beloved and honoured.

In the spring which followed that winter, the "Maladetta primavera" of 1898, there was great trouble in the country. There were riots in many provinces, and hungry crowds pillaged and burnt, and the roar of cannon woke the echoes of many a street in many a town, and terror silenced the moans of a tortured people.

In the little city of Madama Tina all was quiet. The echoes of the cannonades and the shrieks of the wounded did not reach this high crest of the rock, and the church bells rang as peacefully as ever, and the daffodils blossomed along the river banks, and the sun set and rose, and the moonlight shone on the red-grey moss-grown roofs; and only Madama Tina knew the terrible disquiet and desperation which there were elsewhere. The letters told her—wicked, white owlets of woe, as they appeared to be to her woman.

Romanino had crossed from Venice to throw in his lot with the revolutionists in that terrible Maggio Milanese, and had been fighting with the populace in the streets of Milan, and what had been his after-fate no one could tell. He had been seen and heard of in Lombardy, so much his mother heard only from others. In irresistible need of someone to share her torture of anxiety she told Nerina all she feared, one day, when the letter-carrier passed down the steep street and did not stop—the seventh time he had not stopped. She was anxious for all; for the eldest in the Americas, for the second in Erithrea, but most of all for the youngest, the beautiful boy with his altruistic visions, hurled on the harsh reality of brutal facts, and probably flying for his life across the Lombard Alps.

"Ser Romanino! O Ser Romanino!" sobbed the servant, covering her head with her apron. She had fondled him on her knees, a child of four years old, like one of the golden-haired Putti on the church altar. But still her heart was wrathful and sore against him. He made his mother suffer. "What do all those other folks matter to him?" she thought, indignantly.

"You should have kept him here, Madama," she said to her lady, "you should have kept him here, away from those mad, strange people."

"By force?" answered his mother. "To see him die like a caged bird, beating his wings? Oh, no. Besides, believe me, he is right, he does right."

Nerina, afraid she might utter hasty words, went away to her stove in the kitchen, and her tears fell fast into the hot charcoal and the palm leaf fan with which she roused its sparks. They did not even know whether he were not dead in Milan or swept away into the crowded prison as so many others had been. The rest of the week went by; seven more days, and still another seven, and there was no news. No one heard or knew anything except garbled information from public prints, and very little of that, nothing which

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anyone could be sure was true. News travels at all times very slowly; still, to these isolated places, and in periods of insurrection, there is no information at all which is not prepared and doctored by authority before it reaches the public.

Again a third week passed, and Madama Tina heard nothing of her youngest son. She dared not make any inquiries lest she should do him harm; he might be dead or in prison. She could not eat or sleep. Her strength, never great, failed her entirely; and nothing that Nerina could do could give her hope or solace. She crept out to the old church and prayed there for hours for her beloved boys.

Never in her life had a lament escaped her, but now suffering broke down her patience and she wailed aloud.

"We bear them with pain, and rear them with hardship, and what is the use? We are like the poor cows and sheep, who have all the woe of travail only to see their off-spring snatched away and done to death."

"What can I do for her?" thought Nerina, in desperation. "I would cut cut off my right hand for her, and I can do nought."

Madama Tina grew thinner and paler and more shadow-like with every day which left her without news. She would not hearken to her doctor, or take any tonic or cordial. "There is no cure for me," she said, "save to hear the voice of my youngest born."

And perhaps that voice was for ever mute.

"Hark ye, woman," said the old doctor of the town to Nerina where she was beating linen in the river. "Whenever any letter comes to your lady you must bring it to me before she sees it, for if it give her bad news of the boy she will die on the stroke of it."

"Bring it to you?" said Nerina, doubtfully,

"Aye, aye," said the leech, "for if Romanino have been shot, as we think, it must be broken to her gently, very gently; her heart is as weak as a thread of gossamer."

The leech, the only one in the little town, was an old friend of the family, a gray-haired, brown-faced, long, lean man, wrapped up, no matter what weather it was, in a large black cloak, with a slouch hat over his eyes. He was a familiar figure on the bastions and in the narrow streets, and kept a pharmacy where jars and vases and big-bellied bottles of old majolica were in company with bundles of dried simples and herbs and charms of the middle ages. He was greatly esteemed and respected.

"How shall I know what letter comes from him?" she asked. "All letters look alike to me."

"Then bring me all," said Ser Lillo, as he was called by his sick folks. "'Tis a matter of life and death to Madama Tina. If she have a shock she will die of it."

And he argued the question so earnestly, so frequently, and with such persistence that she felt as if her mistress's life was in her hands. It was the letters, the cruel letters, which had been like a death-potion to her lady.

"I have often a mind to fling them on the charcoal," she said. "They stab her to the heart like knives."

"No, no, that would be wrong," said the doctor. "They are not yours to destroy. Bring them to me. I will judge if they be such as will do her no harm. Of course whatever news they bring she must know it some time, but softly, gently, by slow degrees."

Was it right to do this? Nerina was perplexed. She always saw Ser Lillo respected and listened to by the inhabitants. He was a learned man who read and wrote, and held the keys of the grave. She was a poor, ignorant soul. Could she dare put her judgment against his? She was torn in two by the doubt.

"Tut, tut," said the doctor, impatient after many a conflict with her. "Well, kill Madama Tina if you like, woman. 'Tis for a good service that she housed you and fed you and taught you all these years! Go to, you wicked imbecile! Never dare to summon me to your aid when your lady shall lie a-dying!'

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By such stings and threats of cruel speech he made her believe that she would really cause the death of her mistress if she let her learn, unprepared, of the death or the imprisonment of her youngest boy.

"I fear me 'tis no little thing that Nina has done," said the leech, darkly. "If he lives still he hides for his life, as all rebels do with a price put out for him. Aye, aye, a good lad, I know that, but misled and mistaken, and a gaol-bird, I fear, like so many of them nowadays, the young lunatics."

He so wrought with such discourse upon Nerina's terror of written messages, that he made her feel that she no more dared give her mistress a letter or a paper of any kind than she would dare to smite the cheek of the Virgin in the shrine above their doorway. When a letter at last came she met the postman midway in the street, snatched it from him, and hid it under her apron, and ran with it to the doctor. He took it inside his shop where she could not see what he did with it, and reappeared after fifteen minutes. The letter was closed, and to all appearances was intact.

"It is good news, but news of Gino," he said. Gino was the eldest son. "Take it to Madama, and, of course, you will say not a word of me."

The stout frame of Nerina trembled. She believed that he had read it, without opening it, by some occult power. Two other letters came; but those were from distant relatives, there was nothing from Romanino. They passed through the doctor's deft fingers, and Madama Tina was never the wiser.

Only Nerina became afraid to meet her eyes. The doctor had told her that she did right in obeying him, but her conscience told her she did wrong.

The summer months passed away and it became autumn, and still there was no tidings of Romanino.

One evening, when she was drawing up water at the well on the rampart, in the silence and gloaming, whilst the bells tolled for vespers, a young man, a stranger, came out of the thicket of laurel and oleander and whispered timidly, when he was close to hear ear:

"Good woman, you are Nerina Taccari, the servant of Madama Caterina Lorenzetti, are you not?"

Nerina set her full pail with a clang on the parapet of the well, and answered curtly, looking askance at the unknown questioner, that she was so.

"Give her this when she is alone," said the youth, and slid a note into her hand, and made off again towards the shelter of the laurels and oleanders.

"Stop!" cried Nerina. But he did not stop, and was lost to sight on the shadows and foliage. The note remained in her hand. She would have looked at a dust-adder with less terror. "It must tell us of Ser Nino," she thought, in the shrewdness which love begets.

In front of the well was a steep flight of steps which led down into a street below. In that street was the shop of the apothecary. She hesitated a moment, her heart beating wildly against her leathern stays; then she put her pail on the rim of the well to await her return, and ran down the two score of granite steps worn by the feet of many generations, and rushed into the dark, pungent-smelling den where Ser Lillo was lighting the oil-wick of his red lantern.

"See, see!" she said with a gasp. "This must be from our Romanino. 'Twas given me just now by someone who ran away."

A keen eagerness flashed over the thin, hard face of the old man, brief as the flicker of a flame. He snatched the missive and glanced at it. It was unsealed. In a moment he returned it to her.

"Good news," he said cheerfully. "Take it to Madama, 'twill be the best of cordials."

Nerina crossed herself, then laughed with joy all over her brown face. She went like lightning up the flight of steps, snatched up her pail, and went home.

In another ten minutes her lady learnt that her youngest born would be with her at midnight.

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"I shall come to the garden door," the note said. "Tell Nerina to watch for me, for if I am taken it will be seven years of prison. I have been sentenced by the Military Court, but have escaped."

At midnight she and Madama Tina were awaiting in the little damp garden behind the house, which opened by a postern door on the bastion. As the stroke of midnight sounded from the church clock a young voice whispered, very low:

"'Tis I—Nina. Are you there?"

Nerina wrenched the heavy door open; the mother pressed forward and fell into her son's arms.

At the same moment three Communal guards seized him, leaping from the shelter of the laurel thicket on the rampart. They dragged him out from his mother's arms and struck her servant to the ground.

Nerina gathered herself up, blind, sick, reeling.

"Beasts! How did you know?"

The guards laughed brutally, and dragged Romanino away in the gloom of the faint oil-light, their pistols held to his temples, their hand-cuffs on his wrists.

Madama Tina had dropped to the ground in a syncope. She was carried into her house and into her chamber. She died in an hour's time.

The doctor stood by her bed, having spent all his science in vain. He seemed kind, pitying, wise.

"My poor soul, you should go to your room and rest after such a shock," he said to Nerina, where she sat mute by the corpse.

She had never spoken a word since the seizure of Romanino. It was now late in the forenoon. She stared at him continually, with her dry, fierce eyes, and the gaze made him uneasy and troubled.

"I can do no more good here," he said with regret, a little later, and rose and left the chamber of death. The parish priest accompanied him.

All the last services of life were rendered that night by the servant to her mistress. No other hand but her servant's touched the body of Madama Tina. All the thirty hours which followed Nerina watched by the bed, watched by the bier, seemed dumb, seemed deaf, seemed blind.

When all was over, and she alone had been the mourner at the tomb, her head covered, and her face muffled in a black, woollen shawl, she slunk like a lost, wounded animal under the shadow of the church, where her lady had been left forever, laid in her leaden coffin beside the dust of her forefathers.

Distinct, in the bewildered torment of her thoughts, one supreme idea stood out as written in fire. How had they known? Who had told them of Romanino's return?

As she went slowly across the few score of yards that separated the church from the house which had sheltered her through so many years, she saw a lean, black, tall form passing across the roadway. It was the figure of the apothecary. A sudden light like that of an electric flash through a murky night pierced the stupor of her dull brain. There was the traitor—there!

With a bound she was upon him, her hands clutched his shoulders, her tearless, hollow eyes blazed into his.

"You sold their secret!"

Startled and thrown off his guard by the sudden charge, he stammered denial, grew livid, shook in all his limbs.

"You sold their secret!"

"No, no," he muttered. "No, no! What I did I did from duty. The law must be obeyed."

"You sold their secret!"

It was as clear to her as though a voice from heaven or from hell spoke in her ear. He had laid his trap for her to learn the truth for the law-makers, and had been paid by the law like Judas. He had made her betray the dead. He had made her betray the living.

"You sold their secret!" she said for the fourth time, and she read his guilt upon his face where the yellow flicker of his lamp before the shrine fell on it.

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"Ah, wretch! Ah, beast! Ah, Judas!" she screamed in his ear, and with all her might she clutched him in her strong arms and swept him off his feet as though he were a broken, rootless tree.

With whirling force, as though a mountain storm had entered her and lent her all its power, she propelled him across the roadway, still lifting him off his feet, and bearing him towards the river wall.

He struggled in vain to free himself and to shake off her hold. He was a weakly and aged man, a coward always, and more than ever a coward now, through quivering consciousness of guilt. As a hurricane sweeps dead wood before it, she drove him across the width of the rampart road, and with the natural strength which was in her, intensified a hundredfold by agony, remorse and hate, she lifted his frail body over the low wall above the river, and plunged with him into the river below.

The water was deep with the first rainfalls of autumn. They sank together like stones. In the morning their bodies were found half a mile lower down the torrent; the hands of Nerina were close locked round the old man's shoulders, her teeth were fastened in his throat.

A MOTHER'S TOUCH.

A WANTON heart—thus did I muse at first—
The momentary whim her Soul's Desire appears;
No shame betrayed; regret unfelt; she fears
Not, quaffing Life's hot Wines with sensuous thirst;
An unblest lot—I almost said accursed;
For God had lavished Beauty, Grace and Wit
With open hand; most dangerous gift to fit
Such form and mind, if Virtue be unnursed.

Her story told, I wondered much and long,
How she, when fallen so, could yet, withal, appear
So womanly; her eye undimmed; no tear;
Nor e'en excuse made she for wooing Wrong.
'Tis pictured never thus in tale and song.
She hinted not of change for future life,
And spurned contentment as a happy wife;
In such a sphere she never could belong.

And, so, I knew her thus as time went by,
She joyous seemed always and smiling; satisfied
To seek her pleasures through acquaintance wide;
No shadow on her face; nor care, nor sigh.
What less than Happiness could this imply?
A sweet caress—not man's, nor passionate—
This touch of Love Unsought (Came it too late?)
Tear-stained her cheek, gave to her life the lie.

Brenton A. Macnab.

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CHRISTMAS DAY AT SEA

by Clark Russell

AUTHOR OF "A MARRIAGE AT SEA," "THE ROMANCE OF A MIDSHIPMAN," ETC.

COULD any man standing shadowless under the sun on December 25th, no matter in what part of the earth, be able to realize that it is Christmas Day? Could any sailor, who had used the sea for forty years, of which he had spent thirty-five Christmas Days upon the ocean, gather into his understanding the shore-going significance of December 25th as Christmas Day? On what should he base his memories and expectations? On a handful of currants for his dark and greasy duff? There is no element of festivity in the harness cask. The beef is as hard and bitter on Christmas Day as it was on Good Friday. Still does the weevil, even on Christmas Day writhe in its sepulchre of biscuit. It is true that in some of the mail lines a sort of plum duff is served out to the sailors, and the freezing compartment may supply the captain with an excuse for giving the men, on Christmas Day, something more than "Harriet Lane."

What is "Harriet Lane"? asks the landlubber. A woman of this name was murdered in Liverpool, and the sailors, to this hour, hold that her remains are still served out to them in the shape of canned meat.

But when we talk of the sailor we must think of the merchant steam tramp. The second mate of a tramp of fifteen hundred tons told me the other evening that he had crossed the Atlantic in mid-winter in quiet, almost warm weather throughout the passage, though it had blown with hurricane force before the ship started, and blew with hurricane force very shortly after her arrival. I said to him:

"No difference was made in my time in the Christmas fare of the forecastle, unless it might have been a cupful of raisins for the crew's pudding. How do you fare now on Christmas Day?"

"Not so well as you did," he answered, "because rum was served out to you, and that is denied to us."

"You got no extra rations, then?"

"No, nor extra time below. I relieved the bridge at eight bells in the forenoon watch. It was Christmas Day. I sat down, put on my palm, and began to stitch at a weather-cloth. Four Dagos and two Fins formed our crew. Three in a watch! It was mild weather for that time of year, and a Fin was at the wheel, and two Dagos were painting the bulwarks. When I had done with my weather-cloth I left the bridge, took a pot and paint-brush, and painted the bulwarks along with the Dagos."

"Who looked after the ship?" said I.

"She looked after herself," he answered.

"Hard work, I suppose, all day long?" said I, "and nothing better for the men to eat on Christmas Day than the regular fok'sle fare?"

He shrugged his shoulders. "Those bluddy foreigners are shipped for ill-treatment," said the second mate. "You can boot 'em, and make 'em run and leave their wages behind 'em. If Christmas Day isn't kept for the Engligh sailor, why should it be kept for the foreigners who fill our ships?

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Hard work!" he continued. "See here," said he. "Those men were kept hard at work all Christmas Day, and when the evening came a Dago who had been toiling eight hours took his trick at the wheel. I had charge of the ship. The skipper lay boozed in his cabin. I set my course by a star, and we were then going about nine knots. That is to say, my course being, call it E. by N. ½N., I fixed a star close against the pole-mast to save myself the trouble of constantly looking at the compass. Suddenly I saw that star sliding away on the weather-beam. I sprang to the wheel, and found the man standing upright, sound asleep, grasping the spokes. I kicked him into life and yelled with all my lungs: 'Hard a-port!' The beggar tried to put the helm hard a-starboard. He didn't understand English, especially the language of the wheel, so with another kick I drove him clear of the spokes and brought the ship to her course."

"A festive Christmas!" said I.

"You will get no Christmas where the shipowner is," he answered.

Now, this is true, though not of the great mail lines, and I defy any shipowner to contradict the statement. Of all the myths ever begotten by ignorance in active conjunction with salt water the most ridiculous myth is the myth of Christmas Day at sea. Upon what is it based? I have some knowledge of sea life and sea literature, and protest I do not understand why people ashore should think that Christmas Day is kept by the sailors at sea on board the cargo ship, whether steam or sail. Though the ocean teems with tradition, I find no tradition of Christmas Day in its abounding annals. Lieutenant Bassett, of the United States Navy, compiled, in 1885, an interesting volume about the legends and superstitions of sailors, and though he looked very deep into letters, ancient and modern, he could find no more to say about Christmas Day at sea than this: "No fishing is done in Sweden on Christmas, but the nets are set that night for luck." And this: "A ship with sails set is still carried in Christmas processions in Siberia, with the figure of a saint seated on it." This is all that Lieutenant Bassett can find to say about Christmas in a volume five hundred and five pages big.

In truth, Christmas is not a sea-going day; it is a shore-going day. Did any sailor in all his going a-fishing ever see a sirloin of beef carried into the fok'sle on Christmas Day? Did ever he see the procession of good cheer making its way down the fore-scuttle swelled by a turkey and a black plum-pudding? He may have dreamt darkly of such things. He may have seen plum-puddings in shop windows ashore, and guessed that they were eaten at home once a year. He may have seen dead turkeys hung up in shops, but his experience of beef so greatly differs from the experience of the same thing by the landsman that it may be doubted whether if a sailor saw a sirloin of beef he would know what it was.

But does the sailor miss much by the shipowner's omission of Christmas Day as a few hours of festival in the forecastle calendar? What Christmas Day signifies to us who live ashore we all know. The boys are at home, and the house is chaotic. The cook gave notice last month, and the housemaid prepares the Christmas meal with the help of a charwoman and half a bottle of gin. Tradesmen dream softly in church of the little accounts they are going to render shortly, and our dreams of those accounts are not soft. If Jack goes without his plum-pudding he, at least, likewise goes without the obligations of the plum-pudding. He is not waited upon by the water company's man; the patient dustman takes no heed of him; the postman does not expect from him the annual tip. It is never rent-day with the sailor, and the tax-collector need not call twice for the poor rates.

I have passed several Christmas Days upon the wide waters, and never realized that it was Christmas Day, or even thought of it. Why should I have thought of that which could not

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come without excitation of memory? Had the Captain called all hands aft and addressed them thus:

"My lads, to-day is Christmas Day, and I mean that you shall celebrate it just as though you were all ashore, living in first-rate homes. The steward has my orders to serve out plenty of flour, raisins and suet, and some of the best cabin eatables. I have also ordered the butcher to kill a pig for you, for, as I cannot give you roast beef, you shall have plenty of roast pork, and I trust, my lads, you'll enjoy the crackling. Half a bottle of rum will also be served out to each man. Now, my lads, go forward and enjoy yourselves."

Had such a festive passage as this occurred on Christmas Day it would have sharpened to my understanding the dull perception that it was December 25th, and, therefore, Christmas Day at home. But these freaks of idealistic sea-life happen only on board whalers, which were held in such contempt by sailors in my time that you will find Dana, in "Two Years Before the Mast," feebly apologizing to the people of New Bedford for the disgust he expresses in his immortal book for the whaleman as a sailor.

In the first voyage I made, my Christmas Day happened in the Kingdom of Christmas—at least, in the Southern realms of the white-haired old monarch. We were hove-to off the Horn, and our latitude was 58 deg. S. The longitude does not make much difference when the South Shetlands are not far off. We had ice ahead, and ice abeam, and ice astern. Ice as big as St. Paul's. Ice like huge tomb-stones. Ice like the Turkish mosque, like the spire under which we worship, like the Lion's Rump at Table Bay. We were hove-to under a close-reefed main-topsail, and fore-topmast stay sail, and the ship soared and sank, and King Christmas roared with laughter in her shrouds, and we had plenty of daylight in which to see the rushing snow, to feel the barbs of the ice-lance, and to watch the majestic altitude of the Pacific surge. The galley fire was washed out. The cook could do no business, and lay drunk and harmless in bed on a pint and a half of rum which he had stolen from Heaven knows what or where. What did I get for my Christmas dinner? We had been hove-to for three days, and all this time the galley-fire had been washed out, and we had eaten up every vestige of cold remains. My Christmas dinner, then, was a ship's biscuit honey-combed with worms, on which I pasted some salt butter, and this butter I sweetened with foot-sugar. There was no cold tea even, nothing but cold water, the stinking water of the scuttle-butt. My people at home, no doubt, eating roast beef and plum-pudding, drank to the safe return of the absent little midshipman, and the dear old mother would, of course, believe that, like herself, he was faring very well indeed on this same Christmas Day.

Of course, it was supposed to be midsummer with us off the Horn. Ask the sailor what he thinks of midsummer in latitude 58 deg. S., or if he is a steamboat man and cannot answer, let the reader follow Commodore Wilkes's narrative and turn the pages of Churchill—Hakluyt probably being a little too venerable and untrustworthy when it comes to wonders, such as rainbows and ice mountains, and the manatee mermaid.

Many are the delusions which fill the page of the sea book, and none is more delusive than the landsman's idea about Christmas Day at sea. And yet sailors enjoy delusions which do not, in any way, refer to Christmas Day. One of the delusions is that a sailor's personal narrative of what he has seen and done and heard, whether in a steam tramp or in a sailing ship, will excite wide-felt sympathy and interest, and be devoured in particular by the ladies. I am an old hand, and beg to caution Jack. If he wants to be interesting he must not be too nautical, and he must seize the petticoat to the fore-lift, and keep that signal flying, or his book, superior to anything by Marrayat, Cooper, Herman Melville and Michael Scott, will go the way of many other books, profoundly accurate, full of extraordinary descriptions, and unreadable ashore.

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A TRUE STORY OF LOWER CANADA.

Poised for an instant in the Master's hand,
Body and Soul like to a compass stand—
The Body turning round the central Soul,
He makes a little circle in the Sand.

I HAD been combining work and pleasure most delightfully for three August weeks. Every afternoon, as the sun inclined to the mountain and shade could be had under the north-western river-bank, I paddled my bass-wood canoe far up the Yamaska into the sunset, and turning came down with the current close to the southern shore, sometimes brushing against lance-like reeds and swaying willow boughs, and again being swept slightly from my course by an infantile eddy playing beside a huge granite boulder.

Every evening, at the Pointe-des-Fourches, I saw two figures against the afterglow, one, an old woman in "habitant" dress of grey homespun, with apron and Normandy cap of snowy linen; the other, a man, evidently an invalid, always gazing intently down the river toward the falls. At last my curiosity reached such a pitch that I drove fifteen miles across the "terre-noire" or burnt lands to the one well informed man in the Seignory, a clergyman, enthusiastic in country work, therefore young, and a great favourite among his peasant parish-ioners.

"This is truly kind," he said, leading my horse from between the buggy shafts to the sweet smelling haystack by the snake fence.

"Don't mention it, old chap," I said, feeling guilty. "Never mind water, he had a ten minutes' drink at St. David's Creek," and I led my host from the yard.

A few moments later we were smoking comfortably on the wide verandah overlooking the brilliant garden spread beneath us like an Eastern rug.

"By Jove! this is a perfect spot," I said. "Are you your own gardener?"

He smiled happily. "Butcher, baker, gardener, everything but tailor. I suppose you think this a strange life for a university man, but the field is enormous for good work, and one meets with golden natures that repay one occasionally."

The conversation was heading my way. "Your parish includes 'Pointe-des-Fourches,' I believe?"

"Yes, a rich hunting ground for you ornithologists—Do you go there?"

"Not as yet, but pass every night. By the way, I regularly see two people at the extreme point before dew-fall; who the dickens are they?"

Lampton's face changed perceptibly, and his voice was low and sad as he replied: "Poor Léon Galarneau and Mère Gendron. It's an awfully pathetic story, Yorke. The poor chap is only twenty-seven, handsome as a Greek god, one of Nature's noblemen, and dying by inches—acute rheumatism, phthisis, lungs gone. Fortunately an uncle in the States left him a little money. Only a "habitant," but with the exquisite responsiveness to Nature of a Taine, and manners of

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"l'ancien Régime." There is a peculiar affinity between us. He is a Roman Catholic, and one of the purest, truest Christians on God's earth. No, old man I cannot tell you his story."

"Can I not try for birds about there, and meet him," I said.

"No; when passing to-morrow evening, go ashore to the right of the Fisherman's creel. You will find a small sand beach. Give him this."

He pencilled a few lines on an "Ice Cream Social" ticket, and handed it to me.

"Interest him in your work. I am sure you will find much in common and in time appreciate him as I do."

. . . . . .

The following evening I came down the river earlier than usual. Yes, they were there. I found the landing place, and, after pulling out my canoe, stepped quickly up a bank, daintily fringed with golden rod and fern. To this day golden-rod softens and fills me with sorrow as vaguely sweet as its own scent. The woman came protectively forward.

"Que voulez-vous, M'sieu?" she asked.

I bowed as to a duchess, for her worn old face was noble.

"Monsieur Lampton gave me this for Monsieur Galarneau, Madame."

She laid her hand gently on the dreamer's shoulder. They spoke together for a moment, then she signed to me. Never will I forget that man's face. Clear olive skin, waving hair black as night and fine as a sable brush, perfect nose, and eyes terribly sad but of wonderful beauty. The mouth thinly delicate, rather drawn by constant pain, but as I discovered afterwards, capable of the gentlest, soulful smile I have ever seen.

"The friend of M'sieu Lampton is 'certainement' most welcome. Pardon my not having the power to rise. Ah! M'sieu speaks French, that is good."

The peaceful evening that followed was the pre-runner of many. The sun went down behind Beloeil Mountain, leaving a golden halo above the crouching giant's head, birds throbbed the air with full evensong, boatloads of silver-voiced "habitants" swept past, singing their plaintive minor folk-songs; while from the tin-roofed "Paroisse," far across the yellow wheatfields, came, soothingly, the low-toned Angelus.

. . . . . .

II.

"Thrice blest whose lives are faithful prayers,
Whose loves in higher love endure."

A week passed and such was that man's unconscious fascination, that every sunset found me at his feet on the grassy point. One glorious September day I wheeled him to the pine-wood some distance from his cottage. He had been more silent than usual, and I was drowsily watching an industrious woodpecker through blue wreaths of cigar-smoke, when his sad voice broke the silence.

"Would the poor story of my life interest you, my friend? For some indefinable reason, the desire to tell it to you is strong upon me this afternoon."

I looked into those deep mournful eyes, mine answering his question. For a second our hands met, and he began.

"Yorke—four years ago there came to Sainte Cecile an English lady and her two daughters. The elder, Jeanne, most clever and an artiste, the other—mon Dieu—fair as a lily of St. Joseph and only eighteen. I was engaged as their 'guide' and took them far up the river, to the burning 'Terre-noire,' and sometimes up the mountain. Frequently, while Madame and Jeanne sketched, Félice and I explored the woods about them. Then, to me, the woods were Heaven, the birds messengers of the Angels, and the murmuring pines their gentle benediction. Mon Dieu! I suffered the pain divine. My face would flush and my eyes burn with the mere touch of her small hand as we climbed some giant boulder or crossed some singing trout-stream. This went on for some weeks, when to me it came that Félice loved me. She laughed more softly, and no longer

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desired to be always moving. Instead, we sat in constrained silence, she working daintily, I carving with my knife, or lying on the deep moss watching her in secret. At last the dénouement came. I had taken them to the lake on the mountain. Madame and Jeanne remained behind to sketch and sent us around the bluff for Cardinal flowers. I jumped from the grassy ledge to the pebbly shore below and turned to assist Félice; she, flushed, tried to jump, and her skirt, catching in some 'Bois tortu,' she might have fallen heavily, but I caught her in my arms. Nom de Dieu—the exquisite agony of that moment—so young we were and mad with love."

Here he stopped, breathing heavily, then resumed with a tremor in his voice—

"That evening I went to Madame and told her all. You can imagine her anger—she drove me forth despairing, and cruelly hurt.

"All next day clouds gathered, the air was sulphurous and at dark the storm broke. I had not left my house, and was sitting with my aching head buried in my hands, when my dog barked, the door opened, and Félice stood in the doorway! Trembling, wet, but with shining eyes.

"'I have come to you, my darling,' was all she said in her charming patois, and using that perfect English love-word.

"With one bound I had her in my arms—but I cannot tell you of our joy, our perfect happiness, it was too sacred. My life was crowned and never king on throne of gold experienced such bliss.

. . . . . .

"The summer passed to us as swiftly as the swallow's flight. My Dear One's sister had sent her clothes and a little money before their hurried departure from the country. Our life was idyllic. She taught me the ways and language of her people. I showed her how to bake in our brick oven—Dieu, how gracefully those small hands managed the heavy wooden bread shovel—cast a fly, and rowed a boat. God in Heaven, we were happy. I occasionally acted as guide to a day's fishing or hunting party, but every leisure moment we spent together, sometimes working in our small garden, or preparing our home for the coming winter.

"As the days grew shorter and the cold increased, my Félice became pale, her spirits flagged, and, at times, a trace of tears caused me untold agony. Then when the cruel winter gripped us, and the nails sprang like pistol shots in the still clear night, she would moan and cry in her sleep. Dear brave heart, she never knew my sufferings as I listened.

"Think of it, Yorke, unaccustomed to our bitter climate—and—in poor health."

His voice broke with deep emotion—"God alone knows what she, formerly surrounded by every luxury and for whom I would have given my life's blood, suffered uncomplainingly. Her incoherent murmurings in her sleep grew constant—developed into delirium. Mother of God, it was awful. I got Mère Gendron, who worshipped her. Lampton came. She smiled sweetly, pitifully, disguising her loneliness. Yorke, it broke my heart, I loved her so, and she—my wife—was wearying of my love. Had it not been for the coming child I would have died willingly and left her free. So time went on, and late in March the thaws came and winter passed away. In April the ice broke, and great green-white masses floated swiftly down the black, swollen river, grinding boat-houses to matchwood, and carrying away everything in their course. Félice now seldom spoke, and her eyes had a wild, stricken look that cut me to the heart. The roar of the Falls fascinated her, she said it reminded her of some of Wagner's music, that it was a spirit chorus calling her.

"Distracted with sorrow and despair, I started one morning, before the dawn, to Sainte Cécile; I would cable for her sister. But the bridge was gone and the ford impassable, so I was obliged to turn back reaching our home two hours after I had started.

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"What was my horror to find Félice had gone out, apparently without stockings and in her night-dress! At the door the roar of the Falls struck meaningly on my ears! I ran to the point, Oh, my God, my God! Far down the river, kneeling in our old boat—her golden hair blowing about her—swept Félice to her death.

"I shrieked like a madman, and flung myself into the icy water, swimming as only I could swim. She never looked back. Men called from the shore, but on she whirled—faster—ever faster—and I lost sight of her as something glittering and sharp struck me into unconsciousness.

. . . . .

"Yes, my dog held me until help came. For weeks I lay between life and death, and finally emerged the wreck you see before you.

"They found my love. Ah, God! broken and quite lifeless. She lies where we had so often watched the waters meet. You know the place.

"My only desire is that Félice will soon come for me. Surely, in God's home, where all is warmth and pain unknown, she will be mine again. Throughout my long and lonely waiting I have prepared for our meeting. May the Holy Mother intercede for me!

"Your good priest wrote her people, and the sweet Jeanne sent me this."

I took the miniature reverently from his trembling hand.

"Good God! Phyllis Anstruther!" I cried.

"You knew Félice?"

"Love for her drove me from civilization," I replied, thoughtlessly and bitterly.

"Dear friend," the thin hand fell gently on my shoulder, "our good God must have sent you."

. . . . .

"I know, transplanted human worth
Will bloom to profit, other where."

I never left him again.

As Autumn's hectic bloom faded from the maples we knew the end was near. One wild night, as he lay before the fire, and the last storm of the season rolled overhead, a wailing gust of wind blew wide the door as a white glare of lightning illumined the outer darkness. With a joyous cry the dying man rose to his feet, stretching out wide, welcoming arms—"Félice—Pour moi!" he cried, and fell forward on his face.

A red stain on the white pine floor, and Leon's patient waiting was over. Had Phyllis come for him?

I think so.

Jane Fayrer Taylor.

THE CANADIAN WINTER.

O SEASON sparkling for the young and strong!
When forest leaves are scatter'd far and wide—
When merry hearts the frosty airs deride
To grasp the joys that to thy days belong!
What chime of bells! What clink of steel along
The glinting ice! What shout and swinging stride
Of snow-shoers! What frolic on the slide!
Oh! for all these we hail thee with a song!
Here breeds a race for every wind that blows:
And worthy of the flag that o'er them floats
Hath been the answer of their lusty throats
When challeng'd by o'erwhelming host of foes.
They ken the tone of Kipling's bugle notes,
The bairns of Our Lady of the Snows!

T. R. E. McInnes.

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A Backward & & Glance at Paris

text and Drawings by J. S. Gordon & & &

WHEN the Editor of The Canadian Magazine asked me to write an article on the City of Paris, as a sort of verbal decoration for some drawings I had made for his journal, I confess that I felt flattered. We all do when we are asked to do something which is not altogether in the line of our usual occupation, and no matter how indifferently we do it, we feel that Providence has been very unkind in not discovering to us earlier our ability to shine in this our undoubted vocation.

As time has gone on however, (and it is a considerable period since the article was suggested to me), a sense of my own incapacity has gradually grown on me, and I fear that if any more articles in the meantime appear in other magazines on the "City of Dreyfus," there will be little if anything new left to say, or even an opportunity of saying old things in a new way.

In the limited space of a magazine article devoted to a subject upon which volumes have been written, it is perhaps superfluous to say that a great deal of interesting matter must be left untouched; and, as it is impossible to please everyone in a matter of choice, if I seem to skip about rather aimlessly, and hold some dishes back, the fault must not be attributed to the larder so much as to the size of the table.

Paris practically was born upon the Ile de la Cité, the largest island in the Seine, which was in early days known as Lutece. It began to reach out about the time of the Roman invasion of Gaul, and continued steadily to absorb the scattered dwellings and hamlets on either side of the river, until at the present day the city, which had origin in a few fishermen's huts clustered about a cathedral which has been an ecclesiastical centre for fourteen centuries, dominates the affairs of a Republic numbering some forty millions.

Formerly there were two small islets, not more than mere rocks, which broke the force of the current flowing seaward. These were joined to the main island in the reign of Henri III, when the Pont Neuf was commenced with a view to connecting the islands with the mainland, although it was not until the reign of Henri IV, some twenty-five years later, that it was completed to both banks of the river.

After it was finished, Henri, then in the height of his popularity, conceived the idea of immortalizing himself by erecting his statue upon the open space created by the joining of the islands. The work was entrusted to a sculptor named Franqueville, and was to have been cast by John of Bologna, but death allowed the sculptor to get no farther than the modelling of the horse.

Tacca, a pupil of Franqueville, was employed to carry out the work of his master, but had accomplished nothing when, two years later, Henri was assassinated. In 1613, however, Tacca completed the statue, spurred on, no doubt, by the promise of large rewards, and when, after various vicissitudes and delays, the work was received from

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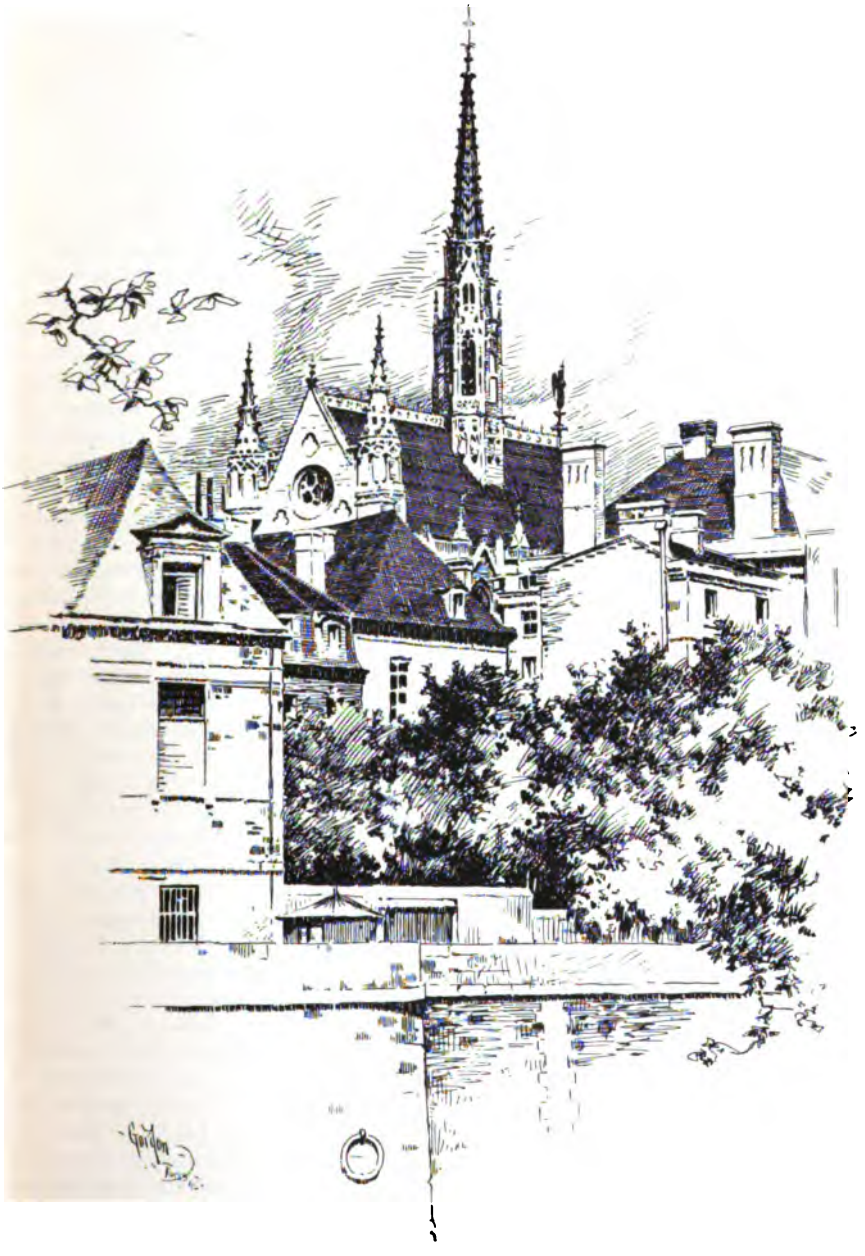

DRAWN BY J. S. GORDON.

THE SAINTE CHAPELLE FROM THE PONT NEUF.

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Italy and placed in position, the likeness was so good that for years it became a sort of shrine before which the poorer classes came to present petitions and solicit the good offices of the departed monarch. The present statue on this spot dates only from the restoration, however, the original having been made into cannon during the revolution of 1792. But here to-day, as years ago, acrobats and strong men gather to give exhibitions of their prowess, and incidentally to gather in a few sous from the light-hearted and enthusiastic audience. The bridge is still one of the most picturesque remains of old Paris, although it has been much changed at different times, and from it is to be had one of the most enchanting views. Looking up the river the long lines of the Louvre lose themselves in the rich foliage of the Tuileries Gardens, above which, upon an eminence at a turn in the river, rise the twin towers of the Trocadero. Farther on are the hills of Meudon, upon whose slopes Rabelais ministered and wrote. Crossing to the other side of the bridge, on the arches that reach from the Isle de la Cité to the south bank we have another fine prospect. The setting sun is flooding the towers of Notre Dame with crimson and gold, while nearer at hand the single delicate spire of the Saint Chapelle towers above the surrounding roofs and points to the topmost heavens. Below in the river lay lazily sleeping a fleet of barges from Rouen, or perhaps one or two great unwieldy scows being filled with ashes and refuse to be dumped farther down. The entrance to the Saint Chapelle is close to the Palais de Justice, but I think that the view from the Port Neuf is superior to any near hand view that can be obtained of it.

A DEVIL OF NOTRE DAME.

In 1242 St. Louis employed Monterceaux the architect to prepare a building worthy to receive and enshrine those sacred relics, the Crown of Thorns and a portion of the True Cross which he had received from the Emperor of Constantinople, and the Saint Chapelle was the result.

It is considered one of the most perfect specimens of its kind in existence, and I have listened to many a lengthy architectural discourse on its fine points by some of my student friends, the repetition of which I do not feel justified in imposing upon you. One of the little towers to the side still contains the wooden stairway by which Louis IX (the Saint) ascended when he proposed to take the sacred relic from its resting place, and expose it to the people. These relics are now in the treasury of Notre Dame, and the Saint Chapelle has instead the head of St. Louis, which formerly was retained by the treasury of St. Denis. It also contains the tombstone of Jacques Boileau, the poet, which forms part of the pavement, although I am not in a position to say whether the remains are there or not.

It will not be necessary to more than mention some of the public buildings, which have their foundations fixed in the rock of the Cité. There is the Palais de Justice brought prominently before the notice of the reading public by the reports of the Zola trial in connection with the Dreyfus affair, and from here to the Conciergerie is not a far cry, especially when one considers that according to French law a man is guilty until he can prove himself innocent.

Then again, if the rigours of con-

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finement in this famous prison are such that the constitution breaks down, why it is only a stone's throw to the Hotel Dieu (the hospital); or a little farther on to the Morgue, and on the way between these two, by a slight stretch of the imagination, one may have all the comforts that the church can bestow on the passing soul through the offices of Notre Dame.

The mention of Notre Dame tempts me to linger around this romantic pile, but I could only repeat the traditions and tales told so much better by Drumont in his "Paris à Travers les Ages," or that incomparable romance of Victor Hugo, the "Hunchback of Notre Dame."

If one desires a fine picture of the Cathedral in her glory before the Parvis was cleared away to make place for the present open square, with its surroundings of uninteresting structures, in no way can one be better served than by a careful perusal of this work of Victor Hugo. For the satisfaction, however, of such as wish for only snapshots in the way of archæology, the following data may be of interest. The site upon which Notre Dame is built was occupied as far back as the fourth century by a church dedicated to St. Stephen, which is again supposed to have been preceded by a pagan altar. The present structure suffered much for years by the meddling of monarchs and restorers, and it was not until the Revolution had swept away the greater mass of these disfigurements, that the church again stood, naked perhaps, but with something of her old imposing beauty. Then in 1845, Violett-le-Duc, the celebrated architect, repaired these injuries, and restored the edifice to as near its original state as it is possible for careful research to do.

Such is the vandal nature of the French mob that when Paris came under the Commune, an attempt was again made to destroy the Cathedral by fire; an event which was providentially prevented by a prevailing dampness.

To mention only one of the attractions of Notre Dame, the view from the towers fully repays the toil of some 300 steps to be taken to secure this.

The panorama of Paris stretches away in all directions, and the Seine, like a silver thread, winds backwards and forwards between sloping banks dotted with white villas until it is lost in the blue haze on the horizon. A gallery runs around the bases of the towers and across the west front, and it is from here that the best and closest study is to be made of those curious monsters known as the Devils of Notre Dame, which are supposed to have been placed there in the early ages to protect the church from evil spirits.

AN ASH DUMP BELOW THE PONT NEUF.

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Behind Notre Dame is a small square, containing a beautiful gothic fountain, and across the street, over-hanging the river, is the Morgue, but let us shudder and pass on.

Having sounded the heart of Paris, let us proceed to feel its pulse. To do this it is necessary to find the Boulevards, and, although these wide arteries extend entirely around within the city, the word is generally applied to that part of the system that lies between the Madeleine and Place Bastile. Here, as it extends along, it changes its name from des Capucines to des Italiens to Montmartre, at almost every street intersection.

WET DAY ON THE BOULEVARDS.

Lined on either side with large stores for the sale of those luxuries and refinements upon which the French place so much importance, and which are at the same time the source of great profit to them, the street falls little short of fairy land. Every novelty, alike in dress, furniture and art objects, is exhibited here to tempt the unwary foreigner to indulge himself to the advantage of his charming hosts. These shops are plentifully interspersed with theatres and cafés, and it is on the pavement before one of these cafés that the visitor may take a seat, and after ordering a *consummation*, enjoy a better presentation of the "*Comédie Humane*" than he is privileged to have by any other means.

Here it is that journalists, actors, artists, musicians and other celebrities congregate. Here the latest gossip is exchanged, and there is discussion on the contents of the paper published to-day, or the matter of to-morrow's journal. Some take a chair and idly smoke a cigarette until an acquaintance comes along and is invited to share the same table. Then if one is reasonably near, the amount of gossip one hears relative to the different personages as they saunter by is certainly surprising. Even on the fine days in winter the outside of the cafés is the place most frequented by the Frenchman who likes to live out of doors as much as possible. At New Year's the Boulevards are somewhat enlivened by a fair, held for two or three days, when booths are set up and novelties of all descriptions are sold. Some of these are decidedly clever in construction, and others make their bid for popularity solely from their indecency, but I have never noticed that this feature gave any very decided shock to the moral sensibilities

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DRAWN BY J. S. GORDON.

THE MOULIN ROUGE—A DANCE HALL.

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of our Gaulish friends. I will not dwell any longer on these Boulevards, however, neither would you unless your credit be somewhat larger than that of the student who is trying to be respectable on $500 a year. Of course it might raise my social standing among those who don't know me very well, if I were to claim an intimate acquaintance with the *cuisine* at Margery's, or the interior decorations at Pousset's. Nice descriptions of these I could easily translate from the novels of Bourget or Daudet, but in spite of the temptation I prefer to speak of the things whereof I know. Then let us to the

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH.

HOTEL DIEU AND NOTRE DAME FROM PLACE ST. MICHEL.

Boulevard Saint Michel, or, in the slang of the "Quartier" the "Boul 'Mich.'" This is the main thoroughfare of the Latin Quarter, and extends from the river almost to the Observatory.

It is upon this street that the student life congregates, and the Café d'Harcourt is the acknowledged centre. When the Dreyfus agitation was at its height in 1898, it was at this resort that the police devoted their attention to nipping any small disturbance in the bud, for past experience has taught them that once a crowd of these hotheads begin a disorderly movement it generally gathers impetus and weight with every step and culminates in disaster.

This is one of the places that the student generally takes friends coming from his native heath to see as an attraction not included in the trips of the "personally conducted," and I do not know of one better qualified to conduct these extra tours than an art student of about a year's standing.

On more than one occasion I have myself supplemented Mr. Cook's efforts to the satisfaction of the person in my charge, although I must confess that it was upon a scant amount of knowledge that I did so. But then "Providence takes care of fools and drunken people," and I have never been able to decide to which source my success was most largely due.

An incident occurs to me in connection with one of these excursions, which I think is worth repeating since it will give a slight idea of what is to be encountered at this café.

I had made the acquaintance of a gentleman from Toronto, who, for convenience' sake and also to cover his identity, we will call Smith, and after being entertained by him on his side of the river (which entertainment included a dinner at Margery's and an

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evening at the Moulin Rouge), in reply to some questions asked in the course of conversation about the studio life, I suggested that probably he would like to take a trip around the *Pays Latin*.

He confessed to being eager to avail himself of the opportunity, and after arranging details, fixing on the next Monday evening. I had hinted that a bohemian air of *abandon* both in matter of dress and manner would be a trifle more in keeping with the atmosphere of the studios than that usually adopted in making visits in the vicinity of the Place d'Etoile.

Imagine my surprise when the evening arrived and with it Smith, whose best attempt at a bohemian outfit was an immaculate shirt-front, from which blazed a *solitaire*, gloves of the latest hue, a seal-lined top-coat, and the whole surmounted by a tile from the best London makers. I made some vague remarks about the lack of titled folk embraced by the society of the Quartier, and in a lame endeavour to overcome the difficulty, I hinted that perhaps the rounds of the studios would not be exactly to his tastes, and I suggested that we spend the evening at the opera instead. No doubt this change in the trend of affairs called for some explanation, and, after receiving sufficient encouragement from Smith to overcome any fears I might have of hurting his feelings, I said that his get-up was hardly keyed down to the bohemian standard. I continued, in a mild way, that such a set of sails would single him out as a good mark for the fair sex who frequented the resorts of the students and had the reputation of being endowed with a decidedly free and amiable manner. In spite of all this, Smith was prepared to follow out our pre-arranged plan, and, as I saw my way to a little entertainment, I complied and we started.

The life class at Colorossi's was first visited, and the amount of attention his hat came in for deluded my friend into the belief that he himself was escaping notice. Not so, however; for after a number of witticisms of more or less breadth had been hurled in our direction, we became the objects of so much comment and gazing that it had a decidedly disconcerting effect on

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH.

A REFUGE ON THE BOULEVARDS.

Smith, who retired somewhat mortified and expressed himself quite satisfied with what he had seen of studio life. From here we went to the Café d'Harcourt, and I felt that our reception here would be even more enthusiastic. The hubbub here is always great, but I think it slightly increased as my friend followed me in.

We threaded our way among chairs, tables and the general impedimenta of

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the café to the nearest unoccupied table, despite the attention and other things that were directed our way. Out of the general medley of sound familiar English phrases, with a decidedly foreign accent, found their way to our ears, such as: "spik Inglisch," "Oh, yes!" "plum pudding," "shocking," and so on, which plainly evidenced that we had been preceded here by others of our countrymen who had each left some trace of his refining influence on the hardy denizens of the

After the preparations had been completed, and Smith had fallen on his share of the lay-out, I think the procession behind our chairs rather increased, and, judging from the generous amount of comment on the contents of our table, and our manner of disposing of it, the spectacle rather out-balanced the counter attractions going on in other parts of the Café. This means considerable when these events embraced a hot political discussion between two long-haired *savants*

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH.

BATEAUX MOUCHES ON THE SEINE.

Quartier. When we had been seated, and all the empty chairs in our immediate vicinity had been occupied by the more aggressive members of the frail sex, Smith called the *garçon* and asked what I wished in the way of refreshment. I modestly replied that a glass of beer would be all I required and hinted that probably he had better confine his order to the same, with possibly the addition of a cigarette. But, no! he evidently was in for a full course dinner, so I resigned myself and said nothing.

of rather youthful appearance, the pathetic endeavours of an old flower-woman to dance a few steps recalled from a long past youth, and a hair-pulling and bonnet-annihilating contest between two rival beauties, the admirers of a Latin Quarter Adonis, who had thoughtfully withdrawn himself to the outside of a circle of enthusiastic onlookers, who did their best to encourage the ladies in question to finish the encounter to the satisfaction of all concerned before the police intervened.

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DRAWN BY J. S. GORDON.

THE LION OF BELFORT, BY BARTHOLDI—PLACE DENFERT ROCHEREAU.

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THE TOWERS OF SAINT SULPICE.

Our neighbours, finding that their efforts to place themselves on terms of good-fellowship had failed so far, resolved to adopt other tactics in spite of the fact that we were only there to see what was going on about us. A small brunette installed herself on the settee alongside Smith, and after affectionately putting her arm around his neck, considerately altered the direction in which his fork and its burden of chicken was travelling, so that any dire effects likely to result from the digestion of that particular morsel would be borne by herself. Another martyr finished his beer (my own had long since been placed out of reach, for experience is a great teacher) while a third appropriated the remainder of a package of cigarettes. Others invited him to buy them beer, while some, already surfeited in this direction, showed such an affectionate leaning towards him that I feared for his shirt-front and the *solitaire*. But I must draw a veil over the proceedings at this point, as I am not anxious to raise any doubts or fears in the minds of those whose friends have travelled in France unaccompanied by a chaperon.

After escaping from the Café d'Harcourt and its attendant vestals, Smith did not hanker for any more experience that night; consequently I hailed a cab and despatched him in it after assuring myself that he had lost nothing more serious than a confidence in himself to command respect. Then I set out on my road home, which lay in the Montparnasse Quartier, following as I did so a band of students and their sweethearts, who were making for the *Bal Bullier*, singing as they went songs expressing a somewhat profound contempt for the police. The "Gilded Hell," as the place is sometimes called in mock denunciation by the students, stands just opposite the scene of Marechal Ney's execution, and his statue by Rude marks what is supposed to be the exact spot where it took place.

It is almost a counterpart of the celebrated Moulin Rouge in the Montmartre Quarter, with the exception that it still retains some of the original flavour of the students' dance hall of the time of Murger, while the Moulin Rouge has lapsed into a show place where the Anglo-Saxon visitor is regaled with an entertainment at once blasé and coarse. It is, moreover, a standing rebuke to the English and

IN THE LUXEMBOURG GARDENS.

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American visitors at Paris, that if it were not for them the Red Mill would have to close its doors for lack of patronage. I have been there myself and contributed my quota to its running expenses, but I have always lacked the courage necessary to take my place alongside of my fellow-countrymen who are always to be found in the inmost circle surrounding a rather florid performance of the Can-Can.

Nor is there an absence of ladies, for I have seen plenty, especially American girls, whose desire to be mildly shocked is abundantly gratified.

But enough of the seamy side; if we must see the puddles there is no occasion for wallowing in them, and there is no place that affords a better panacea for all the contagion and filth to be met with at these resorts and upon the streets, than the parks and public gardens. Here, more than anywhere else, does Paris justify her claim to be the play-ground of the world, and here one would be led to believe that this city is entirely devoted to pleasure and populated only with people of leisure.

A FRENCH DRAGOON.

Here all the resources of science and art have been devoted to the creation of "fairy pleasure domes," such as Kubla Khan conceived and we can almost realize Coleridge's dream when we stand in the Gardens of the Tuileries and watch the little *bateaux mouches* flitting about on the glittering surface of the Seine as it flows past.

On fine afternoons, and especially on Sundays, when everyone seems to be taking a little relaxation, the citizens are strolling about watching the children sail their boats in the large basins, feeding the ducks, or, if in the vicinity of the Louvre or Luxembourg, edging their way through the galleries, absorbing the accumulated wealth of the art of all ages gathered there for their benefit.

The Gardens themselves are generously studded with works of sculpture, which seem to have stood for years without being disfigured or broken by the youthful vandal we are so well acquainted with at home. I am an admirer of the sturdy, honest Canadian lad of ten or twelve years in preference to the somewhat effeminate boy of the same age in France, but I think I would admire his robust qualities more if his mind forbade him indulging in the wilful disfigurements of such little attempts at beautifying public places as we do make.

Standing at the western extremity of the Tuileries what an enchanting

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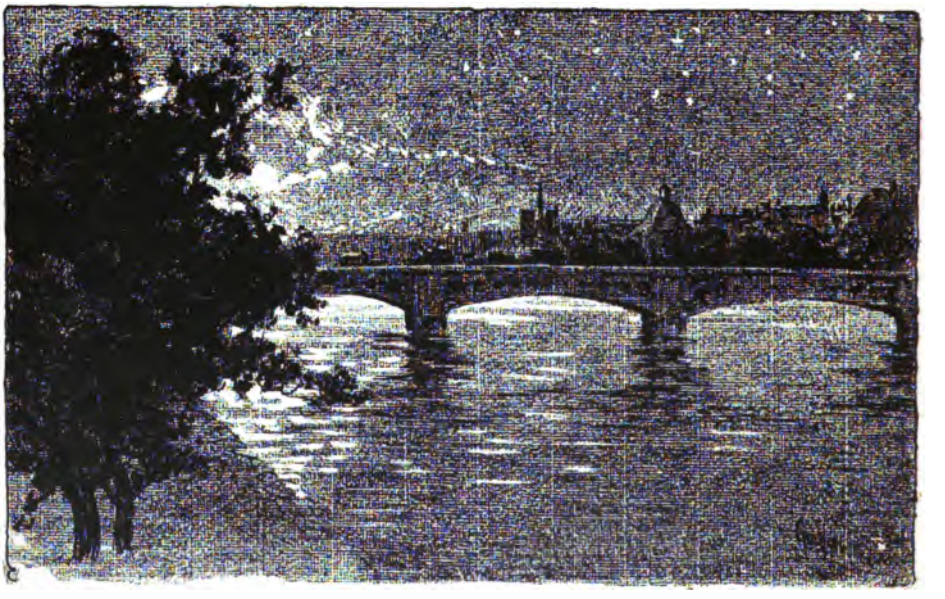
spectacle meets our gaze! At our feet spreads the immense Place de la Concorde with its two fountains splashing in the sun, its obelisk and harmonious architectural surroundings, the only sinister spot being the draped statue of Strasbourg which the Republic hopes some day to dress in her bridal robes again when she is wrested from her northern captor.

From here away to the Arc de Triomphe by which Napoleon glorified his triumphs, extends the Avenue des Champs Elysées, in the shade of whose trees the children are playing in the sand or watching the Punch and Judy show, while their nurses indulge in a flirtation with a dragoon or other member of the "Grande Armée," for whose benefit she may indulge in a stream of anathema on the *Cochon Dreyfus*, who is bringing disgrace to this particular atom.

Beyond the Arc stretches the Avenue des Bois de Boulogne leading away to the woods of that name, and on either side of this fashionable parade the rich rear their luxurious palaces.

From here it would be nice to take an excursion to the Champ de Mars, the site of the exposition of 1889, and to be included in the grounds of that of 1900. But as the principal buildings are being erected on the Cours de Reine where the old Palais de l'Industrie used to stand, it will be more to the purpose to hasten there.

Round about the Palais de l'Industrie are situated the various open air theatres, Café Chantants and summer gardens where Yvette Guilbert, Polin and other stars of a like nature, flash for a time and grow dim, for so fickle is the French audience that few can retain its homage for a very long time.



DRAWN BY J. S. GORDON.

POST DU CARROUSEL.

I can no more than glance at the Grand Opera, and if I go down the Rue de la Paix, I see as little of the dress-makers' and jewellers' establishments with which it is lined as the paterfamilias, who, accompanied by three or four daughters, is endeavouring to reach the Place Vendôme with sufficient left in his pocket to purchase stimulation for his exhausted energies at the nearest café.

Traversing the continuation of the Rue de la Paix under the name of the

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Rue Castiglione we find our further progress blocked by the Tuileries Gardens, and are compelled to turn under the arcade of the Rue de Rivoli. This street is no doubt the *Men's Paradise*. Here everything is marked in plain figures, and the amount of English *spik'd* is astonishing. The ease with which one becomes acquainted with the various wares of each individual shop, whether it is a necklace of paste diamonds or a copy of the confessions of Madame du Barry, calls forth involuntary admiration.

There is no necessity here for asking for "what you don't see," for there is an abundance of signs stating that *fancy photographs* can be seen inside, unabridged translations of Zola, etc., etc., making questioning unnecessary.

A statue of Jean d'Arc by Fremiet dominates this portion of the Rue, but not to much purpose, I fear.

The Luxembourg Gardens lie half way between the south bank of the river and the heights of Montparnasse, well inside of what used to be the Latin Quarter.

From the western terrace may be seen the majestic dome of the Panthéon, consecrated to France's illustrious dead. A little farther to the left, over the balustrades that sweep around the open court upon which faces the Palais de Medici, can be seen the Odéon, perhaps the oldest theatre in Paris, while the unequal towers of Saint Sulpice appear above a magnificent grove of chestnut trees.

The Lion of Belfort on the Place Denfert Rochereau is a noble work by Bartholdi, sculptor of the statue of Liberty at the entrance of New York Harbor, and commemorates the heroic defence of a fortified town of that name on the German frontier by the French garrison who held out until after the capitulation of Paris. Not far from here is the entrance to the Catacombs which extend for 200 acres beneath that portion of Paris lying towards the Jardin des Plantes. Here, dear reader, we will part company and you will excuse the absence of that flourish of rhetoric which we are so accustomed to expect at the conclusion of a descriptive article. I might go into rhapsodies and play a few notes in a minor chord or borrow a few apt quotations from St. Beuve, de Musset or Hugo, but the desire to do so is quite overwhelmed by another emotion, that of thankfulness that this task is finished.

TRANSLATION FROM THE RUSSIAN OF LERMONTOF.

NO! not for thee this yearning love of mine;
I scarcely see those charms which take the town—
I see a dear dead sweetheart of Lang Syne
And my hot youth before its wreck went down.

And when from time to time our glances meet,
If *you* should see a soul look thro' mine eyes,
It is not thee that soul springs up to greet,
Not thee it calls, not thy voice that replies.

To whisper me, my boyhood's love has come,
I see in thine the features that I know;
In thy quick lips, lips that have long been dumb,
In thine eyes fire the world quenched long ago.

Clive Phillipps-Wolley.

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BY C. A. BRAMBLE

II.—CARIBOU AND MUSK OX.

GIRDLING the polar regions between the eternal ice and the warm-temperate zone is a broad belt of country, over most of which in the long ago the reindeer or caribou—for these are synonymous terms—roamed in herds. To-day the European representatives of this squat, wandering deer have been crowded into the Scandinavian peninsula and the Archangel provinces of Russia, but during the stone age they penetrated so far to the south that their bones have been found in Central France, in the kitchen middens and bone breccias of the paleolithic period.

Here in Canada our stone age lasted so much later than that of Europe, that the caribou has not yet been driven completely into the remote fastnesses of the north, and may even yet be met with in small numbers beyond our southern border in Maine, Montana and Idaho. Its southern range is almost identical with that of the moose, but it is more generally distributed, and the Arctic sub-species, known as the barren ground caribou, may be found hundreds of miles nearer the pole than any moose ever ventures.

Caribou seem to reach their highest development in Newfoundland, though there is little to choose between the island deer and those of British Columbia. These regions undoubtedly produced the biggest beasts and the biggest antlers, and I have rarely seen a caribou bull from any part of the great intervening region that I thought would tip the beam at more than 300 lbs. live weight, though animals weighing 400 lbs. and even 450 lbs. are to be found in the localities I have specified.

Although neither graceful nor imposing, the caribou is my ideal of a sporting beast; a stalk on the breezy barrens, when the first snow lies fresh and unsullied upon the ground, and the deer are too busy scraping it away to notice the hunter, is something a man will not forget in a hurry. Moreover, such bright moments do not happen to the most favoured every day. The caribou is an Ishmael among deer, and even the Wandering Jew himself would be hard put to it to keep up with a band of these animals, for they abide but a short time in any one locality, and often put many a weary mile behind them between supper and breakfast.

Cow caribou differ from the females of most deer insomuch as they often carry antlers lighter and less imposing than those of the bulls, but nevertheless well-developed horns. No two sets of caribou antlers are alike, though all bear a general type-resemblance. The brow tines are always palmated, one much more so than the other, and this has given rise to a mistake which cannot be explained too soon. Many American writers call this palmation protruding above the forehead "the plough," evidently believing that the animal uses it to shovel snow. But, as all sportsmen who have seen caribou feeding in winter must know, this is not the case, the broad forefeet being able to do all the digging the case requires—the horns are for defence and ornament and for no other purpose whatever. Our American cousins had better drop "the plough"

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ere it is too late; they have quite enough to answer for in their "robins," "elk" and "buffalo" without making any additional slips of nomenclature.

Woodland caribou are fairly abundant from Newfoundland to Alaska, yet it is quite possible that, could each be counted, we should find them inferior in number to the great bands of smaller deer that inhabit the barren lands. These barren lands have an area of 350,000 square miles, exclusive of Northern Labrador and the Arctic islands, and from end to end they are tracked up like a cattle yard by the hoof prints of the caribou. They winter in the woods, pass the summer on the barrens, and each spring and fall file by certain points in numbers comparable only to the sands of the sea.

In weight the barren ground caribou are fully a third smaller than the woodland animal. Their antlers, on the other hand, are larger in proportion, more gnarled and erratic in form, and altogether more desirable as trophies than those usually carried by the more southern animal—that is, if we except the Newfoundland bull, which is famous for its magnificent head.

A few years ago I found caribou very abundant about the head of the Humber River in Newfoundland, but I have reason to believe their numbers are being very materially reduced all over the island, and some day the gallant caribou bulls of the Land of Fog and Codfish will have followed their fellow islander, the Great Auk, to extinction. Game laws are most excellent things, but they form a poor cuirass against three fingers of slugs from a sealing gun at short range, and it is difficult to see any possible protection for the poor caribou. Of late their carcasses have reached St. John over the new railway by the box-car full.

Caribou are suspicious or foolish by fits and starts. One day you may run into a band and get two or three before they decide to clear out, and on the next you may find yourself outwitted at every turn by the companions of the very animals you slew like sheep. As a rule, caribou are easiest to approach in mild weather, and during the warmest hours of the day; a fresh fall of snow also helps matters, by deadening the sound of the hunter's footsteps. In very cold weather caribou are never still, and this restlessness, especially should there be the least crust upon the snow, makes them particularly difficult to stalk or "still hunt" on such occasions. The caribou makes up for a drop in temperature by hustling a little more, and thanks to a remarkably robust constitution and naturally active habits, gets along quite comfortably in a merciless cold that would freeze a steel horse. By-the-bye this is as it should be, for Mr. Allen, of the Smithsonian, considers the arctic portion of North America to be "part of a homogeneous, hyperborean, faunal area of circumpolar distribution," which evidently accounts for the cold and the caribou being found together.

In British Columbia caribou inhabit nearly all the high ranges from the Rockies to the coast. In the Selkirks they are particularly abundant, being found close to the everlasting glaciers and snow fields of the higher peaks during the summer, but gradually working down the passes and valleys as the ever-deepening snow compels them to vacate their much-loved upland forests. The caribou can stand a lot of snow without grumbling, but twenty feet on the level is rather too much of a good thing, and that depth is frequently exceeded on the western shores of the Selkirk range.

The mountains between the Okanagan and the Fraser; the Bridge River country; the high lands lying between the Thompson and Lillooet; the range lying north-east from Fort George on the upper Fraser; and the Babine and Fire Pan mountains in the Skeena district, are each and all famous caribou countries. And there are dozens of others in that favoured province. From the American boundary north to the 60th degree of latitude, which is the limit of the province toward the Yukon, the caribou is more or less abundant; at first they are confined to the higher

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DRAWN BY ARTHUR HEMING. A POT-HUNTER OF NORTHERN ONTARIO—WOODLAND CARIBOU.

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chains, but as you travel northward you find the caribou at altitudes growing less and less, until in the valley of the Tanzilla and Upper Stikine they winter at an elevation of but a few hundred feet above sea level.

There are northern passes, known generally only to the Indians, through which the caribou file each spring and fall by the hundred thousand. In the first instance they are making for those vast, silent white ranges lying southward of the Stikine, and some 30 miles back over the bench hills. There, in peace and quiet, the cows drop their calves, the latter grow lusty and strong in the clear mountain air, and the big bulls recuperate and get their antlers in condition for the coming struggles of the rutting season.

No sooner have the first snows of August, for winter is parted from winter by the briefest of intervals in that region, begun to creep down the mountains, than the caribou once more commence to round up, and once again file adown the long passes into the lower country, in bands ten thousand strong. On these occasions the Indians lie in wait for them, and kill all they require. Once the Indians were numerous and took heavy toll of the passing deer, now they are few and the caribou herds grow greater year by year.

The Indian women keep an exact mental memorandum of the length of the caribou antlers from the time they show through the skin in spring until the last scrap of velvet has been rubbed off against the northern bricks in August. In other words, they know at any moment just how "ripe" the beasts are; in that condition they would be found, and the condition of their pelts. The squaw of a certain Stick hunter I camped with in the summer of '98, would mark off on her arm the length the caribou antlers had reached each week, until, just as her arm was proving all too short for further demonstration, we ascertained the truth of her infirmative by going to a caribou pass and killing a few.

DRAWN BY ARTHUR HEMING.

A BARREN-GROUND CARIBOU.

Although smaller animals than Woodland Caribou, their antlers are larger in proportion.

It is not generally known that caribou may be called even more readily than the moose, but so it is, and in Newfoundland "tolling" is the fashionable way of getting them in September and October. The call is a mere grunt, and when the bulls are on the rut is a certain means of luring the biggest bulls within easy range. Provided you keep down wind, so as not to taint the air with the dreaded scent of man, a caribou in autumn may often be called up to within a few yards right out on the open barren. This primitive method might not, and probably would not, succeed in districts that have been much shot over, but in Newfoundland fifteen years ago it hardly ever failed. A young bull might work round to leeward, and so become warned of his

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danger, but a big fellow not being afraid of a drubbing from a rival would usually come up straight to the caller ready to do battle.

Fat caribou cow meat is one of the most dainty dishes the hunter secures; it is better than porcupine, and equal to beaver, or mountain mutton; but the bulls are pretty garney in the fall, and a man must be fairly hard set to relish such strong food. Caribou venison always reminds me of that of the small European roe deer, which, likewise, is delicious when in prime condition but decidedly inferior when out of season.

It is hardly feasible to discuss the caribou without alluding to his co-partner of the barren grounds, the musk ox. My personal acquaintance with the animal is extremely limited—that is to say, I have seen many robes made from its skin, taking the place of those of the buffalo in the Northwest, and in certain museums I have studied the animal as interpreted by the taxidermist. Moreover I have enjoyed the intimate acquaintance of a man who dwelt for ten years in one of the Mackenzie River forts, and had hunted the beasts near Great Bear Lake, but beyond that I cannot claim much. It is possible that I shall some day kill one myself, and if I do I will contribute something on the subject to the CANADIAN MAGAZINE.

Messrs. Warburton Pike and Casper Whitney are the two greatest living authorities on the musk ox, not because they have killed more than anyone else, but on account of their being men of education, able to give the world the benefit of their observations. What a pity it is that so much valuable knowledge is wrapped up in an envelope of ignorance, which prevents its ever reaching the world at large! I do not believe we ever found out one-tenth part of what the primitive Indians knew of woodcraft, and the habits of game, and now that they have passed away the book is closed, and may not be re-opened. It will be the same with the half-breed and the Hudson's Bay officer. Here and there an occasional one would put his discoveries on paper and transmit them to the headquarters of the great company he served; four or five have during the past two hundred and thirty years even gone to the length of publishing a book, but as a rule the Hudson's Bay Company officials have not made these contributions to science and general knowledge, that might fairly have been expected from unusually shrewd men, living long lives in the wild woodlands of the north.

Pike gives lat. 60 as the southern boundary of the musk ox, which is, of course, reliable testimony as regards the particular region he hunted in, but further east it occurs in a lower latitude by at least a degree. The isothermal lines have a general northwest trend all through the Territories, and as the valley of the Mackenzie is approached bear more and more decidedly toward the north, hence it follows that the forest reaches nearer toward the polar sea in longitude 110° west than in 95° west by several hundred miles, curtailing by an equal amount the great treeless stretches on which the musk oxen dwell. They never seek the timber. The long drooping coats in which they are clothed, together with the heavy woolly under pile, seems to keep them warm during the bitterest blizzard that ever blew, so that the man who is determined to possess a prime musk ox robe of his own killing must seek them between October and April in one of the most desolate regions we know of. They exist in Greenland, and in all the islands north of the continent, but have become extinct within comparatively recent times in northern Europe and Asia.

Warburton Pike says the musk ox is not decreasing. More skins are now brought into the Hudson's Bay posts than was formerly the case, but this does not prove that more are killed. Once they had no trade value, and were either left behind or used for the thousand and one uses to which Indians turn the pelts of any big game they may kill; now a certain percentage

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of those killed in not too remote regions are saved and brought to the trader, as there is a demand for such skins, seeing that the robes of the buffalo are no longer obtainable. The headwaters of the Great Fish River are about the best grounds for musk oxen, that is to say they are as good as any to which our decidedly limited knowledge of the animal and its habits extends. A few years ago the wild oxen roamed west to the basin of the Mackenzie, but they have not done so of late years, and the Copper Mine River is said to be their present western limit. East they may be met with to the very shores of Hudson's Bay.

Very little is known of the natural history of the musk ox, but it appears to be probable that the cows calve every two years, dropping their young in May and June. Fat cow meat is undoubtedly good food, but the bulls are horribly musky and the calves insipid and tasteless. The robe is warm, but too heavy for most uses, and is never likely to be in very lively demand. A big bull probably weighs at the very least 1,000 pounds, for no animal is more solidly put together, but owing to its long coat it appears much larger than it really is. An arrant coward in reality, its aspect is most savage, and against the ravenous wolf of the north its big sharp horns no doubt form effective weapons, but it fails to recognize man as an enemy, so that the actual shooting of the musk ox is a simple matter—the only reason the inoffensive animal lingers on a stage he once shared with the extinct Irish elk and mammoth is that few men can tear themselves away from the charms of civilization long enough to visit those distant barrens, where alone the quarry may be killed. But the prospector is already penetrating the region northeast of the lobe of the Great Slave, and before long the musk ox will find the bullets flying thick around him, and excepting on the outlying Arctic islands his doom is sealed. Let civilized man once make a lodgment on the barren lands, and the musk ox will disappear as rapidly as did the American bison from the similarly open plains of the Great West. Nature is kind when she creates a forest loving animal; cruel when she fashions one that seeks the open country, for the latter has but one protection—solitude. And where will solitude exist in another generation or two?

To be Continued.

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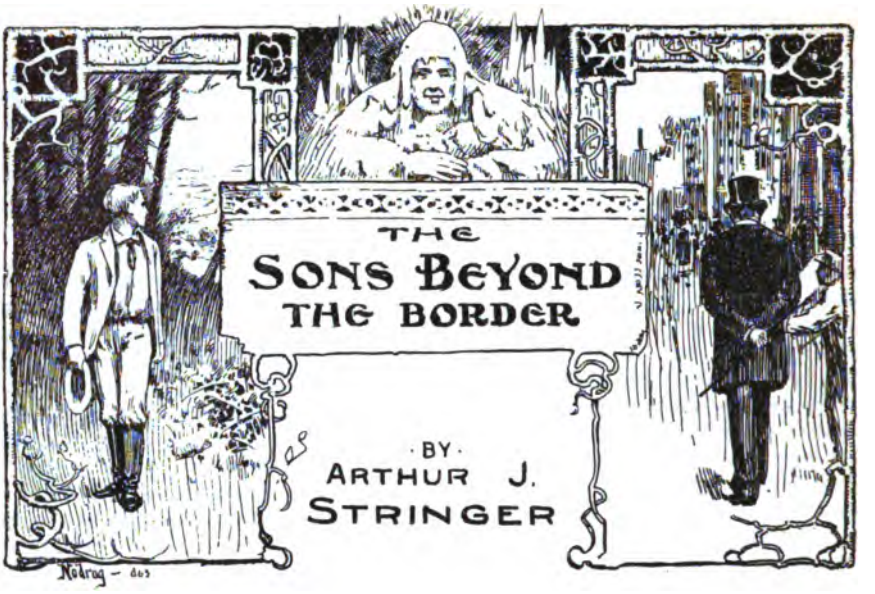

" They held us but a puny folk,
A paltry few, at best;
Aye, but a handful, so they spoke,
Flung o'er our Arctic West."

YOU who are born of a mother, soft-handed, deep-bosomed, grave-eyed,
You who have lived your lives, have forgotten your tears, at her side,
Tho' drunk with the Wine of Content, thrice happy, in truth, are you,
—You who are Sons of the North, that is silent, and dark, and true,—
Where golden and green and dusk thro' the pines we half forget
Lie the Hills of grey Remembrance and the Valleys of Regret!
But of old it was writ that the Son must turn from the roof of his sires,
In quest what the Morrow demands, and not what his heart desires.
So they who are born of our Homeland, e'en they whom the North gave birth,
Must mingle with sons of the Southlands in the far-off ends of the earth;
And the smoke of the moving camp-fires and the dust of the rumbling wains,
Shall follow the plume of the liner and the shriek of the hurrying trains;
Oh, some for the trail to the South and some for the luring West,
But each shall hold to the end that the Home of his Birth is best.

" They knew us not as it was meet,
For wide our Norland Home,
Aye, wide her million leagues of loam,
Where five good seas lap at her feet,
And five great rivers foam."

Yet the Son who goes out in the world shall Home as a stranger return,
And not as they once have gleamed shall the old glad home-fires burn,
Aye, tho' he be one of their blood, e'en the kin he has come among
Shall turn at his sunburned face and the alien touch to his tongue;
And he who had not forgotten, tho' his feet had far to roam,
Shall know, in his broken heart, that his home is not his home.

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"What know they of the lives we live?
Or what the deaths we died?
That we our childrens' children give
The dreams we are denied?"

If we who are blood of her blood and bone of her very bone,
By a hand less soft than hers were swept from the hearths you own,
If we into stranger cities and far-off countries fared,
If we have journeyed and wandered, have battled, been beaten, despaired,—
Was it aught for the lordlier bounty that comes with the emptier name?
Was it done for an unknown people, who would hold us up to shame?
Was it, in truth, that we, grown tired of our own dark North,
In quest of the softer road and the lighter task, came forth?
Or was it the touch of unrest that troubled our wilding youth?
Ask us who are over the Border, and, Canada, know the truth.

"If snow winds crooned our cradle song,
And of the North we are,
Shall we regret, O kindred strong,
Our northern birth, or star?"

Where smoke lies black on their cities and the dust eats deep in their hearts,
Where they who are feverish-hearted make clamour in feverish marts,
We solace their nights with legends, with song we lighten their days,
And selling our best for its price, we asked not ever their praise,
But bartered and bought with their people and sought of the things they sought;
Yet think not, Bountiful Mother, that ever your sons forgot.
For with all of the gold they lavish they have so little we need,
And for all of their thanks out-doled, know they the cost of the deed?
Ah! The migrant Son looks Homeward, no matter whither he goes,
For the Broom is never the Maple Leaf, nor the Golden Rod the Rose!
Only your own grave eyes, we ask, shall follow us on our ways,
Since yours is the deeper passion and the more enduring praise.
Though unto the ends of the world Fate drives us wide and far,
Our heart's with the land of the pine, our home with the Northern Star,
And tho' we have housed with strangers, and journeyed by sea and land,
We are ever the Sons of the North, as the world shall understand!

"'Twas well our fathers' blood of old
In norland veins did flow,
For by our brumal strength I hold
Not weaklings could our Northland mould,
Cubbed as they are in boreal cold,
And nursed in northern snow!"

Not easy of speech are we with you, for whom we feign no art,
And if little our lip has spoken, you know how full our heart!
So work, we shall work for you, till the name that is ours be yours,
—Work, we shall work, knowing well we stand while the North endures:
With a faith as the faith of children, and the hunger of homeless men,
Awaiting the time we Northward turn, tho' we know not how nor when,
—We, Canadians to the heart-core, Canadian, blood and bone,
We yet shall turn to our Homelands, and some day know our own!

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LITERATURE IN CANADA

Second Paper

BY ROBERT BARR.

IN a previous article I devoted some attention to the somewhat benighted condition of the average citizen of the Dominion who, according to his own statistics, loves whiskey better than books. I now turn with equal horror to the contemplation of the educated Canadian.

Canada has suffered much at the hands of her cultured class. Mr. Cooper, in his article in the May number of this magazine, says the educated Canadian is conservative. This is putting it mildly, but I believe the statement is accurate as far as it goes. The educated Canadian is conservative because he has no opinion of his own. In literature he waits until a definite judgment is pronounced outside of Canada; then your educated Canadian knows it all. He retails this second-hand estimate to admiring listeners with all the confidence of a man exploiting his own discovery. This is a very happy state of things for the educated Canadian, for if you contradict him he waves you off by saying, "Oh, the London *Times* agrees with me," or "*The Athenæum* has given expression to my view," and thus you are floored. But the unfortunate thing for a young Canadian endeavouring to make his way in literature is, that until he leaves his own domicile and has achieved commendation from other people, he has no chance whatever of making any impression on the second-hand opinion of his educated fellow-countrymen. The cultured Canadian glosses his ignorance with a hard polish, which is utterly impervious to thought that is Canadian in its origin. He says of Canada as they of old said, "Can there any good come out of Nazareth," and it is not until erusalem has deified, or crucified the azarene, that he becomes of honour in his own land.

Mr. Cooper tells an interesting story which is not related for the purpose of confirming my argument, but which, nevertheless, goes some distance in that direction.

Six men of education and culture, he said, were taking dinner in a private room in a Toronto restaurant. Being cultivated persons their talk naturally turned towards literature, and the good old stock question came up. If all the books were to be blotted out with exception of the Bible and Shakspere and one other volume, what should that one other volume be? Please note the conventionality of the exception. There are many men of culture and education who are not in the habit ot reading either the Bible or Shakspere, yet when this stock question arises, this stock exception is invariably made; sometimes Milton and Homer are lugged in, usually suggested by a posing man of education and culture who has never read a line of one or the other. Here then are the authors preserved to us by the six men of culture and education in Toronto—Scott, Dickens, Carlyle, Kipling, Macaulay, Parkman, Thackeray, Ruskin, Elliott, Pope, Lecky, Stevenson, Browning, Tennyson, Goldsmith and Arnold, in the order named.

Imagine, if you can, the depth of decadence into which critical judgment has fallen in Toronto, when there can be found half a dozen men throughout that ill-fated city who actually place Dickens before Thackeray, and who, at this age of the world, seriously consider Macaulay, when right in their own town, doubtless within a street car fare of where they were dining, lives Goldwin Smith, a writer incomparably superior to Macaulay, whether considered as a literary stylist or as an accurate historian. If cultured Canadians would only import

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their opinions with reasonable celerity, such mistakes could not occur, and there is really no excuse for this tardiness when there are several lines of steamers running from England to Montreal each week. Doubtless the distinguished diners themselves will be shocked to learn that, to use a commercial phrase, Dickens stock began to decline on the day of his death, and has been declining ever since, while in like manner Thackeray stock began to appreciate and has continued to do so.

But there are six prigs in other places than Canada. The editor of an English magazine told me a while since that six English novelists dined together and the usual question came up with the usual exception. It took this form :—"If you were sentenced to a term of imprisonment and could get only one book to read, which book would you choose, Shakspere and the Bible excepted?" The answer was unanimous; the six novelists chose George Borrows' book, 'Lavengro.'"

I sat silent for a moment or two when this was told me, and then said with deliberation, "I think I should have chosen 'Lavengro' too."

"So should I," replied the editor.

Thus there were eight of us, like the little niggers. On leaving my editor friend I went at once to my favourite book-store on the Strand, and said to the man in charge: "Have you got a copy of a book entitled 'Lavengro'?"

"Well," replied the attendant, "there isn't much call for it, but I think I have a copy. Yes, here it is; two shillings; by George Borrow."

I paid the money, took the book home with me, and since then I have read it.

Now these six English prigs differed from the six Canadian prigs in this; there was at least some originality about their choice. Without knowing who the six were, I surmised that probably an article on George Borrow had appeared in one of the reviews, and each man supposed he alone had read that article, so he thought he would surprise the others by naming a book of which they had never heard. I take some delight in imagining the long faces pulled by the six novelists when the poll was declared. Next year, Mr. Cooper, when your six men are dining again in their private room, I'll bet you a year's subscription to this magazine that they choose 'Lavengro.'

Rather more than a year ago, when I was in America I had the pleasure of listening to a lecture by Mr. James L. Hughes, Inspector of Schools for Toronto. The lecture was the last of a series on the same subject, and the subject was Charles Dickens. I sat entranced, listening to the rounded periods of Mr. Hughes. For the time being the years rolled off my shoulders, and I was once more a boy of seventeen listening to the estimate of the noted novelist whom I had cherished at that period of my existence. It staggered me at first, I confess, to learn that any educated man considered the exaggerations of Charles Dickens worthy of six discourses, but once in the auditorium all that was forgotten, and I bathed in the eloquence of the Inspector as if I had discovered the fountain of youth which Ponce de Leon failed to find in Florida.

I quote here from an inaccurate memory, and so cannot reproduce the exact words; but this was their substance:

"Murdstone"! The sonorous voice of Mr. Hughes rolled out the cognomen, dwelling thrillingly on the "r's." "Think of the significance of that name! 'Murd,' the first syllable of murder, and 'stone,' typical of the hard heart of this wonderfully drawn character."

This was most impressive, but still, if Mr. Hughes had wished to get names with meanings, he had only to go back a little further in literature to the old dramatists, and there he would have found Mr. Lovemore, Mr. Bashful Constant, Mr. Brilliant Fashion, Mr Lively, Mr. Sombre, Mr. Moody, Mr. Joyful, Sir John Reckless, Lord Graball,

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a miser; indeed he might have had a more recent example, for an American novelist once wrote: "Mr. Winterbottom was a cold, stern man."

But after the discourse was over and I had removed myself from the magnetism of the lecturer's presence, I began to ponder on the disquieting position of things which this oration displayed. If the chief educational official in the largest and probably the most enlightened city of Ontario, held literary opinions which perhaps it would be too harsh a term to call infantile, what must be the state of mind of the ordinary teachers throughout the Province, and what chance is there of any of their unfortunate pupils becoming a Judge Haliburton or a Gilbert Parker, an Archibald Lampman or a Dr. Drummond? The fact that the country does produce such men is merely an example of the amazing fertility of nature. To expect it to do so as a matter of course, would be as absurd as if a farmer looked for fall wheat to sprout in the spring, when he had neither ploughed the land nor sown the grain the year before.

During all my school days in Canada, whether in the humble log chalet of the backwoods or the more imposing educational halls of Toronto, I never once heard the name of a literary man mentioned. Never once was I told that I lived in a country containing the grandest scenery the world has to show. Never once was the information given to me that the history of the deeds which won an empire from the wilderness was more absorbingly interesting than the most thrilling romance ever penned. And here I come to the chief indictment I have to bring against the conservative educated Canadian. The school books which he compiled for his unhappy victims throughout the Province reflected his own second-hand state of mind. Unfortunately I have not in my possession the school books at present in use in Ontario, but the third, fourth and fifth books of my day were as bad as if I had compiled them myself. Canadian history was represented, when I first went to school in Canada, by a little yellow book, which was as dull as a page of logarithms. Later we had a larger book containing many bad wood-cuts, and this volume was even duller than the other, because it was bigger. The selections for the reading books were mostly chosen from English sources, and if we saw Canada at all, it was through English eyes. There were some turgid poems on Niagara, if I remember aright, but they were all by Englishmen, and I think the prose description was by Charles Dickens himself.

The other night I was invited by the Whitefriar's Club to attend a dinner given to Mark Twain. One of the speakers was Dean Hole, of Rochester, celebrated alike as an orator and a bookmaker. He told a story which he credited to Dr. Conan Doyle, but which, nevertheless, was my story. Discussing the very point I am endeavouring to throw light upon now, I told this story to Dr. Doyle, to emphasize my remarks, and he asked permission to use the anecdote, on his lecture tour, which permission I most cheerfully gave, and now Dean Hole has got the story in one of his books, and if my name were only attached, I should have some chance of going down to posterity. Here is the yarn:

As a boy I worked my way from Detroit on a schooner to the Welland Canal. The schooner was the *Olive Branch*, and I believe her bones now lie exposed to the winds on the shore near Toronto. My objective point was the Niagara Falls, and as soon as I got off the schooner I tramped from the canal to the cataract, one hot, dusty summer's day. I sat and looked at the Falls, but was bitterly disappointed with them. No reality can ever equal the expectation of a boy's lurid fancy. However, I consoled myself by saying, "Never mind; some day I shall have money enough to go to England and see the Falls of Ladore." In the third, or the fourth, or the fifth book, which was then used in all schools throughout Canada, Southey's poem, the Falls of Ladore, was given:

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Recoiling, turmoiling and toiling and boiling,
And steaming, and beaming, and gleaming, and streaming,
And dashing, and flashing, and splashing, and clashing.
All at once and all o'er, with a mighty uproar,
And this way the water comes down at Ladore!

Naturally I thought such a cataract must be the greatest downpour in the world, and sure enough, neither money nor opportunity being lacking, I had a chance of viewing the wonder of nature which inspired Southey's muse. I landed one summer evening at a lake-side town two miles from Ladore. My impatience would not admit of my waiting till daylight, so I started on foot along the beautiful well-made road which skirts the lake, then almost as light as day under a full harvest moon. After I had tramped about two miles I began to fear I had lost my way, for, pausing every now and then, I could hear no sound of water, so I sat down on the rocks by the wayside until some belated passerby should happen along and give me more definite directions. At last a countryman came slowly down the road and I hailed him.

"Can you tell me where the Falls of Ladore are?" I asked. The man paused in astonishment.

"Why, sir," he said finally, "you're a-sittin' in 'em."

The fact was the falls had gone temporarily out of commission because of the dryness of the summer. Now, however picturesque the surroundings of a cataract may be, I maintain that a little water is necessary as well, and yet, thanks to our Canadian school books, I had waved Niagara contemptuously aside for this heap of dusty stones!

Canada always underestimates her own, and my reason for writing this article is to enlarge, if possible, her bump of self-appreciation; self-conceit, if you like. I have done it before in an instance which I shall relate, and so I do not despair even with so large a handful as the Dominion. Once when spending a winter in the lovely English watering place of Torquay, I took my map and walked towards the village of Babbacombe. Nearing the place I met the local policeman and asked him if there was anything worth seeing in Babbacombe.

"No," he said slowly, "there isn't. You ought to see Torquay, that's a great place."

"But," I objected, "I have just come from Torquay. You don't think it would be worth my while then to go on to Babbacombe?"

"Oh, no, sir," he said, "there's nothing a-goin' on there. I was born and bred in the place, and nothing much has happened ever since."

Nevertheles, I continued my journey across the wind-swept down and came to the edge of a precipice, where an astonishing view burst upon me. The cliffs were of red sandstone, resembling in colour the Esterel mountains in Southern France; the water was as deeply blue as the Mediterranean, and down the densely-wooded Devonshire Combe, embowered in foliage, straggled the thatched roofs of the quaint old cottages of Babbacombe, the floor of one house level with the peak of another, and so on to the edge of the glittering sand, and the white line of foam from the rippling tide. On returning I again met the leisurely policeman.

"Look here," I said, "Babbacombe is the loveliest place I ever saw in my life. The next stranger you meet, tell him that whatever else he misses, he mustn't miss Babbacombe. The cliffs are the colour of the mountains of Judea, near Jerusalem; the water is as lovely as the Golden Horn at Constantinople."

"Do you mean to tell me so, sir?" he asked, opening his eyes wide in astonishment.

"I do, and I don't want you to forget it either. A man who was born in such a place should be proud of it."

When I looked back from away down the hill the policeman was still standing where I left him, gazing after me.

Six years passed before I met that policeman again. He did not recognize me, but I recognized him.

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"Well, officer," I said, "I'm tramping on to Babbacombe. Is it worth while going there?"

"Worth while?" he cried, with enthusiasm, "it's the prettiest village in the whole world; them as travels has told me so. Part o' Babbicum is just like Jerusalem, and another part is like Constantinople. You mustn't miss Babbicum, sir, for I was born and bred there."

Now I should like to do for Canada what I did for that policeman. He got his similes rather mixed up, but he was on the right track, and I believe he will remain on it until he is superannuated.

The thing that seems to me to stand in the way of the Canadian Walter Scott, is Canada's persistent undervaluation of her own men and women. Mr. Cooper in his article commented on the fact that his six prigs dining in a private room had included no modern author except Kipling and Stevenson, but what strikes me as emblematical of their limited minds is, that not one of the half dozen gave any chance to a Canadian Mr. W. A. Fraser, in his address to the newspaper men, to which I took exception on this same count, said that above all else we must have Truth, and he spelt it with a capital T. I think there must be truth in fiction, otherwise it will not live. It is probably the absence of truth in the writing of Charles Dickens, all his pictures being exaggerations, and his character sketches, caricatures, which accounts for his gradual decline, and which will account for the ultimate extinction of his work. Stevenson is another of the men chosen by the learned six, and in some of his books he has ventured on American topics, which he treats with a lack of truth which must ever distinguish the work of a foreigner writing of a country not his own.

"A man should write what is in his bones," said Kipling once, and the phrase has stuck to me ever since I heard it. Kipling himself is the exception which goes to prove his own rule, for he has written truthfully of a life which, so to speak, was not in his bones, as is shown in his story of the fisher folk in "Captains Courageous."

"The Master of Ballantrae" is generally admitted to be one of Stevenson's most notable books, and the character of the Master is drawn by a vigorous and sure hand, while an even more subtle creation is the old servant, MacKellar, who tells the story. But the moment Stevenson brings his people across to America the element of truth escapes from his novel, and it goes to pieces. He has his company wander blundering through the north woods from Albany for something like three weeks, when any one who knows the Indian and the time is well aware that every member of that company would be decently scalped and dead before they were half an hour in the forest. Stevenson has his Indians do what no Indian ever thought of doing. He has the aborigines stroll listlessly along the valley with the white foreigners gazing down on them from the ridge, when in reality the incident would have been the other way about.

This is what comes of dining in a private room in a city restaurant instead of camping out in the valley of the Don and learning the ways of Indians. I hope Mr. Cooper will take his six, next time they are hungry, to the city limits on an electric car and treat them to a picnic where they may see the methods of the wilderness. If there had been a single original idea in the brains of the six they would have given a vote for at least one Canadian book, and so against their next meeting in a private room, I'll bestow upon them a hint. I shall not go to any author so well known as Gilbert Parker, whose splendid array of books is now heading the lists both in England and in the United States. I shall take a writer much less famous perhaps, but no less deserving of fame. In a book written by Mrs. Harrison, of Toronto, entitled "The Forest of Bourg Marie," there is a chapter describing an ancient ruined chateau in Canada which has been made a store-house for furs by the grim old man who is the striking

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hero of the book. Not only has Robert Louis Stevenson, nor any one mentioned by the six, never written anything so striking as that description of the furs, but, to find its equal in literature, you will have to go back to the time of the Arabian Tales. I know nothing of Mrs. Harrison beyond what may be surmised by a reading of her book, but I stake whatever little reputation I have on the statement that "The Forest of Bourg Marie" is a notable work of genius, a book superb in its character drawing, noble in diction, thrilling in incident, and so strongly constructed that it dispenses with conventional love-making, without losing an atom of its interest, a feat which has not been accomplished, to my knowledge, since Robinson Crusoe, and I doubt if there is a novelist living, however famous, who would have the courage to put forth a romance without a heroine in it.

I must apologize to the immacualate six, for mentioning a work which emanates from mere Toronto.

Now what is the remedy; what can be done to get Canada out of the literary slough of despond in which it wallows? I think it will help to clear the way if we admit that, with the present generation, all effort is useless. The six cultured and educated men who dined in the private room are hopeless, and perhaps even I am not able to convince them that they are six egregious asses, holding the same literary opinions now to be found only in the colliery districts of England; opinions which have been discarded by men of intelligence everywhere else in the world. Our endeavour at reform must begin with the rising generation and so, if possible, an attempt should be made to civilize the school teachers of Canada. I am taking it for granted that the school books are nearly, if not quite, as bad as they were in my day, and I arrive at this estimate of them because the Inspector of Public Schools in an imperial city like Toronto holds good old matured literary opinions that are of the vintage of 1876. I doubt also if the Normal School has improved, and so it were useless to look to that institution for help in reclaiming the teachers. In my day the Normal School was a sort of educational pork-packing factory. It gathered in to itself the raw material from all parts of the Province, rushed it through the machine, scraped off some of the ignorance, but not much, and there stood the manufactured article, produced in so many minutes by the watch. I was captured from my native lair, soaked, scraped and so flung upon a defenceless Province, certified as being of correct weight and size, all in something less than four months.

We must get at the teachers direct. My plan is to place THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE into the hands of every teacher in Ontario. To expect the teachers to pay two dollars and a half a year for it is absurd; because Canada, although willing to lavish millions on railways or on telegraphs to the other end of the earth, is graspingly penurious where her teachers are concerned. She pays them meagre salaries, so that every woman among them is looking towards the day when she will get married, and every man is anxious for the time when he can step into something that will bring him in more money. My statistical hand-book of Canada shows that in the year 1887 there were something like five thousand schools in Ontario. I suppose that by this time the number has doubled. Placing the figure then at ten thousand, how are we to get the magazine into those ten thousand schools? Of course it would be a small matter and quite unnoticeable in the tax list if each school section in Canada were to appropriate two dollars and a half a year for the magazine, but to look for that is to look for an impossibility, although this would be the natural way out in a civilized community. I propose, therefore, to start a fund. I will place a hundred dollars in the hands of the Editor of THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE if forty-nine other prigs, educated and cultured, will put up a like amount each; that would be five thousand dol-

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lars. I should expect the ten thousand teachers to subscribe on their own account fifty cents apiece, and I should expect the proprietors of THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE, on getting an order for ten thousand copies, to let us have them at a dollar a year, each subscription.

Then if I were the editor of the magazine I would get a number of the bright young people to write articles on the stirring historical events of Canada. The war of 1812 alone is a mine of wealth, and in the United States, not to mention Canada, there is a vast amount of ignorance regarding the outcome of that historical episode. What writer could wish for a more attractive hero than General Brock, or a more romantic character than Tecumseh? Where, even in the history of Scotland, is there an act of more womanly devotion than the night excursion taken by Mrs. Secord through swamp and forest to warn her countrymen of the enemy's approach? Literally, the woods are full of incidents like these.

The recent success of *McClure's Magazine* in New York shows what can be done on these lines. Miss Ida M. Tarbell, a girl unheard of before the magazine was founded has been, as it were, the backbone of that publication. She began by writing a life of Abraham Lincoln, and is still at it, having sandwiched Napoleon between the two histories of the Martyred President, and I must confess I read the account of that great plain man's life with as intense an interest as I did some years ago, when the articles first appeared.

Now, in Canada there are hundreds of girls who are as bright, as clever, and as well educated as Miss Tarbell, but there is no opening for them in the Dominion. The United States' publications are closed to them because readers on the other side of the line are not interested in the historical annals of a foreign country. When I offered my first book, which dealt with the Fenian Raid in Canada, to a New York publisher he refused it, but said if I changed the venue of the incidents over to the States he would publish the book. "We have no interest in Canada," he added. Well, as I was unable to transport the Fenian Raid from the Province of Ontario to the State of New York, my book had to be published by another fellow, who took it with some reluctance, having exactly the same objection to it. This shows the disadvantage under which Canadian writers labour when they seek an outlet for their wares across the border.

Last year, when I visited one of the High Schools of Buffalo, I found on the desk of each teacher files of every New York magazine. Stories and articles from these magazines were read to the classes, explained and commented upon. Such a course not only interested, but brightened the pupils, and made them alert and up-to-date. I propose then that THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE be read in the Canadian schools; that the children should be taught something about the leading writers of the day, especially those who belong to Canada, or who write about Canada; that they should be taught something of the grandeur of their country, of its scenery and its history. They should be told that the important things of life are right around the schoolhouse door, and not over in England, or on any other distant shore. To this end I am ready to contribute a hundred dollars a year for the next five years, if there are forty-nine men in Canada willing to do the same. In such a way I think the chances of Canada producing a Sir Walter Scott or a Jane Austin from among the present boys and girls of Canada will be considerably enhanced, and, perhaps, when the boys now in school grow up, they will be willing to buy more books and less whiskey.

THE END.

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ANOTHER LEASE OF LIFE.

By C. W. Peterson, Deputy Commissioner of Agriculture, Northwest Territories.

THE agricultural world has hardly recovered from the shock occasioned by the presidential address of Sir William Crooks, before the British Association for the Advancement of Science. The statements of a man of Sir William Crooks' scientific attainments were naturally regarded by the layman as gospel truth, and it is but recently that a number of inquisitive persons have ventured to suggest with a great deal of timidity, that after all, our chances of obtaining the regular supply of "the staff of life" a number of years hence, may probably not be quite as desperate as Sir William Crooks would have us believe.

As intimated by Mr. Hyde in an article on the subject contained in a recent number of *The North American Review*, the address of Sir William should be regarded more in the light of a warning or a plea for more advanced methods of cultivation, than a prediction; but the figures quoted by him in support of his argument are wholly misleading, and in his effort to emphasize his point, he has taken undue liberties with the economic laws governing supply and demand.

Sir William's remarks respecting the position of Great Britain in the event of a prolonged blockade are worthy of most serious consideration. It would, indeed, be but the bitter irony of fate, if the wealthiest and best armed country on earth should ever be compelled to sue for peace owing to a shortage of grain. The warning is a timely one, and if the address of the President of the British Association bears no other fruit than the speedy establishment of the proposed national granaries, which might ultimately avert the danger of Great Britain finding herself in the humiliating and ruinous position indicated above, the scientific and agricultural world will readily overlook its shortcomings in other respects.

Sir William has fallen into the error of regarding wheat as the sole food of nations. Nothing can be more fallacious. It cannot be doubted that wheat is at present, and is always likely to be, the most important factor in the food supply of the world; but a glance at the statistics below will show the elasticity of the wheat demand of Europe, and the ability of the human race to struggle along comfortably on short wheat rations, presumably substituting more concentrated and economical articles of diet in times of scarcity and high priced wheat.

Year.	World's Crop.	Yearly Shipment of Wheat from all countries to Europe.	Production of Europe.	Per cent. of world's crop taken by Europe.	Visible supply stocks available on 1st Dec. in each year.	Average farm price in U.S. Cents per bushel.	Consumption of Europe.
1892	2,441,000,000	380,700 000	1,411,000,000	15.6	176,000,000	83.9	1,791,700,000
1893	2,512,000,000	396,500,000	1,514,000 000	15.8	190,000,000	62.4	1,910,500,000
1894	2,563,000,000	26 .,500,000	1,521,000,000	10.7	185 000,000	53.8	1,784,500 000
1895	2,469,000,000	399,800,000	1,437,000,000	16.2	161,000,000	49.1	1,836,800,000
1896	2,384,000,000	352,200,000	1,484,000,000	14	149,000,000	50.9	1,836,200,000
1897	2,224,000,000	330,900,000	1,146,000,000	14.9	130,000,000	71.6	1,476,900,000

According to the theory of Sir William Crooks, we should now be at the point of starvation. In 1892 the number of bread eaters of the world exceeded 475 millions, while at the present time they are estimated at 516 millions; an increase of no less than 41 millions, requiring an additional supply of wheat, according to his own calculations, of about 4½ bushels per head of population or, at least, 184 million bushels. What, however, do we find is the

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actual state of affairs? The consumption of Europe was some 316 millions of bushels less in 1897 than in 1892, although the average price was apparently higher in the former than in the latter year, and still the world jogs along comfortably with a visible supply of stocks, only a mere bagatelle of 46 million bushels less last year than in 1892, and a great world crop to fall back upon this year. We decidedly seem to be holding our own. Another feature of the wheat problem to which I would direct attention, is the peculiar fact that our largest crops during the past eight years all followed years of high prices, namely, 1892, when wheat was worth 83.9 cents per bushel, and 1897, when the average farm value is shown to be 71.6 cents per bushel as against an average farm price during the period mentioned of 61.95 cents per bushel. It is also a fact to be noted that low world crops have a tendency to follow low prices of preceding years; for instance, the crops of 1896 and 1897. Is this mere chance? I trow not. I would venture to assert that dollar wheat for four years would almost double the volume of production of the United States and Canada, but I fear that Sir William's statement to the effect that a permanently higher price for wheat is a calamity which must ere long be faced by European nations, is as yet very far off realization. Statistics would seem to indicate that the wheat problem is one susceptible of easy adjustment.

It may be argued in support of the theory that we have almost reached our full expansion respecting wheat lands, that the introduction of labour-saving machinery enabling one farm hand today to perform the work of at least two a decade or two ago, should have materially added to the world's production of wheat were this theory not a sound one. This could, and would, be the natural effect were prices such as to invite wheat growing, which, it is needless to say, is neither the case at present nor at any time during the past few years.

Sir William now goes on to deal with the future possibilties of the various wheat producing countries of the world. I am not in the position to criticize his conclusions as regards countries other than Manitoba and the Northwest Territories of Canada; but in respect to these, I can unhesitatingly state, that he displays a degree of ignorance, quite incompatible, one would think, with the position of a president of the leading scientific organization of the world.

The following is an extract from Sir William's address referred to :—

". . . Expectations have been cherished that the Canadian Northwest would easily supply the world with wheat, and exaggerated estimates are drawn as to the amounts of surplus land on which wheat can be grown. Thus far, performance has lagged behind promise, the wheat-bearing area of all Canada having increased less than 500,000 acres since 1884, while the exports have not increased in greater proportion. As the wheat area of Manitoba and the Northwest has increased, the wheat area of Ontario and the Eastern Provinces has decreased, the added areas being little more than sufficient to meet the growing requirement of population. We have seen calculations showing that Canada contains 500,000,000 acres of profitable wheat land. The impossibility of such an estimate ever being fulfilled will be apparent when it is remembered that the whole area employed in both temperate zones for growing all the staple food crops is not more than 580,000,000 acres, and that in no country has more than 9 per cent. of the area been devoted to wheat culture. . . . . ."

If " performance has lagged behind promise", it is for the simple reason that the low wheat prices prevailing during previous years have proved an insurmountable hindrance in the way of the settlement of the Canadian Northwest. The time-worn saying that "the successful settler is the best immigration agent", applies with peculiar emphasis to this portion of the world, and while I do not wish to imply that the settlers here have not, as a rule, been prosperous, there can be no doubt that high wheat prices during the past ten years would have hastened the development of the country to such an extent that Sir William would have had no occasion to complain in his recent presidential address, of performance having lagged behind promise,

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as far as the Canadian Northwest is concerned.

The statement adversely commented on in the historical speech under discussion, to the effect that Canada lays claim to 500,000,000 acres of wheat lands, is one which I doubt very much was ever seriously entertained.

I shall now, however, proceed to estimate the area within the Canadian Northwest, including the Province of Manitoba and the Provisional Districts of Assiniboia, Alberta, Saskatchewan and Athabasca, which could, under favourable market conditions, be made to contribute to the world's wheat supply. Mr. A. M. Burgess, late Commissioner of Dominion Lands, fixed the area of Manitoba and the Northwest Territories fit for agricultural operations at about 390,000 square miles. I am inclined to think, however, that this calculation is far too liberal. A moderate estimate of the tract lying within the wheat belt, as defined by the Geological Surveys Branch of the Department of the Interior, would be 262,000 square miles. This includes the Peace River District where wheat has been successfully grown for years. Out of this area, 101,000 square miles are located within the semi-arid district, leaving 161,000 square miles of wheat lands under favourable climatic and soil conditions. An allowance should be made of some 25 per cent. of the total to cover lands unfit for cultivation owing to adverse topographical features, which would leave a balance of some 121,000 square miles, or 77,440,000 acres.

The Canadian Irrigation Surveys Corps has carefully measured the water supply available for the irrigation of the semid-arid district, and the supply which could readily be made available through the construction of a system of storage reservoirs on the east slope of the Rocky Mountains, and it has been found that, estimating on the basis of one second foot of water for every hundred acres (the duty of water as fixed at present), an area of 6,500,000 acres can be artificially watered within the semi-arid district. This, added to the area under humid conditions, would bring the total wheat lands of Manitoba and the Northwest up to about 84,000,000 acres.

Sir William states that in no country does the area under wheat culture exceed 9 per cent. of the total, but the cause of this may again be attributed to the recent series of low prices. I think, I am safe in stating, that taking into consideration the economic value of the enormous area of excellent grazing lands not included in the above estimate, over 50 per cent. of the 84 million acres of agricultural lands could be depended upon in estimating the quota of the Canadian Northwest to the wheat supply of the world, leaving the remainder to produce the necessaries of life for the enormous population which would be required to carry on such stupendous agricultural operations.

I might go on *ad infinitum* enlarging on these dazzling figures and facts, but I will content myself with having directed attention to the possibilities and resources of this great and very much underestimated portion of the world, and to have done my best to allay any possible fear in the minds of our younger generation of being ultimately destined to submit to the stern fate of short rations. I cannot, however, bring this article to a close without a few words of comment on the following assertions contained in Sir William Crook's address:

". . . The fertility of the Northwest Provinces of the Dominion is due to an exceptional and curious circumstance. In winter the ground freezes to a considerable depth. Wheat is sown in the spring, generally in April, when the frozen ground has been thawed to a depth of three inches. Under the hot sun of the short summer the grain sprouts with surprising rapidity, partly because the roots are supplied with water from the thawing depths. The summer is too short to thaw the ground thoroughly, and gateposts or other dead wood extracted in the autumn are found still frozen at their lower end. . ."

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Sir William is decidedly misinformed as to the sowing of wheat when the ground thaws to the extent of three inches below the surface. Under the "hot sun" he refers to, the thawing of the ground to a sufficient depth to admit of ploughing is only a matter of a very few days. Before the grain sprouts, all frost is usually entirely out of the ground. I, therefore, fear I cannot endorse Sir William's recital of the curious and mysterious circumstances in connection with wheat growing in the Canadian Northwest. The final statement in the above quotation, however, although of minor importance, is of such a preposterous nature, that one involuntarily pauses while the conviction slowly presents itself that if Sir William's elaborate calculations and alarming conclusions are based upon such a very superficial knowledge of the conditions in the various countries he undertakes to discuss in his address, as is exhibited here, the credence due the statements of a gentleman and a scientist occupying his position, should not be accorded in this instance. The mere cursory scanning of our meteorological records should have indicated to the ordinary mind, that although facetiously dubbed "Our Lady of the Snows," the possibility of the presence of frost in the ground at the lower end of gate-posts in any portion of the Canadian Northwest, after a hot sun has exerted its influence during a long summer season, involves a flight of imagination worthy only of an eccentric faddist. I may here mention that Sir William travelled through this country a year or two ago, and presumably speaks from personal observation regarding Canada, and particularly the Canadian Northwest, as a wheat-producing country. How much importance can be attached to his observations in connection with the possible expansion of those new countries and colonies which he has not had the privilege of inspecting personally?

WHERE GLORY 'WAITS US.

AN Empire's coping-stone was set to-day—
A house not built with hands, a countless store
Of hearts that beat as one the whole world o'er,
With blood, bone, sinew, for a common fray.
Upon the ebbing tide has sailed away
The first armed transport from this Western Shore
To uphold Britain's arm in foreign war,
That Canada a daughter's part might play.
Past Lévis and Orleans, the cheering throng—
Ten hundred Britons chosen for the fight—
The best we had we gave; their warlike song
Floats back upon the Citadel. The night
Comes down, a lonely cannon booms; and we
Find joy and sadness with our sons at sea.

Claude Bryan.

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BY NORMAN PATTERSON

WITH PHOTOGRAPHS TAKEN ESPECIALLY FOR "THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE."

SINCE Wolfe won on the Plains of Abraham and made Canada a colony of Great Britain, there has always been some talk of what Canadians owe to the British Crown. The coming of the U. E. Loyalists strengthened the bond; the steady accession of British immigrants added to that strength. The French Canadians displayed a spirit of loyalty which was shown when Montgomery appeared before Quebec, and again when the United States armies invaded Canada in 1812-13-14. But with the Confederation of the colonies in 1867, Canada became a greater colony of which more might be expected. Canadian statesmen since 1867 have never overlooked the duty, the reverence and the respect which Canada owes to the British Crown. When, in 1897, the Queen's forces were paraded to celebrate the Diamond Jubilee of Her Majesty's succession to the throne, a Canadian contingent represented our part, our place in the strength of the Empire.

The Imperial feeling has lived in this country since Wolfe died victorious.

THE PREMIER SPEAKS.

Sir Wilfrid Laurier (centre of picture) addressing the Canadian Transvaal Contingent at Quebec. On the left of the picture is Col. Buchan, and on the right in front of the Grand Stand, the Governor-General, General Hutton, Mr. Blair, and other Cabinet Ministers.

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Sometimes it smouldered, but again and again when the ashes of unconcern were stirred the live coals were revealed. The Imperial feeling has developed with the growth of the Empire and with the growth of Canada. No one man can be credited with being its author; no one man nor one set of men can be honoured by being called its sole exponent. It may have varied in aims, in strength, in direction, but it has been of the people always.

Sir John Macdonald, the central figure of nineteenth century Canadian history, shared this feeling and on many occasions gave expression to it. In so doing he but represented the people of the country in which he was so long its chief citizen. That he foresaw the future with unusual clearness, the following from one of his pre-Confederation speeches will be ample proof:—

"Some are apprehensive that the fact of our forming this Confederation will hasten the time when we shall be severed from the Mother Country. I have no apprehension of that kind. I believe it will have the contrary effect. I believe that as we grow stronger, as we become a people able, from our union, our population, and the development of our resources, to take our position among the nations of the world, she would be less willing to part with us than now. I am strongly of opinion that year by year, as we grow in population and strength, England will more see the advantage of maintaining the alliance between British North America and herself. Does any one imagine that when our population, instead of 3,500,000 will be 7,000,000, as it will be ere many years pass, we would be one whit more willing than now to sever the connection with England? The colonies are now in a transition state. Gradually a different colonial system is being developed, and it will become year by year less a case of dependence on our part, and of overruling protection on the part of the Mother Country, and more a case of healthy and cordial alliance. Instead of looking upon us as a merely dependent colony, England will have in us a friendly nation, a subordinate, but still a powerful people—to stand by her in North America in peace or in war."

HIS EXCELLENCY SPEAKS.

Behind His Excellency is General Hutton, Sir Wilfrid and other Cabinet Ministers.

Sir John Thompson in 1890 uttered words which seem almost prophetic. "The day has come when friends and foes alike, in considering the strength

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HON. MR BLAIR. SIR WILFRID LAURIER. SIR MACKENZIE BOWELL.

MAJOR MACDOUGALL. LT.-COL. BUCHAN. LT.-COL. PELLETIER. LT.-COL. OTTER. R.C. CHAPLAIN.

THE OFFICERS OF THE CANADIAN TRANSVAAL CONTINGENT.

This photograph of the Officers was taken in front of the Grand Stand at the conclusion of the review. On Sir Wilfrid's right are Lieut.-Gov. Jette, Mrs. Jette, Mr. Fielding, Mr. Dobell and Mr. Blair. On Sir Wilfrid's left is His Excellency, the Governor-General.

The photograph is copyrighted, by J. E. Livernois, Quebec.

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of the empire, must take into account the strength of the colonies across the sea." Sir Charles Tupper, Sir Wilfrid Laurier and others have voiced similar sentiments expressing their conviction that in the day when Britain called, Canada's sons would not be found missing.

Britain has called.

She hath raised her hand, the Island Queen,
From a hundred hills a flood pours down
Of stern-faced men in khaki brown.
Ghoorka, Afridi, Sikh, Sepoy,

LOADING SUPPLIES ON THE SARDINIAN AT QUEBEC.

Highlanders, Heroes of Dargai,
Line and cavalry, rifleman, guide,
Hurrying down to the trooper's side.
Children of the Queen.

She hath raised her hand, the Island Queen,
And a shout comes up from the Austral land –
"We sent our best for the Motherland";
And Canada's cry rings round the world
Wherever the meteor flag's unfurled.
"Saxon sired, full kin are we,
Sprung from the 'Mistress of the Sea.'"
Children of the Queen.

In 1891, in addressing an Imperial Federation deputation, Lord Salisbury is reported to have said that a united empire means a Zollverein and a Kriegsverein, a union for customs and a union for war. The union for war has come, suddenly, swiftly. Six months ago we were not thinking of it, to-day it is an accomplished fact. The man who did the deed was the Rt. Hon. Joseph Chamberlain. He knew and understood the colonies; he called, and they responded. It certain colonial premiers and colonial cabinets hesitated, the Colonial Secretary knew how to force their hands. The people who imagine that the Secretary for the Colonies does not hold those colonies in the hollow of his hand, have not read the inside history of the present crisis. He is above politics, and can occasionally make and unmake politicians even at Ottawa.

The man who would say that Canadians ever were or are now a unit in believing that Canada should take part in the wars of the Empire, would be making an incorrect statement. The

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THE TROOPS ALL READY TO EMBARK.

This photograph was taken from the side of Cape Diamond's celebrated Cliff, at a point not far from where Montgomery fell in 1775. Across the St. Lawrence is the town of Levis.

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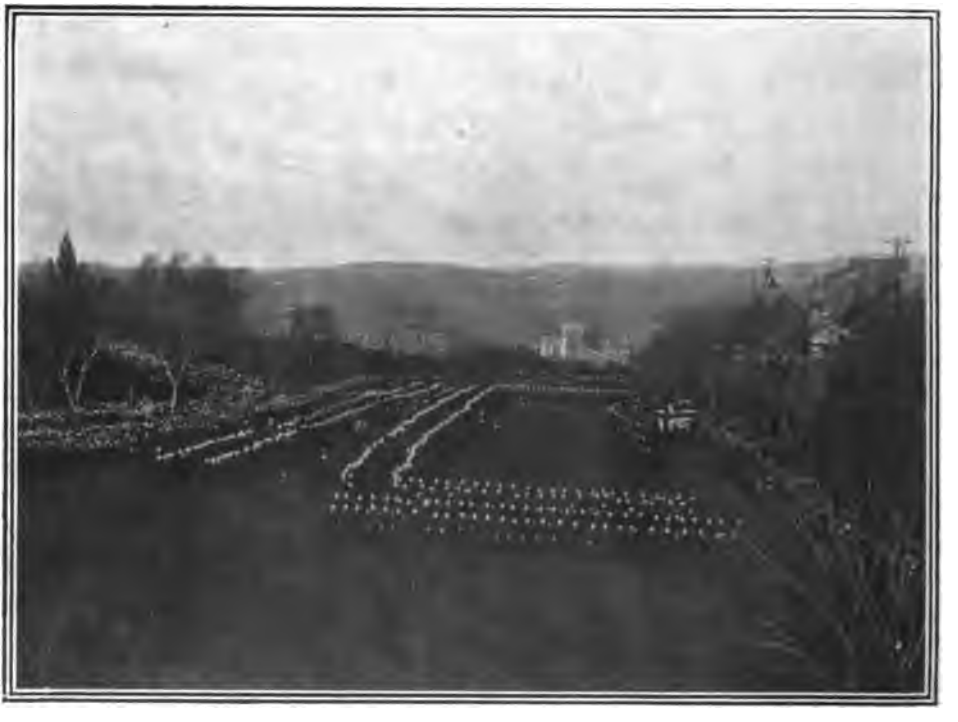
PHOTO. BY NOTMAN, MONTREAL.

THE SARDINIAN LEAVING THE WHARF AT QUEBEC.



THE REVIEW ON THE ESPLANADE AT QUEBEC.

The thousand "Royal Canadians" were drawn up in lines of half battalions, the flank companies being afterwards formed, as shown in the photograph. In the distance is Kent Gate, and on the left the glacis and old wall of Quebec.

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majority of Canadians realize the debt that this country owes to the British crown. They know that Great Britain bought this country with the treasure of her people and with the blood of her soldiers; that she has retained it by allowing its citizens to think and speak and act as they saw fit. The people, whether French, English, Irish, Scotch or German in origin, know that this is a British country, a nation acknowledging the sovereignty of the British crown. They admire and respect our British connection. But when it comes to deciding to take an active part in the affairs of the Empire, Canadians have never been and are not now a unit in being in favour of it. They desire to be a part of the Empire, but are doubtful of being an active part, in the sense of being represented in its councils and its armies. The sentiment in favour of taking this active part does, however, seem to be growing. If it keeps on developing as it has done during the past ten years, Canada may soon be clamouring at Westminster for representation there. But undoubtedly the responsibilities of such a request will be well considered before it is officially made.

But to return to the Canadian contingent. The British Government desired it, and the Canadian people gave it, gave it freely and gladly. The only objections were that it was to number but 1,000 men, and that only a part of the expense was to be borne by Canada. The Canadian Government wired to London that a contingent would be sent and it was sent one day ahead of time. The one thousand picked militiamen came from all parts of Canada. From the great island of the Pacific Coast to the beautiful island-province of the Gulf of St. Lawrence, from Victoria to Charlottetown, there was but one sentiment and that was: "We send our best for the Motherland."

I stood on Dufferin Terrace at Quebec between four and five o'clock on October 30th, and saw the steamer *Sardinian* pull away from the wharf below.

THE SARDINIAN—PENS ON UPPER DECK FOR HORSES AND PROVISIONS.

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From the Citadel above the minute guns thundered their farewell. A thousand brave Canadian lads cheered and wept on the decks and in the rigging; fifty thousand Canadian men and women on the shore, waved and hurrahed—and prayed. And the *Sardinian* was joined by the screaming, whistling tugs and yachts and steamers; the bands played "Auld Lang Syne," "The Maple Leaf," and "God Save the Queen," and I saw no more.

The gaily-decorated *Sardinian* may be an old tub which the Government thought good enough for the common soldiers who were to sleep in the deal bunks and eat Tommy Atkins' fare from wooden tables, she may in a few years be laid up to rot on some unfrequented shore, but to everyone who stood on those heights, leaned over the terrace walls, or crowded decks and docks below, the *Sardinian* is a hallowed memory, a shrine wherein is stored much hope.

DRAWN FROM A PHOTOGRAPH.

THE SARDINIAN—THE OFFICERS' GENERAL QUARTERS.

That I saw no more was not due to the thought of the danger to beloved comrades — but because I rejoiced with those who rejoiced, and my joy blinded my eyes and scorched my throat. I recovered my vision as the staunch vessel was slowly fading from sight—in a few minutes she rounded the Island of Orleans which Wolfe made immortal, and she was gone to help the motherland of Wolfe and of us all.

"Sentiment" did you say? Yes, sentiment; it affects our friendship, it affects our business methods, it affects our opinions of governments and of princes; it controls our wills and our minds; it is all-powerful. Yet to arouse it, is not always easy. Sometimes it is in a dead slumber. But a great man dies, and a nation mourns; a sovereign celebrates her Diamond Jubilee, and a nation goes wild with joy—such events as these have shown us that

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Canadians are not lacking in sentiment. A thousand lads go to serve the Empire in foreign lands, and a nation rises to cheer, to give three times three and a tiger. The public purse is opened, the private purse untied, the people throng the streets and shout. Aye, at Quebec I saw strong, hard business men, whose sons were safe at home, who had not a relative aboard the *Sardinian*—I saw these men weep. Sentiment? I know not what it is, or whence it came. I only know that it was here before I was born, and that it seems to be founded in patriotism entwined with loyalty.

That thirtieth of October was a great day in the city which Champlain founded under the shadow of Cape Diamond. Early in the morning, we drove down to the Immigration Sheds in company with a patriotic citizen whose generosity rose to a cab-load of tobacco. Here were lodged several companies in a very comfortable building. We passed the sentry and found that already the men had donned their new rifle uniforms and were buckling up their new Oliver equipment. As the tobacco was being stored away in numerous haversacks we were asked to take a few telegrams and postcards for despatch. The last good-byes were being sent, but there was still much cheerfulness.

DRAWN FROM A PHOTOGRAPH.

THE SARDINIAN—WHERE THE MEN EAT AND SLEEP.

From the Sheds we went to the Citadel, and it was the same scenes over again, amidst much more military surroundings. Here E and F Companies from Montreal and Quebec

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LIEUTENANT-COLONEL OTTER—IN COMMAND 2ND BATTALION, R.C.R.I.

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were the first on parade. The Mayor of Montreal was present to bid the company from that city good-bye, to give each man four sovereigns, and each officer a purse of gold and a pair of field glasses, a similar donation having already been made by the mayors of other cities to their various local detachments.

PHOTO. BY H. M. HENDERSON.

THE VANCOUVER CONTINGENT.

From the Citadel we went to the Esplanade, an historic open space bordering upon that portion of the old city wall which lies between the St. Louis and Kent Gates. Here all the eight companies came together and the Second Royal Canadian Regiment was on parade for the first time. Colonel Otter was in command, and looked like a man whose fondest dreams are being realized. A half hour later General Hutton arrived and inspected each of the eight companies. Another half hour passed, and on the stroke of noon the Governor-General entered the enclosure. He was proceeded by his staff and accompanied by Sir Wilfrid Laurier and several members of the

PHOTOGRAPH BY H. F. ALBRIGHT.

THE FREDERICTON QUOTA TO CONTINGENT.

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Cabinet. There were short speeches from His Excellency, the Premier and the General, and a lengthy address from the City of Quebec. Then the stalwart Royal Canadians were marched through decorated streets and enthusiastic crowds to the point of embarkation, which they reached about two hours past noon. In another two hours the booming of the Citadel guns announced that the task of enrolling and equipping a thousand volunteers scattered over 3,500 miles of territory had been accomplished in little more than a fortnight. The *Sardinian* had started for Cape Town.

The list of the principal officers is as follows :—

To command—Lieut.-Col. W. D. Otter, Canadian Staff, A.D.C. to His Excellency the Governor-General.

To be Major and second in command—Lieut.-Col. L. Buchan, Royal Canadian Regiment.

To be Major—Lieut.-Col.—O. C. C. Pelletier, Canadian Staff.

To be Captains—Major H. M. Arnold, 90th Battalion ; Major J. E. Peltier, 65th Battalion ; Major W. A. Weeks, Charlottetown, Engineers ; Capt. H. B. Stairs, 66th Battalion ; Major D. Stuart, 26th Battalion ; Capt. R. K. Barker, 2nd Battalion ; Major S. M. Rogers, 43rd Battalion ; Capt. C. K. Fraser, 53rd Battalion.

Machine Gun Section—Lieut. and Capt. A. C. Bell, Scots Guards, A.D.C. to the Major-General commanding the Canadian Militia.

To be Adjutant—Major J. C. McDougall, Royal Canadian Regiment.

To be Quartermaster—Capt. and Brevet-Major S. J. A Denison, Royal Canadian Regiment.

To be Medical Officers—Surgeon-Major C. A. Wilson, 3rd Field Battery, C.A. ; Surgeon-Major E. Fiset, 89th Battalion.

To be attached for Staff duty—Major L. G. Drummond, Scots Guards, military secretary to His Excellency the Governor-General.

PHOTO. BY WESTLAKE BROS., CHARLOTTETOWN. COPYRIGHT BY ROBERT L. COTTON.

PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND TRANSVAAL CONTINGENT.

The battalions contributing were the 82nd, 4th Regt. Canadian Artillery, and Charlottetown Engineers. The officer in the centre is Major Weeks.

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The following officers will be attached to the Royal Canadian Regiment for whatever duty may be allotted to them in connection with the campaign :—Lieut.-Col. F. L. Lessard, Royal Canadian Dragoons ; Lieut.-Col. C. W. Drury, A.D.C., Royal Canadian Artillery ; Major R. Cartwright Royal Canadian Regiment ; Capt. W. Forester, Royal Canadian Dragoons.

Medical officer—Captain A. B. Osborne, C.A.M.S. (provisional).

Nurses—Miss Georgina Pope, Prince Edward Island ; Miss Sarah Forbes, Halifax, N.S. ; Miss Annie Affleck, Lennox, Ont. ; Miss Elizabeth Russell, Hamilton, Ont.

Four newspaper correspondents and a regimental historian accompanied the Royal Canadians. There were chaplains representing the Anglican, Roman Catholic and Presbyterian bodies. Every comfort had been provided for the men, as some of the accompanying photographs indicate, and there can be no doubt, that there will be few real hardships on the long ocean voyage.

On the day that the Contingent sailed, His Excellency the Governor-General received the following telegram from the Secretary of the Colonies :

LONDON, 30th Oct., 1899.—Referring to your telegram of Oct. 29th, Her Majesty's Government offer hearty congratulations to Canadian Government and Military Authorities for rapid organization and embarkation of Contingent. Enthusiasm displayed by people of Dominion a source of much gratification here. (Signed) CHAMBERLAIN.

POHTO. BY SHANNON & McCONNELL.

THE LONDON CONTINGENT.

The address presented to the Contingent by Mayor Parent, of Quebec, is worthy of preservation as being the expression of the loyal feelings of a French-Canadian city. The full text is as follows :

" To the Commandant, the Officers and the Men of the Contingent of Canadian Volunteers enrolled for Active Service in South Africa :

" The citizens of Quebec offer you

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PHOTO. BY SAVANNAH. THE VICTORIA QUOTA TO THE CONTINGENT.

the most cordial welcome in this old fortress, so often stormed by war and tempest, whose inhabitants from their earliest years have been accustomed to the music of military bands, to the smell of powder and the smoke of battles. We are proud of the honour that has been done our city in its selection as the scene of the mobilization of this select regiment which the Canadian people send to the assistance of our mother country. The presence in our midst of the representative of our Most Gracious Sovereign, His Excellency the Governor-General, and other dignitaries of the State, adds not only lustre and eclat to this day's ceremony, but gives to our proceedings a deeper and wider meaning.

"It was no vain appeal that was made to our valour and our loyalty for along the way from Victoria to Halifax 1,000 picked men, representing the physical strength, the discipline and the courageous daring of our people, freely volunteered to serve under the British flag. The people of various origin and different religious creeds that go to make up the population of this country are represented in your regiment, and now that we are for the time being assembled within the walls of the most French city of the new world, let us claim for the French Canadian element a large share of the warm and spontaneous outbursts of sentiments of loyalty to England which marked your triumphal progress from your homes to Quebec.

"No matter how diverse may be our origin, and the languages that we speak, who is there that will dare to affirm that we have not all the qualities necessary for the making of a real nation? Who dare say, upon such an occasion as the present, that we are not all sincerely united and loyal towards the Canadian Dominion and loyal to England, which has given us so complete a measure of liberty? We French-Canadians have loyally accepted the new destinies that Providence provided for us upon the battle-field of 1759. Is it possible that anybody can have forgotten 1775 and 1812? On the summit of this proud rock of Quebec, rendered illustrious by Jacques Cartier and Champlain, behold but a few steps from this place the superb monument erected by an English

THE OTTAWA QUOTA TO THE CONTINGENT.

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governor to the memory of Wolfe and of Montcalm.

"Why may we not make it the emblem and the symbol of our national unity? Let us leave to each individual amongst us the privilege to retain as a sweet souvenir worthy of a noble heart, the rose or the thistle, the fleur-de-lis or the shamrock, and even the pot of earth that the Irish immigrant brings with him from under distant skies, and let us be united for the great and holy cause that we have in hand, the foundation of a great nation and the development of the boundless resources of a rich and immense country. Our best wishes accompany you in the long journey, at the end of which you will no doubt find glory as well as sufferings, privations and perhaps even—heroic sacrifices.

"When you will be under the burning sun of Africa, you may be sure that our hearts will follow you everywhere, and that in our long winter evenings, you will be the principal object of our fireside talk and solicitude. Be quite sure, too, that this Canada of ours will watch with a maternal care over the loved ones that you leave behind, and who in parting with you are making so great and so generous a sacrifice. May the God of battles crown your efforts; may He preserve you in the midst of danger, and may He bring you back safe and sound to the beloved shores of your fatherland."

SPECIAL BADGE OF CONTINGENT.

EXACT SIZE.

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FROM A PAINTING.

A CHRISTMAS HYMN BY THE VILLAGE CHOIR.

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THE PLAYING OF THE GAME

A Football Story by MARJORY MAC MURCHY

When word of song, when word of song
Brings back a memory tender,
Think of the days when we were hers
Whose glories ye now render,
You're playing up where once we played,
And we can but remember.

Songs of the North.

ANTHONY had said to her when he was at college, "Take the finest personal feeling in the matter and follow that." It may not have been the best advice for the rest of the world, but they had no mother, and Mab trusted Anthony. Since then she had been in the habit of remembering what he had said, especially when it was something that she wanted to do herself. Poor dear papa had again involved his remnant of a family in a difficulty, not a serious one but tantalizing. Professor Le Clear was naturally a forgetful man, and his wife had been dead many years. They had called their only daughter Cecilia Mab. But a daughter is handicapped when she endeavours to frustrate absent-mindedness, for while she may feel certain of what is going to occur, it is not always filial to take it for granted; and that was how it happened that Mab, despairing of her father's appearance, had jumped on the train as it was moving out of the station, and in the afternoon found herself sixty miles from home, seated on a bare grey bench, one of a tier that extended along the campus-side of an alien university. She was alone and surrounded by passionate adherents of the red and yellow; but she had come of a football family, and her situation afforded her a grim and yet mirthful satisfaction. She was as conscious of the knot of colours on her coat as if it had been the flower of her loyalty: her brother Rufus, her only brother since Anthony had lived his brief life so quickly, was playing his first great match. He had gone down to Prince Edward the night before, but he knew that she would be there to see him play, and would she not? Mab smiled, and as she stooped to tuck her rug under her feet and bring it over her knees, Professor Le Clear was emerging from the rapt contemplation of a Sanscrit root to find himself in a general atmosphere of suspicion that the train and probably Mab had gone.

It was not because they were certain of victory that Mab had gone; for the last three years they had camped with defeat. They had carried it out with them, had brought it home, had shaken off the crowd who go with success, had been slighted by the newspapers, had trained, and had said nothing after the manner of their university. There seemed to be something the matter with the team every year, but those among the undergraduates who really cared for football clung to it with a sad determination. This season they were in the finals—by a fluke the newspapers said—but everyone knew what would happen when they met Prince Edward, and

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with one universal voice the two thousand undergraduates, the staff, and the President said in the University of the North, "If only Datch Bonamy were here we might have some chance of winning." It was hard, for Prince Edward was a minor constellation, not large but unanimous, sporty, and untroubled by a glimmer of opinion from any world outside their own. Their players were of a hardy strain, some of them had been attached to their academic halls for many years, and sure there was a berserk derivation to Prince Edward's plunges upon his college field.

Mab Le Clear was thrilling with anticipation. The air, the sky, the field had a thousand subtle associations for her. There was a vague excitement in the autumnal keenness. The sky was gentian blue, against it a line of haze-covered hills, near by painted trees, red and russet and yellow. Clouds vexed the eastern horizon; there was a westerly wind and the wide field was flooded with sunshine.

Datch Bonamy had been Anthony's captain; and that was Mab's story, which is the primal right of any woman, even one of three-and-twenty. She was going over it now word by word as the pent crowds about her waited for the players to come on the field and enlivened the time variously with heart-quickening cries and phrases. When Datch Bonamy had been captain Mab had called it her own team, but immediately after Datch and Anthony had played and won their last game something had happened, not even Anthony had been able to find out what it was. In the following spring they both had graduated, Datch had gone away to wear the harness of his ancestral business, and then Anthony, who was to have been the great Le Clear, had died; that was six years ago. Mab now was a woman—"not so deep as a well, nor so wide as a church door; but 'tis enough, 'twill serve."

His real name was Cordwainer Bonamy, and after calling him that his parents had left him to sustain it without any assistance from them; but the boys in the lowest form of a reputable boarding school, of a more practical turn of mind, had changed it to Datch, struck out in a moment from nowhere to fit a boy who had a ridiculous name. And Mab remembered him, as he rallied and commanded his men, as he walked about the streets of the university city; his hands, his stride, his dark head, his burly form, nothing had faded away. But Datch Bonamy, who had played football well enough to maintain a sweet if gaudy immortality at the University of the North, was not a person of whom Mab could think aloud. She kept her displeasure in reserve. At seventeen, however, one quarrels frankly, and Datch Bonamy knew quite well when he left college that he might not speak to Mab unless she indicated her special permission, a thing that had not happened since the day he saw her last, when Professor Le Clear had put away ambition, and Anthony.

The red and yellow about her was rampant, pervasive, stimulating. The people were multitudinous and dissimilar, but all buoyant, gay, kindled with enthusiasm. She looked with tolerant sympathy on rows of girls, of men, coteries of urchins, upon the family who had come together to avert the evil eye from one of their own who was playing. She saw about her all manner of unattached persons, and all manner of trains, laughing, smiling, speaking, shouting, and wearing the red and yellow.

Mab drew in her breath, they could but do their best. Opposition was begetting within her a fatalistic courage, and she summoned all the knowledge and coolness she possessed so that she might regard what was to follow with the unambiguous eye of a sportsman, ready to praise a foe, unshrinking from defeat, swayed only by sound play, persistent to the true understanding of combination, craft, headwork, force and chance, as she had been taught from her youth, for their windows looked out upon the university lawn at home.

On the seat below and immediately in front of her sat the only other wearer

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of their colours within the radius of her glance. His presence, in her judgment, had caused the vortex of red and yellow to recede perceptibly. He was the kind of man who might be an agent of some sort abroad on business and had dropped in to see the game on a Saturday afternoon and say a good word for the North, but was now penetrated with the isolation of his position. His spirits had risen in a surprising degree to meet with defiance the easy superiority of the Prince Edward supporters, and had it not been for his powers of expression Mab's heart would have ached with checking, but his speech was free and pungent, and he was not the man to speak well of a foe.

Then the players dribbled slowly on to the field from the college clubhouse, a quarter of a mile away, and thunder answered thunder upon the campus side. To the left, fierce and far away, came the cry that Mab had been waiting to hear, but it was overwhelmed and thrown aside, and then, straining her eyes to see Rufus, who was right outside wing man, she saw Datch Bonamy.

Dark, long-armed, keen-faced, unhandsome Datch Bonamy was loitering in front of the benches, with his eyes set in a wistful stare on the old blue jerseys out on the field. He had a flag tucked under one arm where it hung expressionless until he should need it. The realization of his presence swept upon Mab like a tempest, but how natural it was on a football day! She wished with all her heart that she could let herself go and feel as she used to when Datch had been a friend, and they had all breathed as it were an atmosphere of glory. But a woman can't be a girl again, life is a more difficult game, and its score is often too indistinct to be readable. But Datch was there, and—he had not seen her.

When he did, Mab's attention had been caught for the moment by the protestations of the crowd, and Cordwainer Bonamy said, "Little Mab," under his breath, standing still until he could feel what it meant. Then he climbed into a seat near her, crowding imperturbably where there had seemed to be no room before, and felt that it was pretty hard that he could not go to her. It would have been better to have kept friends, but he had thought he couldn't stand it, and now she was alone and he couldn't go to her. It was strange that Mab should be alone, and it was devilish that he could not go to her. He never could understand why a girl should resent a man's caring too much. But anyway she was there, and it was going to last about two hours.

The man in front of her looked upon the Prince Edward players, and his expression proclaimed that he found them strong and heavy, but he asked his immediate right-hand neighbour how many of the team they had had to bail out for the day, and if any of them could read. It was not a case for ethical approval, and Mab held herself hard, but being intensely human she sympathized with the man and felt the spur of the crowd. She had never acquired the education which can resist anything interesting, and she listened to what was going on, and was swayed by it with open avidity. She had discovered Rufus, whose eyes were searching for her, and she knew that he was nervous. Her dear, dear boy—she would have given anything she had to lessen his suspense, but no one could do that. And, above all, she knew that Datch Bonamy saw him too. She couldn't bear him, she said to herself; but there was not a cry flung upon the wind, not a colour seen, not a movement that did not mean to him what it meant to her.

Then there was a gasping silence, and with incredible swiftness the game had begun. It was Prince Edward's ball, one of their players had tried to break through, but with a will the other side had cast themselves upon him, and it was the first scrimmage.

Mab knew—she felt as if she knew in every fibre of her being—that their scrimmage was young, and as scrimmages go, not heavy. Would they be able to hold Prince Edward? Would the new signals work? The North

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were giving way a little, they were holding again—almost, it wasn't bad. Then the whistle blew, the mass of players dissolved, was formed again, and again when that was over. They were holding, in some way, by a miracle. It was going to be a scrimmage game. If she could only ask Datch what he thought!

Stabbard was their captain. He had won the toss and had chosen to play against the wind, piously trusting that it would hold until the second half when their chance would come, for he believed with the generous courage of youth that his men were better trained, and if the wind held that would tell in the end. What they had to do now was to keep the ball in scrimmage, and hold down Prince Edward's score.

Mab understood why he had done it, but she feverishly distrusted the wind. At the same time she saw with pained delight Prince Edward's screw running round, and having its nose, which consisted of a tough scrimmager, broken on the body of one of the men of the North, who had cast himself, regardless of wind and bone, before the rolling mass of men, where he and Stabbard knew that he would do most good. Not once did this happen, but again and again, as often as it was needed. Mab shivered and was glad. They would stop them someway, but could it last? Meanwhile public attention flagged, and then one of the players had to wait until he was able to stand again.

When the game began after that the ball was put in play not a dozen yards from where Mab was sitting. The plugging scrimmage, reeking from the earth, were locked together beneath her very eyes, and the crowd began to talk,

"Look at his red 'ed; don't touch him, he'll burn."

It was Rufus they meant, but Mab wouldn't mind. He was shouldering up against a big fellow who was the pride of Prince Edward's town, and that was why they were calling him names. The large man seized Rufus by the arm and tore his sleeve out. Then he stood the boy on his head, and loud rose the acclaim, "Ho, Rafty, give it to him; ho, Rafty, do him up." But Rufus clung to him and wouldn't be thrown off. His man wasn't going into the scrimmage, not if he died for it, so he stood upon his auburn head and twined his legs and arms around Rafty. He was absurd, boyish, persistent, and he stayed. Mab was crimson but severe, it was all in the game. Then a voice rose not far away, "Now you're playing the game, young never-say-die," and the long University yell, carrying pride and salutation. It was Datch Bonamy, and he had scored, although he had not meant to, one.

But it could not last, and it didn't. The lank Prince Edward captain said, "Get that ball," and they got it. That time they scored, and after a little more scrimmaging they scored again. At half time the score stood twelve to one, and as the newspapers had said, "The Champions have already entered upon their fourth season. This is a sure thing."

Mab's compatriot, broken in spirit, glared at the ebullient crowd. "If that captain of yours was a gentleman, and if he could play, and if he had a head, which he wont ever grow one, I would say he knew football, but he don't!"

But Mab sat, her rug half-slipping away in the wind—which had not weakened nor changed, praise heaven for one mercy—with her profile turned as far as possible from the direction in which Datch and his flag were hopefully regarding her. She was cold, and she was very much discouraged in spite of the wind, and, indeed, in her present ruffled and disconsolate condition she looked like a widowed bird upon an autumn tree.

Datch looked at her and didn't smile. He wanted to wrap her rug about her a great deal better than it had been since the beginning of the game. He wanted to say a number of cheerful things to her about the match, and especially he wanted to assure her that Rufus's mouth which had been cut and was bleeding when he went off the field

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wasn't half as bad as it looked. Besides, he wanted to see what like it would be to sit beside Mab while the game was going on, for in former years he had always been bracing himself in a combative and comparatively lonely position out in the field.

He said to himself that if he didn't begin to play the game he would never win anything, and that nothing could be worse than the present state of affairs anyway, and then he found his way through the moving crowd and presented himself gently at Mab's averted shoulder. He knew that they were going to play again in a minute, and she was not the kind of person to send him away when there was no other seat left.

"Don't you want to help to hold up this flag?" he said, putting it into her hand with a smile. It was a long time since she had seen him smile and it made her feel as if she might be turning into a girl again by mistake.

If he had said anything else—but that was what he had said. The flag was the thing that kept her from being disagreeable, or she thought it was.

The Prince Edward people were beyond enthusiasm, they had attained a dispassionate certainty, but they took a kindly interest in the game. When Stabbard trotted on to the field he sniffed rapturously the rumouring wind that blew from the west; and the play changed. There was no longer any need to check the young players who had been holding their men and breaking their hearts outside the scrimmage. Stabbard knew that they could tackle with the irresistible force of a machine, and he meant to show Prince Edward if they could run and pass. Mab felt Cordwainer Bonamy stir on the seat beside her with a sudden influx of joy, and she thrilled to the play of the captain.

Datch Bonamy began to feel that this match was going to mean a good deal to him. He knew, when his reason overpowered his feelings, that Mab really did like him, if he could only get her to think so, but she was so self-controlled for a girl, and so inclined to consider before she said anything. If that captain out on the field could only manage to play the game in the right way, it might mean a good deal to him. And if they could win—there is nothing so shaking to self-control and consideration as a game of football played to a brilliant ending.

And oddly enough it was a good deal for Mab that Stabbard out on the field was playing. The game meant a lot to him, for it was his last year and his last chance; and Mab had been a kind of vision to him all through his course at college, not what she had been to Datch Bonamy, but an ideal, someone to please and to honour. Among all the other things that make it worth while to win a game of football, Stabbard imagined that he could see Mab smiling, and in his own way he thought of that out on the field, and played the better for it.

There were many good players on the Prince Edward team, but there was one great man, he played centre scrimmage, and by a happy succession of generations his name was Goode Smith. When the first scrimmage after half-time was formed Stabbard said something with intensity and Goode Smith rose from the mass, heels uppermost, and was cast away much as if he had come from a geyser. And now at last it was the turn of one of Stabbard's men to kick with the wind. The ball went into touch at the Prince Edward twenty-five yard line, and from the gracious crowd of spectators there arose a moderate clapping. But when the ball was thrown in it was one of the North men who caught it, and then when Prince Edward braced to meet another kick, Stabbard saw his men run and pass, dodge and leap aside, and at last the centre half, avoiding with one outstretched arm the petulant embrace of Prince Edward's full back, fell upon the ball right between the posts. That meant four points and more than a chance to convert a kick, and the astonished spectators sat up and said, "Nonsense."

If Datch Bonamy could have gone into the game then he would have done

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it, but he twisted his legs under the seat and groaned in spirit instead. Mab was deliriously biting holes in her small wound-up handkerchief, but neither of them would say anything—Datch because he wanted to play and had forgotten that there was anything wrong except for a dull aching sense of estrangement—Mab because she had been hurt too much long ago. But when, a quarter of an hour later, the score standing eight to twelve, a Prince Edward player with the ball under his arm fled away for their goal posts, with Rufus, a square-built lad, but with amazing wind, speeding after him, it was more than Mab could bear, and she laid hold of Cordwainer's left wrist with a vigour of which she was quite unconscious. Bonamy glanced at her sideways, but the scarlet spot on her cheek was not a blush, it was pure excitement and Rufus. He could say nothing to her, but he hoped with meekness that she wouldn't be angry when she realized what she was doing. Rufus shot out a sinewy arm and laid hold of his old friend Rafty's shoulder, and that not sufficing he cast himself bodily upon the runner, clasping him above the knees. Rafty came down and so did Rufus, but Mab wrung her hands together in sheer gratitude to an overruling providence which had in the first place given Rufus strong legs and in the event of his using them had kept him from breaking his neck; so Mab never knew what she had been doing to Cordwainer's wrist.

She turned and beamed upon him however.

"I have not been so happy since you were the best captain the North ever had."

It was at this critical moment when Mab was beginning to feel that the most justified feud may be unduly prolonged, that the man on the seat below, drenched with emotion and invective, became sentimentally reminiscent.

"Ah, you ought to have seen Datch Bonamy play, he was a perfect lady."

Then after a pause, during which he had considered the startling effect of describing Datch as a perfect lady—not that it startled him at all as it startled Bonamy who squirmed on the seat behind him—he continued to the Prince Edward townsman whom he had reduced to a condition of respectful silence.

"You didn't see the last match he played in? That was a game, they had to be driven away in cabs, so done they couldn't climb on a drag. He was carried off the field on a stretcher himself insensible, and when they came to take his jacket off what do you suppose they found?"

"Armour," suggested the spectator listlessly while the players lined up for a new kick-off.

"A lady's photograph, that was the kind of armour he wore. But there is no use trying to describe Datch Bonamy; he was a romance, he was."

Mab looked straight at the game and said to herself, "I hope I know how to behave." Datch Bonamy screwed himself down on the seat in case he might be tempted to destroy the man in front of him, for that photograph had been the beginning of the difficulty. But Mab hardened her heart. She remembered too well how after that beautiful game, an evening paper had come out with the story of Bonamy's jacket and the photograph, and how she at seventeen had made light of the football man who could be so silly. Here she paused in her recollections while Goode Smith rallied and for five long howling minutes Prince Edward showed how they could play football. But that was not the worst of it. She had seen Datch the next day and had said what she thought about photographs and College players who were only boys after all. As it happened Datch was remembering exactly the same thing at the same moment. But what Mab could really never forgive was the fact that being only a girl herself she had let slip in some way, not meaning to in the least, that she thought it was her photograph. Datch had said nothing, listened to all her slighting speeches in shamefaced silence, and had gone away. Afterwards Mab saw in another edition of

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the same evening paper which had been already published when Datch was with her the name of the lady whose photograph it was, and she was a married woman—poor Mab.

But in spite of these disagreeable recollections the game went on, and it seemed to become evident that unless Stabbard had some other plan to try the scoring was going to stop—it stood nine to twelve now. Prince Edward could play and they were playing. They were quite willing that the ball should stay in the scrimmage now, and Goode Smith was finding his way beneath, undermining his lighter opponents. The ball was passed out, it disappeared, flew from hand to hand, rolled, slipped, was buried from sight, but always away from the Prince Edward goal.

"Do you see Rufus? I can't look," gasped Mab, her eyes fascinated by the ball.

"He's all right. There can't be more than five minutes to play now."

"No," said Mab with a groan.

"No," said Datch and he groaned too.

The ball was in touch again, thirty yards down the field from the Prince Edward goal. Stabbard was holding it ready to throw in. His arms were lifted and Goode Smith glared at the sharp, cool face, ready to strike the ball down. Like a flash he had thrown it straight at Smith's shoulder and it had bounced back obliquely into touch, gaining three yards and was Stabbard's ball again.

"Don't you do that." Goode Smith was bursting with indignation.

"Do what?"

"Strike me with the ball, don't you do it again."

Stabbard looked away, glancing here and there, weighing, considering, springing up from his heels in nervous haste, but desperately at ease. He knew that the time-keeper was coming, but not too quickly, from the far-away touch line; he saw automatically where each player was—and if he didn't win this game—all that meant beat through his steady pulses. Then like a flash he had thrown the ball again, it struck Goode Smith on the same shoulder, and bouncing back, almost three yards more were gained, and still the ball was his. Then as Goode Smith sprang at him and the other Prince Edward players crowded angrily down upon the touch line, he shrieked a word that meant something to a couple of North men who were hovering on the outskirts of the crowd of players, and sent the ball high over the heads of those nearest to him, straight away to the field. One of the two caught it and before Mab almost could see there was a touch down. The North were one ahead, and then the whistle blew.

To know what it means, victory and defeat, one must be there. The crowds that melt away, the suppressed disgust, the inexpressible reverse, upon the field a parting cheer, laughter that makes light of anything that has been done—and haste to be away.

When Cordwainer Bonamy and Mab came to the corner of the station road, nothing had changed much for the better. Bonamy had tried to be frank but Mab had been evasive; still she was polite and anyone but Datch would have thought her cordial. Then at the corner the drag with the North team swung round upon them. It was a rampart of waving blue and blown horns. There was something that almost satisfied the moment in the light on their faces, their laughter, the delirious height of their joy. Rufus hung down over the wheel holding out his hands to Bonamy, and they all shouted aloud to see him. Mab was shaken by it, disdained its effect upon her, and wished she could be somewhere else, for a very little more and she would be no longer able to contain herself. Then swinging past, but with their faces still turned towards them, they broke into a verse of song of which the happy Stabbard had reminded the quarter-back who was also a tenor:

"Life is a game, life is a game,
Men say, not worth our paying.
But on the field when Autumn comes
Our game there's no gainsaying,
So we will say that this is life,
The game is in the playing."

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Anthony had written it long ago for the team he loved to sing upon a gala night; and to know that they still remembered it and thought it worth the singing was more sweet to her than Mab could tell. Two tears ready to fall hung upon her cheeks, and Bonamy who had loved Anthony well enough to weep for him, and someone else a great deal better, stretched out his hand to her with a beseeching frankness.

"I can't help it, Mab; I can't help it. There is no use saying we don't belong to each other, for we do. It was too late to say anything else a good many years ago."

"Oh, I forgive everybody," cried Mab, shaking away the tears and realizing suddenly that one can't expect too much from the world, "I forgive even Mrs. Harris, for I'm too unhappy without you."

"Mrs. Harris," said Datch Bonamy in a horrified whisper, stopping short to make sure that it was Mab who said it, for up to this moment he had always supposed that Mab knew that it was her picture, and wouldn't have anything to do with him because it was. "It was Sairey Gamp's Mrs. Harris, I thought you would understand. I thought it was better to have that paper say so than to run the risk of people saying it was your picture."

Datch Bonamy had been going to college when this happened, and that was just the kind of thing a college man would do. If she had not cared for him perhaps Mab would have understood; as it was, Mrs. Harris just meant a married woman to Mab, and it almost broke her heart.

She looked at Datch, and the words that would mean what her eyes were saying already were trembling on her lips, when Professor Le Clear's hasty, stumbling feet carried him up the clean, dry gutter of Prince Edward's town, and precipitated him upon them. His overcoat being unfastened, was flying widely open, and underneath it could be plainly seen the disreputable house coat whose use Mab had forbidden except in the secrecy of his own apartment. But his face was shining with pride and exultation, derived from a passer-by at the last street corner, and his hands were generously extended.

"My dear Bonamy, my dear Bonamy," he cried; "it is almost worth attending a football match in order to see you."

It is to be observed that Professor Le Clear spoke as if he had been present at the football match with his daughter, instead of merely dropping off an express train in time to meet Mab coming down the street; and this belief he retained to the end of his life, confirming on many subsequent occasions, with exuberant laughter, Cordwainer Bonamy's statement, that his wife had thrown her arms round his neck and hidden her face against the shoulder of his coat when the referee's whistle blew. Mab should be supported in her denial, but there is no one to do so, although Cordwainer repeats that he cannot be mistaken, for he remembers thinking at the time what a waste it was that Mab should have chosen his coat against which to hide her face.

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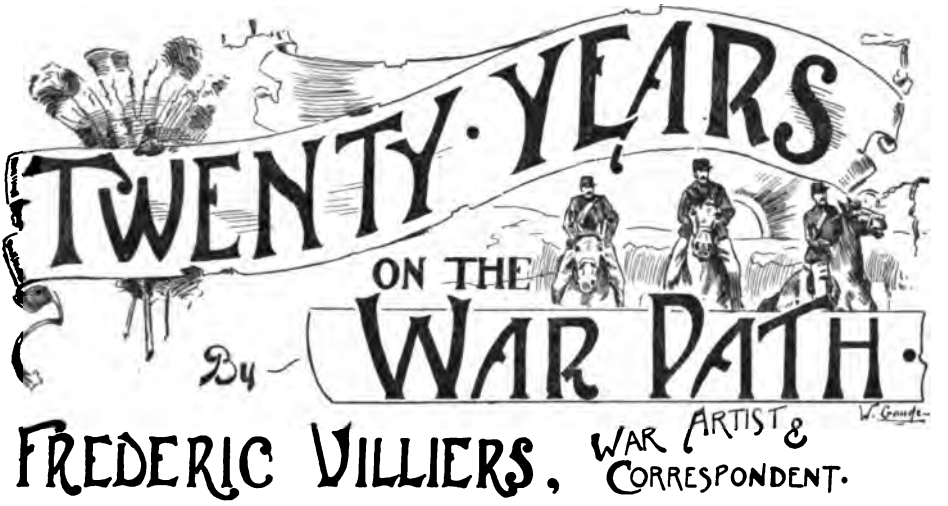

II.—"RUM AND ASPARAGUS."

SPLASH, splash, through the mud, sometimes over the ankles and occasionally up to the knees. Splash, splash, more and more in the mire. "Reeves, when is this blooming fun going to end?" said one Tommy Atkins to another. "As soon as yer think yer on terry-firmy yer off ag'in into the slush. 'Eavens! We only wants to meet the Fuzzy Wuzzy, and snipe shooting wouldn't be in it."

These two soldiers, with about a hundred others, had placed their socks in their boots and had slung the latter articles round their necks. Their trousers were tucked up over their knees, and many had slung their rifles across their backs to give their hands more freedom; these men were actively assisting the progress of the commissariat waggons, when the deep ruts in the ooze of the track caused the carts to sink up to their creaking axles.

The whole British force under General Sir Gerald Grahame, which had set out from the coast that morning for the relief of Tokar, had to wade through this belt of liquid mud and sand.

A tropical rain, though the fall was only for an hour or two, had deluged the usually marshy plain of Trinkitat, and converted it into a slough of mud, for as much water falls on the Red Sea littoral in that time as in a week of steady downpour in an European climate.

Afar off on the plain where the water had subsided, for the light no longer glinted, was the advance guard of the British Army in bivouac on a dry sandy stretch outside a mud fence-work called Fort Baker. The men dribbled into the bivouac puffed, blown, and weary, after the strain of the toil across the belt of mud. To add to their discomfort no sooner were the fires burning briskly, kettles boiling, and the chill gradually thawing out of their weary limbs, than heavy clouds gathered and another downpour deluged everything, putting the fires out as quickly as an extinguisher on a burning rushlight. We were all drenched and lay soaking till morning. However, the hot sun of the Soudan, within an hour after he had shot up from the horizon, scorched up every sign of moisture, and imparted suppleness again to our stiffened joints.

With the dawn the General's pacific envoy, who had left the night before with a message of warning to the enemy to disperse and not to obstruct our advance, had returned with the proverbial flea in his ear.

The Arabs meant fighting. At 8 a.m. the simple breakfast having been eaten, the order "Stand to!" was given, the arms were unpiled, and our little army

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was formed up in oblong square, and the advance was sounded.

The cavalry, consisting of the 10th and 19th Hussars, moved slowly forward on the left flank of the square. As I was not mounted I thought I should stand a better chance of seeing the fighting if I were outside the formations, since, directly firing commenced, the force would be enveloped in smoke. I therefore followed in rear of the cavalry. As the 10th Hussars moved off to their position an officer rode up to me and called out:

"Is that you, Villiers? Do you remember when we last met up in the Khyber?" My friend was Captain Slade, of the 10th. "Look me up after the fight," he continued; "we'll have a drink over this." And he laughingly rode away.

Poor fellow! His life's blood was dyeing the colourless sand of the desert before the sun was down that day. He fell in trying to save a comrade, Lieutenant Probyn, who had been dismounted, and alone was trying to hold three of the enemy at bay. This gallant action was just like poor Slade, always generous and self-sacrificing.

An hour's march brought us in touch with the enemy, who opened fire on our left at long range. Presently from the direction of the coast the shriek of shells became audible, and I observed H.M.S. *Sphinx* from the Trinkitat roadstead trying to cover our left flank by shelling the enemy; but the range was too great, and the result was as little damaging to the Arabs as was their rifle fire directed on us. In fact, the shells from the *Sphinx* much inconvenienced our own cavalry, and one shell burst so close that our troopers were obliged to scatter for a time.

Marching as if on an Aldershot field-day, over trying, undulating, sandy country, the square moved briskly to the weird screech of the bagpipes, taking no heed of the desultory shots of the enemy, who gradually retired as our men pressed forward towards the village of El Teb. The square was soon to me a simple blot on the desert. Sometimes, indeed, a depression in the ground completely hid it from my view, and at last I had to depend on the screel of the bagpipes for guidance.

It was only about ten o'clock in the morning, but the heat was intense, and at times the atmosphere quite stifling. Presently the air became charged with an odour that was sour and sickening in the extreme. In another moment I nearly stumbled over a dried-up corpse. It was a mere mummy, the skin and flesh had shrunk to the bones, and seemed untouched by beast or carrion bird.

The body was lying on its stomach, with its head in the direction of the coast. A gash in the throat and a stab in the back told me how the poor fellow had died. As I moved forward I came across many bodies, always lying with their heads in the same direction towards Trinkitat, and evidently when alive in full retreat towards that place. The dead lay thicker and thicker as I advanced, till at last on a clear patch of sand their glassy skins shimmering in the heat of the sun—for they were all stripped—I came upon hundreds of bodies piled up, little mounds of shreds and tatters of dried flesh and bone and grinning skulls. In one place massed in considerable numbers, in others trailing off in twos and threes, but always in the same direction, towards the sea.

In a little heap of brave men who had died with their faces to the foe were the bodies of two Europeans, baked by the sun almost to the colour of the Fellaheen around them. Though the face of one of them was blackened and withered, I could trace the delicate features of handsome Dr. Armand Leslie, my friend and companion in many a trying situation. Some seven years previously we had nearly met our death together when in Bulgaria in a most inglorious way, by the poisoned fumes of a charcoal brazier. He had been saved then, only to survive for this end; and where was the glory even now?

A chill seemed to pierce me through and through in that ghastly, sour valley of the dead—a chill that even the scorching, blasting heat of the noon-

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day sun could not dispel. I was almost spellbound with the gloom and horror of my surroundings, when the sound of distant cannon told me that our work had begun, and so I hastened in the direction of the square, for we were now about to avenge the deaths of those heroic Englishmen and that sad remnant of Baker Pasha's army which lay rotting on the desert.

As I gained the crest of the reeking hollow, I found that a shell had just burst in the rear of our square, then another exploded in front, tumbling over several of our men. Up till now we had kept steadily moving in the direction of El Teb without firing a shot. When within about a thousand yards of the Arab position the square was halted, and we opened with our screw guns. So well aimed was their fire that they seemed at once to cause the enemy's musketry to slacken.

After a brief halt the bugles were sounded and our men stepped forward, steadily firing at the Arab sharpshooters, who quickly sought cover behind their entrenchments, which curtained a large mud fort in front of the village. Then, in another moment, our advance face became entangled in a veritable hornet's nest. From out of innumerable pits, as intricate as those of a rabbit warren, black fuzzy heads popped up, then the muzzle of a rifle gleamed for a moment in the sunlight, a puff of smoke, a whiz of a bullet, and the head disappeared.

No wonder, when the order was given to charge the trenches, the front face of our square lagged a little, for the occupant of each pit had to be dealt with, and many who had assumed death became troublesome customers to those of us who were too eager to reach our objective, bounding out of their pits and charging us with their spears and knives. From the embrasure of the mud fort a Krupp field piece occasionally belched a yellow flame, and a shell shrieked its way over our heads to find a billet in the desert beyond. Looming through this cannon's smoke a gaunt figure suddenly appeared on the parapet; with Terai hat and shooting breeches a silhouette against the grey cloud from the cannon.

"See! there's Burnaby, sir," said a man who was limping with a hole in his sock and a bit of good flesh torn away. "Ain't he a-givin' them beans?"

The gallant Colonel certainly seemed to be doing remarkable execution among the Arabs with his shot gun. Three natives protecting the Krupp rushed at him, but he calmly plugged into them with his left and right. The first charge of buckshot at close quarters knocked the one clean off his feet; the other two staggering with the sting of the pellets were subsequently bayoneted by some of the Highlanders following closely on Burnaby's heels. Before the captured field piece had fairly recoiled from its last discharge at us Major Turner was repeating an operation which he also performed at Tel-el-Kebir by blazing away at the retreating enemy with the shot and shell they had left behind them.

Poor Burnaby was a remarkable character, full of strange ideas, but always sane as regarding actual execution.

I was lunching with him and a friend in the Temple only a few days before we left England for the Soudan. As he was not going out in any official capacity, my friend asked him why he was so anxious to go. He laughingly replied:

"For a very good reason. I am about to run for Parliament, and there is nothing like the adventures of war to talk of to my constituents; so I am going to pick up material with which to interest them."

This conversation I was forcibly reminded of when, a few months afterwards, we were all back from the Soudan, I happened to read in a Midland newspaper Burnaby's speech to his constituents. There was a touch of grim humour in it in reference to the recent campaign. This was the gist of the address:

"The widows and orphans of the Arabs who had so heroically fallen in the defence of their country, were

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wringing their hands and tearing their hair, cursing the name of Mr. ——," the British Minister who was responsible for the war; and yet poor Burnaby himself made many a widow and orphan that day—"snipeing the niggers," in the language of the soldiers—whenever they showed their heads. Though the Arabs were beaten there was no running about this retreat. It was merely a retrograde movement; when they were followed too closely, they turned and fought again.

Of course, in ordinary tactics, it was time for cavalry to be at work; and the 10th and 19th Hussars were ordered to charge the broken enemy. I happened to be standing by a mounted officer in Egyptian uniform; two keen grey eyes sparkled with excitement from between the bloody folds of a towel which had been hastily bandaged round his head, as they eagerly followed the movements of the cavalry. I turned to him and asked if he were seriously hurt, and found the wounded man to be Baker Pasha. On expressing my regret for his mishap, he took my hand and, pressing it, said:

"No, Villiers, I am not seriously hurt, but just look," said he, and for the moment tears stood in his eyes, his hand trembled in mine. "Look! look at my old regiment charging!" The troopers of the 10th, their swords gleaming in the sun from out the whirling eddy of dust, were bearing down on to the scattered bodies of retreating Arabs. "That's it! See how the boys go through the——"

Here he was rather incoherent, and his wound began to bleed afresh. He still held my hand, however—not heeding the ruddy drops rapidly pattering down his dusty tunic—and when the *mêlée* was at its height, he grasped it as if he were closing on a weapon.

Backward and forward the cavalry charged, but still the enemy were not flurried; they stood their ground and gave battle, and some rolled under the horses' bellies, cutting and slashing with their two-handed swords, hamstringing several animals and bringing their riders to the ground. Those who bit the dust never rose again. In this *mêlée* poor Slade and Probyn met their fate.

Lancers would have done more execution with an enemy of this description. The sabres of the Hussars were not long enough to give the Arabs a quietus, as they threw themselves under the horses. At last, out of sheer weariness, the enemy made off, and the field was left to the British troops. The scene after the fight was ghastly enough, especially round a square brick building, which we found was intended for a boiler house. With great surprise, we looked upon this curious relic of Western civilization in this savage spot. Near it an old iron boiler lay rusting on the desert—one of the follies of Ismail Pasha in the course of his efforts to open up the Soudan and establish all kinds of industries in the Egyptian territory.

Civilization had gone to the wall since the days when that now dilapidated boiler was in useful service. Round the emblem of a peaceful industry barbarity in its cruelest mood was seen. The old iron cylinder had been used for a breastwork, and here the Arabs had made a bold stand. Bodies were heaped up on one side of it till no more cover was afforded; but on the top of the pile was a lad doubled up, his head between his legs. I was preparing to sketch the weird group.

Two soldiers were picking up some spears and shields, and to do this they had placed their rifles on the ground, when suddenly the lad I was sketching sprang up into the air, and flourishing a broad knife, bounded at us. At first I was bewildered by the sudden onslaught, but soon finding that I was not dreaming, and that the boy meant mischief, I beat a hasty retreat, till I was able to draw my revolver. The two soldiers seized their rifles and followed my example. The boy at times came so close on our heels that we could hear the rush of the knife in the air as he cut at and missed us.

Just as I felt the warm flush of his breath on my neck, my companion on

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my right turned and shot the lad dead before I could pull trigger, and he fell a quivering mass at my feet. He was still clenching the knife—a short blade, twisted like a corkscrew.

The fanatical glare was still in his eyes, the peculiar cry when an Arab strikes seemed still lingering on his parted lips. It was a piteous thing to be compelled to kill so brave a lad. I was glad that his death did not fall to my lot. It was always the saddest phase of Arab fighting, that no quarter was either given or taken. The slightly wounded were obliged to be disposed of, for they showed no desire to take quarter and were all dangerous.

After this little incident of the boiler, I was, for safety's sake, obliged to cover with my revolver every apparently dead body I came across. We bivouacked on the battlefield that night with the dead and the dying for our companions.

When the stars studded the purple vault above us, and the heavy breathing of the slumbering soldiers and low whimperings of the wounded broke the stillness of the night, one sorrowing little voice was distinctly heard above the snore of the sleeping soldiers —the bleatings of a kid that had lost its mother and was now closely embraced in the arms of a stalwart Highlander, who had fallen asleep with the little animal in his arms.

Before sundown Major Cholmondeley Turner, of the Egyptian Service, had pluckily volunteered to return to Fort Baker for rum rations for the men; it was a hazardous service, for no one was safe when without the British lines. Turner was now overdue, and we were becoming rather anxious about him. Towards midnight a large fire was lighted as a beacon to guide the belated convoy into camp. My overcoat was so saturated with rain during the previous night that I was compelled to leave it at Fort Baker. A heavy dew fell over the desert, which chilled me through and through. I could not lie down, for the ground was as wet as sand between the tides, so I kept pacing by the glowing embers of the beacon. Hungry and weary I was, for I had not tasted food since early morning, and by this time I was miserable enough. I was loth to ask any of the officers for food, since they had only short rations themselves; but I thought I might make an appeal to Major Turner, for I had been of some service to him during the day in keeping his water convoy from stampeding during the fight.

Presently the grousing of camels stole over the plain, and soon the rumbling of the rum carts was distinctly heard, and a file of camels glided past the fire. On seeing me, Turner at once offered me a tot of rum. I was about to ask him for something to eat, but my nerve failed me. The rum gave me courage. I soon hit upon a plan of delicately approaching him on the matter. I had a number of excellent cigars with me. I handed him one, for which he seemed most grateful. He immediately lit it with a burning ember from the fire, and passed the stick to me.

"No, thanks," said I, as I threw the stick into the fire.

"Don't you smoke?" said he.

"Oh, yes," I replied, "but not now, I should be ill; I have not eaten since dawn."

"Great Scott!" he cried, "that's twenty-four hours ago; you must be starving. Here, boy! bring my saddle-bag." After probing its depth, he laughingly said: "I have not much to offer you, Villiers—only a tin of asparagus. Let us share it."

I found that rum and asparagus were not bad things in a way, even if taken together; but, in spite of Turner's hospitality, I also found that short rations and a damp desert do not go so well together. I was down with fever in the morning, and was taken back to the coast on the tailboard of an ambulance cart.

To be Continued.

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A HISTORY OF THE HUDSON'S BAY COMPANY.*

By A. C. Casselman.

"The strength of criticism lies only in the weakness of the thing criticized."
—LONGFELLOW.

"THE Great Company" is the title of a book of 541 large octavo pages, purporting to be a "History of the Honourable Company of Merchants-Adventurers trading into Hudson's Bay." The author is Mr. Beckles Willson, "a talented young Canadian, who has been for some time connected with the London (Eng.) *Daily Mail*, and whose book on Newfoundland was well received."

Whenever a history relating to Canada is announced, all students of our interesting and romantic story look forward to its publication with a certain degree of expectancy. This is especially the case when the writer is a Canadian who has been connected with a great English daily and who has already written a book. For it is supposed he has special opportunities of obtaining facts heretofore inaccessible, and that he possesses eminent qualifications to present them in a manner peculiarly suited to the great work he has undertaken. When the production has appeared and does not realize the reader's expectations, one feels a keen disappointment. To say that Mr. Willson has disappointed us in this book is stating our feeling very mildly. The redeeming features of the volume are the excellence of paper, printing and binding; and the pithy and comprehensive survey of the Company's work by its present Governor, Lord Strathcona and Mount Royal.

Although there are a few purple patches such as—the description of the promoters and of the founding of the Hudson's Bay Company, the report of Sir Alexander Mackenzie's brilliant explorations, the story of the Earl of Selkirk's ill-starred attempt at colonization, the narrative of Hearne's travels in the far north, and the totally irrelevant account of Franklin's overland expedition—it is a matter of regret that a Canadian who aspires to authorship should produce a work so completely open to criticism. The pictures are often poor and the pages disfigured by lack of careful proof-reading. Not seldom do we find both errors and inconsistencies, not only in chronology but also in statement. Irrelevant incidents and incoherent sentences occur in almost every chapter. Unusual locutions and false English are not by any means infrequent; while the style seems to reflect all the vices of the most faulty passages in Parkman without exhibiting any of that author's numerous virtues.

The production is in general lacking in local colour. It is not necessary for us to demonstrate the obvious truth that no man can hope to write even "the larger annals of the Hudson's Bay Company" without examining at least a portion of the vast territory that was the scene of the activities of the men who did the work of that Company; without placing himself in their *habitat*; without reproducing, as far as possible, the past by the suggestiveness of the present; without reinforcing and correcting the shadowy figures of the imagination by the contact and the inspiration of the surround-

* The Great Company, being a History of the Honourable Company of Merchants-Adventurers Trading into Hudson's Bay, by Beckles Willson, with an Introduction by Lord Strathcona and Mount Royal, Present Governor of the Hudson's Bay Company with Original Drawings by Arthur Heming, and Maps, Plans and Illustrations. Toronto: The Copp, Clark Co., 1899.

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ings. Scott wrote the best battle-piece in the language after visiting Flodden-field. Byron looked over the plain of Waterloo, and we have his spirited threnody on its dead. Carlyle applied the same methods to the more serious work of history when writing his "Cromwell" and his "Frederick." But into Mr. Willson's book, the reader will look in vain for the disembodied spirit of the old pioneer Company; or to follow out the metaphor, even for the frame or skeleton of the giant corporation. We have but a scant account of its constitution, its methods of working; of the transfer of its rights to the Government of Canada; of its present organization, and of the work that now engages its hundreds of servants throughout the vast area of our North-West. In fact, we have here nothing but bones, disjointed bones, instead of an organized structure, and here and there a biceps or a femur, that does not belong to the original, flung into the heap.

Mr. Willson has certainly not made a hero of the Hudson's Bay Company. Notwithstanding the special materials at his command, he has failed to disprove the commonly received view that the exploration and the development of our North-West were due in a greater degree, not to the Hudson's Bay Company, but to its great Canadian rivals, the North-West Company and the X. Y. Company, having their headquarters at Montreal. We are told that after the first hundred years of the Hudson's Bay Company's existence they had established but few posts in the interior; while he adds to the evidence that the North-West Company before its absorption by its rival, had extended its operations from the sources of the Missouri and the mouth of the Columbia to the Arctic Ocean, even trading with the Indians almost under the shadow of the Hudson's Bay Company's forts. Perhaps the very constitution of the North-West Company, with its opportunities for advancement and its strong personal interests in the future of the country, stimulated emulation in initiative, enterprise, and exploration as could not be done by the great English corporation, with its managers in London and its factors collecting tribute beyond the Atlantic. At least the volume under consideration gives us no reason for an opposite view; and some of the most successful passages in it are devoted to an enthusiastic description of the adventures of Mackenzie and Thompson who reformed the work that made them famous while in the employ of the Canadian company.

No attempt will be made in this short article to prove all the charges which it has been so easy to make and which it would be so easy to establish, but in order that the reader may judge for himself, some examples of Mr. Willson's weaknesses are given. *Ab uno disce omnia.*

Here are some instances of careless writing:

"A good hunter of these nations could kill six hundred beavers in the course of a season; he could carry down to the factory rarely more than one hundred, using the remainder at home in various ways. Sometimes he hung them upon branches of trees by way of votive offering upon the death of a child or near relation; often they were utilized as bedding and bed-coverings; occasionally the fur was burnt off, and the beast roasted whole for food at banquets." (p. 233.)

A hundred beavers, weighing from forty to sixty pounds each, would be a good load! Either as bedding or bed-covering a beaver would not be a pronounced success, however much food it might furnish for a banquet.

"The distance between Albany and Port Nelson was by water two hundred and fifty leagues, and the road overland was as yet unknown to the French. But it was not their purpose that it should long remain so. In a letter to his official superior at Quebec, Denonville, pursuing his way amongst the tribes of the Upper Mississippi region, boasted that the next year would not pass without their becoming acquainted with it." (p. 137.)

This is truly a suggestive passage. When was Denonville in the Upper Mississippi region? Who was ever his "official superior at Quebec?" If Denonville is "the official superior at Quebec," who is "pursuing his way amongst the tribes?"

"The mercantile revival came; it found the

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Orient robbed of none of its charm, but monopoly had laid its hand on East India." (p. 18.)

Is this a fine imitation of Artemus Ward's famous sentence, "I am an early riser, but my wife is a Presbyterian?"

If so, here is another from page 500:

"Single men, clerks, and others made the bachelors' hall their place of resort, but artisans and servants were not admitted."

On page 439, we learn that the Americans "after the Treaty of Ghent began to send ships from Boston to New York."

On page 497, there is an exquisite mixture of pronouns:

"The old lion has been shorn of its mane, and his roar is now no longer heard in the great North-West. It no longer crouches," etc.

Please unravel this, who can:

"From two to six guns were mounted in each of these bastions—four six or twelve-pounders, each with its aperture like the port-hole of a ship." (p. 499.)

As a blending of confusion, carelessness, and utter incoherency, the following choice bit is offered:

"The New Englanders and Iroquois were trafficking with the Iroquois." (p. 214.)

Here are three quotations from page 193 that illustrate a confusion of facts similar to his confusion of language:

"Captain Barlow was Governor at Albany Fort in 1704, when the French came overland from Canada to besiege it."

"Barlow, who was on watch, told them that the governor was asleep."

"At sundown Fullerton, the governor, . . . spoke to the man in French."

Barlow's rank is not clear from reading these statements, and the reader is still further mystified when he meets this sentence on page 212:

"One of these, called the *Albany*, a frigate, was commanded by George Barlow, whom we have already seen as Deputy-Governor at Albany in 1704."

The next passage illustrates both confusion of thought and confusion of language:

"On the arrival of the French ships at Placentia, Iberville took command, embarking in the *Pelican*, of fifty guns. The others were the *Palmier*, *Weesph*, the *Pelican*, and the *Violent*." (p. 158).

Were there two *Pelicans* in the fleet? In the chapters as published originally in the CANADIAN MAGAZINE, the *Profond* is named instead of the second *Pelican*. The editor must have pointed out the error and had it corrected. This conjecture is confirmed when we find the "*Profound*" mentioned on the next page of the text. Throughout this chapter Mr. Willson does not seem to have good control of the fleets. The vessels wander up and down the bay, sink and are sunk, capture others and are themselves captured—all with a frequency which would puzzle the most careful reader.

He is not much happier in his gratuitous information in the foot-notes; on page 133 the information is no doubt very good in itself, but unfortunately it lacks the element of truth, so necessary in all historical writing and so often wholly ignored in the work before us. The Chevalier de Troyes and his men were not massacred at Niagara—but died of dysentery; as Mr. Willson might have learned for himself had he consulted Charlevoix, with whom Garneau, Wm. Smith and Kingsford agree. Again, in the note on page 195, apropos of nothing, the statement is made that in 1714 the Committee in charge of the Company's affairs, waited on the Lord Bishop of London in order to return thanks for his care of their interests in the Treaty of Ryswick. If this is correct the Company was rather slow in returning thanks, as the Treaty of Ryswick was signed seventeen years before; we fear, however, that the thanks should be for the Treaty of Utrecht, which was signed in 1712. This is more probable, because we learn on page 191 that the Company's "interests had undoubtedly suffered at the peace of 1697."

The same contempt for accuracy marks the list of forts on page 197, the first of which is called Fort Rupert, founded by Gillam in 1668. On turning to the events of 1668 in the text, page 47, it is found that the river

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was christened Rupert's River and the fort named after King Charles; on pages 70 and 77, it is also called Fort Charles. Again, in this list he states that Fort Nelson was founded in 1670; and in the text, page 93, that Fort Nelson was built by Zachary Gillam in 1682. In the same list Fort Nelson is taken by the French in 1682; while the text gives the date as the spring of 1683. Just one other point in this admirable list: he gives the date of Iberville's retaking of this fort as Oct. 12, 1894. This last error may be credited to the printers, but such palliation cannot be claimed for the others.

On page 151, Fort Nelson is spoken of as being burned by Governor Phipps to prevent its falling into the hands of the French. A few lines further on it is stated that York Factory was rebuilt the next spring. Apparently the same fort is meant in these passages, and this confusion of names occurs on many other pages. If the author had made himself thoroughly familiar with his subject, or bestowed due attention upon his MS., such simple mistakes would have been avoided.

We find on page 134 that Governor Bridgar was taken prisoner by Iberville before Fort Rupert on the Company's sloop. Iberville at once sails for Fort Albany, and among the persons mentioned as being in that fort is Bridgar. This man Bridgar must have been a will o' the wisp.

On page 242, when speaking of Verandrye's explorations, Mr. Willson says: "Crossing Lake Winnipeg, he (Verandrye) ascended the Assiniboine River." A rather long jump apparently, but Mr. Willson neglects to inform his readers that Verandrye designated that part of the Red River between the present city of Winnipeg and Lake Winnipeg as the Assiniboine; in other words Verandrye considered the present Assinboine as the main stream. Again on page 243, Mr. Willson would lead the reader to believe that Verandrye died in the Saskatchewan district, whereas, as stated by Kingsford, he died at Three Rivers.

The author takes great pains on page 333 to describe the occupants and cargoes of the four canoes in Mackenzie's expedition to the Arctic Ocean, but fails to state how the leader himself made the journey. On the following page, however, he says that Mackenzie "ascended" the river towards its mouth, when every schoolboy knows that most rivers flow down hill.

We shall say nothing concerning the lack of true historic insight, concerning the bizarre constructions and inversions that occur on almost every page; but we do object to such newly-coined words as "Northamerica" (preface), and "sexagonal," (p. 500). As for the artist who places a Union Jack on Fort Nelson (p. 161) in 1697, we shall leave him to the tender mercies of Mr. Barlow Cumberland.

Scarcely any of the localities are identified, and seldom are the modern equivalents of the almost obsolete names given. How many general readers know the position of Fort Langley? or of Alexandria? The difficulty is increased by a persistent lack of accuracy and consistency in spelling and use. "Stickine" (p. 453) and "Stickeen" (p. 448) both occur; so do "Burnet" (p. 208) and "Burnett" (p. 214); "Vancouver's Island" (p. 473) and "Vancouver Island" (p. 461); "Pérouse" and "La Pérouse" both on p. 321; "St. Therese" (p. 157) and "St. Theresa" (p. 156); "York" (p. 421) and "Little York" (p. 429). Fort Nelson appears as Port Nelson, Fort Bourbon, Fort York and York Factory, when it is stated on page 96 that Fort Bourbon and Fort Nelson are fifty miles apart.

Elliott Coues has very well said in his "New Light on the Early History of the Great North-West:"

> "Geographical synonymy is the subject which for many years has occupied my attention; it is a field more fruitful of historical data than most persons would suppose, and one which has never been thoroughly worked out for any considerable area of Western or North-Western America. The trouble seems to be that the best geographers have seldom been historians, while historians so good that

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they would blush to be caught afoul of a date wrong by a day, are often found miles out of the way in the location of their events."

Judged by this standard, Mr. Willson is certainly not a geographer; and no one would accuse him of being an historian.

The history of "The Great Company" remains yet to be written. As will be readily inferred, the contributions of Mr. Willson to either the facts or philosophy of that history are scarcely worth mentioning. But, surely, an organization that was old and firmly established when our most populous cities were a primeval wilderness; that carries us back in memory and associations to the days of the dashing Prince Rupert; that has absorbed the genius, intelligence and energy of master minds for ten generations; that in resources, development and far-reaching interests could have satisfied the sighs of an Alexander, and in extent of territory concerned, surpassed the conquests of Cæsar or Napoleon. Such a corporation deserves a historical treatment worthy of the past it has played, worthy of the high place it occupies in the history of our country. Doubtless, at no distant date it will find its Macaulay.

"LAYS OF THE 'TRUE NORTH' AND OTHER CANADIAN POEMS."*

A REVIEW.

By Emily McManus.

"WHAT'S in a name?" Shakespeare asks; and, doubtless, many of us who have bought a book on the strength of its title have answered that frequently a delusion and a snare lurk therein. A particular instance of this may be found in a prettily-bound, blue-and-gold volume, entitled "Canadian Folk Lore," which contains not a single page of lore of any kind, and whose "Canada" includes merely a few hundred miles of some lumber district in Quebec, with its French-speaking inhabitants. Fortunately such an extreme case of glitter and emptiness is rare among Canadian books, though we do find titles that mislead and covers whose designs bear little relation to their contents.

But in a later addition to Canadian books—"Lays of the 'True North' and Other Canadian Poems,"—there is such a suggestiveness in the artistically arranged cover with its sprays of pine and maple, its rugged landscape, and quiet elegance of colouring,—all the special design of the author herself, —that one scarcely needs the assurance of the title as to the nature of the poems within. That promise is abundantly fulfilled, for not only are the poems peculiarly and distinctively Canadian, but they show that affection for and appreciation of the Mother Land which is so marked a feature of the 'True North,' and which makes it most appropriate that this volume should be dedicated, as it is, (by special permission) to Her Majesty:

Our Sovereign Lady, whose fair woman's hand
Has held so firm and well for three-score years,
Through changing cloud and sunshine, smiles and tears,
The sceptre of our Britain's sea-girt land.

No Canadian reader, we hope, needs to be introduced to the author of these poems. Even were it not the growing fashion to read and be familiar with Canadian books, no general reader can have failed to come across some trenchant article on a growing evil of the day, some review of a notable

* "Lays of the 'True North' and other Canadian Poems." By Agnes Maule Machar; The Copp Clark Co., Toronto. Cloth, $1.25.

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book, or some suggestive poem or timely article signed *Fidelis*, Miss Machar's favorite pen-name. To many, however, "Stories of New France," "Roland Græme, Knight," "Marjorie's Canadian Winter," or "Down the River to the Sea," will have told more of the character and aims of this able and versatile writer whose books are known beyond our borders, and whose poems are frequently found in the better magazines of the United States and England.

These poems, the work of many years of love and labour, are now collected into book form for the first time. In Canada during the last twenty years no anthology, no series of school readers, scarcely a special periodical has appeared without an article or poem from Miss Machar's pen, so that in this volume we find many familiar poems and can often trace to its rightful source some haunting line or favourite stanza of whose authorship we were before doubtful. But the most distinctive feature of these poems is the true and fervent patriotism which runs like a golden melody through so many of them. Not the cheap sort which echoes some party cry or lifts up its voice merely for effect, but a patriotism which can see its country's faults and failings as well as her progress and promise, and which not only loves her, but believes in her as well. With the exception of Roberts' "In Divers Tones," no Canadian book has finer patriotic chords than we find here. Take for example, the "Prayer for Dominion Day, 1890," or the national sentiment in "Our Canadian Fatherland":

What is our young Canadian land?
Is it fair Norembega's strand?
Or gray Cape Breton by the sea?
Quebec? Ontario? Acadie?
Or Manitoba's flower-decked plain?
Or fair Columbia's mountain chain?
Can any part from strand to strand,
Be a Canadian's Fatherland?
Nay, for our young Canadian land
Is greater, grander far than these;
It stretches wide on either hand
Between the world's two mighty seas.
So let no hostile foot divide
The fields our feet should freely roam;
Gael, Norman, Saxon, side by side,
And Canada our nation's home;
From sea to sea, from strand to strand,
Spreads our Canadian Fatherland.

Where'er our country's banner spreads
Its folds o'er free Canadian heads—
Where'er our land's romantic story
Enshrines the memory and the glory
Of heroes who with blood and toil
Laid deep in our Canadian soil
Foundations for the future age,
And wrote their names on history's page—
Our history—from strand to strand,
Spreads our Canadian Fatherland!
So each to each is firmly bound
By ties all generous hearts should own;
We cannot spare an inch of ground:
No severed part can stand alone.
So Nova Scotia and Quebec
Shall meet in kinship real and true;
New Brunswick's hills be mirrored back
In fair Ontario's waters blue.
From sea to sea, from strand to strand,
Spreads our Canadian Fatherland!

Where'er Canadian thought breathes free,
Or strikes the lyre of poesy—
Where'er Canadian hearts awake
To sing a song for her dear sake,
Or catch the echoes, spreading far,
That wake us to the noblest war
Against each lurking ill and strife
That weakens now our growing life,
No line keep hand from clasping hand—
One is our young Canadian land.
McGee and Howe she counts her own;
Hers all her eastern singers' bays;
Fréchette is hers, and in her crown
Ontario every laurel lays;
Let CANADA our watchword be,
While lesser names we know no more;
One nation spread from sea to sea,
And fused by love from shore to shore;
From sea to sea, from strand to strand,
Spreads our Canadian Fatherland.

We find here, too, that melodious poem which Lord Dufferin recognized as having the true Canadian spirit and to which he awarded the highest praise and honour from among a choice of several hundred.

Our Canada, young, strong and free,
  Whose sceptre stretches far,
Whose hills look down on either sea,
  And front the polar star—
Not for thy greatness, half unknown,
  Wide plains or mountains grand,
But, as we hold thee for our own,
  We love our native land!
    God bless our mighty forest land
      Of mountain, lake and river,
    Whose loyal sons, from strand to strand,
      Sing, Canada for ever!

In winter robes of virgin snow
  We proudly hail thee ours;

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We crown thee when the south winds blow
Our Lady of the Flowers;
We love thy rainbow-tinted skies,
Thy mystic charm of spring;
For us thine autumn's gorgeous dyes,
For us thy song-birds sing.
God bless our own Canadian land
Of mountain, lake and river,
Whose loyal sons, from strand to strand,
Sing, Canada for ever!

Fair art thou when the summer wakes
The cornfield's yellow gold;
Thy quiet pastures, azure lakes,
For us their treasures hold;
To us each hill and dale is dear,
Each rock and stream and glen,
Dear scattered homes of kindly cheer,
And busy haunts of men.
God bless our own Canadian land
Of mountain, lake and river,
Whose loyal sons, from strand to strand,
Sing, Canada for ever!

Our sires their old traditions brought,
Their lives of faithful toil;
For home and liberty they fought
On our Canadian soil.
Queenston, Quebec, and Lundy's Lane
Can stir our pulses still;
The lands they held through blood and pain
A free-born people fill.
God bless our own Canadian land
Of mountain, lake and river,
Whose loyal sons, from strand to strand,
Sing, Canada for ever!

Saxon and Celt and Norman we:
Each race its memory keeps;
Yet o'er us all, from sea to sea,
One Red Cross banner sweeps.
Long may our Greater Britain stand
The bulwark of the free!
But, Canada, our own fair land,
Our first love is for thee.
God bless our own Canadian land
Of mountain, lake and river;
Well may thy sons, from strand to strand,
Sing, Canada for ever!

What Canadian boy or girl—yes, what Canadian man or woman would not be the better and truer patriot for having these stored away in memory? "Let me make the songs of a nation and I care not who gives them laws," contains the seed of a great truth. While Miss Machar is not particularly a phrase-maker, these poems have many very quotable lines descriptive of Canada, as:

A brighter gem to deck the royal crown.
A country on whose birth there smiled
the genius of romance.
. . . Her place
Between the rising and the setting day.

or

The Britain of the West.

The very word "Canada" itself is poetical. Unlike our neighbours to the south with their nameless country, we have in "Canada" and "Canadian,' words in themselves melodious and effective, rich in vowel sounds, and therefore pleasing in poetry. Naturally the author has taken advantage of this, as the refrains to her patriotic poems amply testify.

Like most Canadian poets Miss Machar is a lover of nature, and in that division of her book called "Canadian Woodnotes," many charming pictures may be found, whether describing "how sweet the charmed stillness everywhere," of an April day; or how

The shy Hepatica from downy screen,
Opens her soft-hued cups in lovely bloom,
Filled with the spring's most delicate perfume.

Indeed, the changes of every season have found here a loving interpreter, for the twelve sonnets of "The Circling Year" are finely conceived, and well sustained throughout. They all show an artistic restraint, and an imagination of a high order. How true this picture of September!

Most changeful of the months—September—
thou
Comest, the last of all the summer train,
Cheating us ever with illusions vain!
Thou dost out-April April—dreaming now,
With summer sunshine on thy pensive brow,
Then, changing swift, to drive, with loosened rein
Wild winds and sobbing storm—gusts o'er
the plain,
And toss the yellowing leaves from writhing
bough.

Is it the symbol of thine own regret
For early closing days and dying flowers?
Well might we deem thine eyes with tears are
wet
For all the lost delights of summer hours
That pass so swiftly from our sight—and yet
A thought of spring shines through September showers!

Unlike much of the poetry that is written to-day we find running all through this work a definite moral purpose, an attempt to lift the mind above the mere accidents of time and place. Sometimes the thought thus evolved is

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very beautiful, and there is about it all a fine optimism, a feeling that

There is no wrong but growing years shall right it,

which in this too pessimistic age is very attractive. Such a poem is

TO THE HEIGHTS.

"Sic itur ad astra."

As fair to the eyes of the prophet,
The desert pathway through,
Were the distant shadowy mountains,
So dreamy and soft and blue,

Although on their sunlit summits,
His feet might never stand;
And, but from the Mount of Vision,
He might view the Promised Land!

So fair to the inner vision,
As on through life we go,
Loom the shadowy hills of promise,
Soft in the morning glow.

How long is the the way to reach them,
But little we heed or care;
How hard and steep the climbing,
To the summits that seem so fair!

Yet still they recede before us,
And ever their promise sweet,
Like a spell they have woven o'er us,
Lures on our wandering feet.

And although we may reach them never,
Till the cold death-stream is passed;
For us they shall keep their promise,
And the heights shall be ours at last.

Many of these poems treat of religious subjects, as, "An Advent Hymn," "Who Shall Roll Away the Stone?" "Lord, That I May Receive My Sight," or "The Spring in the Wilderness." Here and there in the minor poems a touch reminds us of the kindly Whittier, whose personal friend Miss Machar was. Several poems relating to him show how deeply she esteemed him and felt his loss. A particularly beautiful and appreciative poem is "The Grave of Elizabeth Barrett Browning," in Florence, of whom it is said

If she must out of England sleep, then happiest sleeps she here.

She tells us how

She grew—a fair young girl—amid
The English daises springing,
And learning from the English larks
The secret of their singing.

And how

Love followed softly through the strain,
Ere yet its course was run;
And blent in sweetest unison
Two poet hearts in one.

The great variety of subjects treated under the headings "Echoes of Life and Thought," and "Ballads of Love and Labour," testify to the wide reading and catholic spirit of the author. "The Winged Victory: A Dramatic Poem," showing more literary grace and delicacy of imagery than of dramatic vigour, but containing the most beautiful lyrics in the book, closes the volume.

For many reasons "Lays of the 'True North'" should meet with a hearty welcome from Canadians everywhere. It is marked throughout by earnestness, high thought, and purity of utterance. It is thoroughly Canadian and loyal, and treats of incidents and phases in our history with which we cannot be too familiar. It voices our growing national life as no other poetry has done; it is hopeful, confident, and has no provincial note. Canada is one, not many, it reminds us. As poetry it is of a high order, graceful, melodious, varied, abounding in fine imagery and beautiful touches of Nature:

Her poetry is sweeter far,
Than all men write about her;
Old Homer, though his theme was war,
Had scarcely sung without her.

Little would be gained in an article such as this by making comparisons as to the relative merits of our writers. Too often a personal bias prevents a just estimate of a living author's work; or the subject matter comes too near us to get a true perspective. It is only fair each recent book should stand on its own merits; and, assuredly, if this is the case, these poems, not only because of their melodious love of country and of nature, but also because "they have tried to make the world a little better," will be welcomed as a valuable addition to our slowly but surely growing Canadian literature.

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STORIES OF PRESIDENT KRUGER.

AS TOLD BY A CANADIAN WHO LIVED IN SOUTH AFRICA FOR A NUMBER OF YEARS.

By E. B. Biggar.

PAUL KRUGER (usually pronounced Kreeger by the Boers) was born on a farm in the Cape Colony, Oct. 10th, 1825. His parents were farmers and so poor that it is said they could scarcely provide him with clothes. He grew up uneducated, like most of his compatriots, and inherited, along with a strong constitution, a double portion of the obstinacy attributed to his countrymen. He was born to rebellion. He must have imbibed it with his mother's milk. It was a rebellion against his parents and a quarrel with his brothers which first set him loose among men. A young man of great strength, he was once, when unarmed, attacked by a panther, but in spite of its cruel clawing, held it by the throat till it was strangled, and became quite a hero in the neighbourhood.

While hatred of the English was the over-mastering passion that has brought ruin upon his country, he has quarreled with his own people when no other subject presented itself. It is a matter of almost forgotten history that he and M. W. Pretarius—a former president of the Transvaal, after whom Pretoria was named—entered the Free State without provocation and in a time of peace, and at the head of an armed force attempted to upset the Free State Government. Kruger led his Boer followers and incited the Free State Boers to rebellion, while Pretorius, operating with Kafirs, instigated the natives to revolt. Kruger only gave way when he found a Free State commando as well armed as he, and provided with a number of cannon. This was forty years ago, and some of the South African historians have since attempted to deny the facts, which, however, are too well recorded in the Free State annals. Having failed in a raid, which had none of the excuses of

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Dr. Jameson's episode, he and Pretorius stirred up rebellion in the Transvaal itself, this civil strife being fomented among near relatives whose blood was thus spilt by Kruger's ambitious schemes. His rebellion against British authority—which, be it noted, had been established in the Transvaal without the shedding of a drop of blood—is history that is better known.

When the chronicles of the Transvaal under Kruger shall have been written, people will wonder how this "high priest of corruption" ever gained the reputation of the sturdy old saint which he has. It is not generally known—and certainly would not be believed by many, if the facts were not on record in the archives of the colonial office—that Kruger's embezzlement of funds was a determining cause of his rebellion during the late British regime. As field-cornet of his district he failed to account for tax money paid in by certain Boers, and adopting the bluff so characteristic of his late public policy, sought to cover up his defalcations by demanding an increase from £200 to £300 in his salary. This was of course refused, and the trouble began, but in the greater affairs of the subsequent rebellion the small shortage dropped out of sight and memory.

At the beginning of the present year Kruger's wealth was estimated at £25,000,000 and his ungovernable greed of gold is no doubt the true reason why he, personally and governmentally, squeezed the Uitlanders so mercilessly, even when he must have seen it was leading to the destruction of the republic. While he and his co-delegates were in England negotiating the convention of 1884, a quarrel arose among those to whom he had entrusted the affairs of state in the Transvaal and it developed to such a degree that his supplies were stopped. While convention matters were still unsettled the delegation's funds ran so low that they were unable to pay their hotel bill. At this crisis a far-seeing Englishman, who had been to the Transvaal and taken note of the concessions which a paternal government was granting here and there, came with a rich friend and held out the benefits that would accrue to the country and themselves if a concession were given for a wool washery and a woolen factory. If such a monopoly were granted they would pay the hotel bill, and it was hinted that Mr. Kruger himself would lose nothing by the transaction. The bargain was made, the hotel bill was settled and a cheque for £1,000 was given to Kruger himself. The machinery was ordered, but while it lay at the docks ready for shipment a friend who had had a little more experience of Transvaal methods, urged the concessionaries not to ship the machinery till the arrangement was confirmed by the Volksraad. It was well they heeded this advice for the Volksraad refused to ratify the concession. When asked afterwards to refund the money, the foxy Kruger said he had received the little attention as Stephanus Johannes Paulus Kruger and not in his capacity as President of the Transvaal. Personally he could do nothing, and to this day the money has not been refunded. Now, this concession was to have included a tract of land of 75 square miles, and it was the intention of the concessionaires to locate the works on a stream of very clear and soft water, known as the Witwater, and this tract would have included the richest part of what became celebrated two years later as the Witwatersrand gold fields on which Johannesburg now stands. When the terrible dynamite explosion occurred at Krugersdorp in 1897 a fund was raised at Johannesburg for the sufferers. A number of poor Boers were killed but not a single Englishman, yet the entire amount of the relief fund was raised by Uitlanders. Oom Paul had his name put down for £25, but he never paid the money, though repeatedly called upon for it.

Illustrative of Kruger's peculiar faith, an amusing anecdote is told by a fellow Boer. Once in the early days, when

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game was scarce, he was one of a party who went out to hunt the hartebeest. After scouring the veldt for days without a sign of game, Paul said he would retire over the hills to pray for food as the patriarchs of old. After several hours he returned and solemnly prophesied to the party that in three days a large troop of hartebeest would pass that way. The party made their camp there and, sure enough, in two days a number of these animals appeared. The Boers were struck with wonder, and Kruger became celebrated as "the man of prayer." Afterwards the Kafir who accompanied him over the hills gave this version of the incident: When Kruger got out of sight he struck for a neighbouring Kaffir kraal where, calling the Induna, he informed him that the men were starving for want of game; that a large number of armed Boers were on the other side of the hill, and that unless the induna and his men discovered game in less than three days they would all be shot. Dear bought experience of Boer methods frightened the Kafirs so that they set out, found the game, and drove it towards the Boer camp.

We cannot wonder at the density of the average Boer's ignorance when their president firmly believes that the earth stands still and that the sun moves round it. A well-intentioned man who was anxious to gain Kruger's favour, laid himself under deep suspicion when he attempted to reconcile the revolving-earth theory with the miracle of Joshua's battle. All his arguments are fortified by scripture, but the chances are nearly even that his citations are misquotations. In the only interview Sir Barth Frere had with him that statesman, who was a deep student of the Bible, proved too much for him. At the beginning of the conference Kruger started, as usual, quoting scripture to strengthen his arguments. But Sir Barth not only had two texts ready to refute each of his, but carefully pointed out to him how each one of his texts was misquoted, and bore quite a different meaning from that put on it. After several defeats Kruger gave up, and sat silently wondering at Sir Barth's immense bible knowledge.

It is well known that he has deprived Catholics and Jews of the franchise of educational privileges and of holding any government office. Dr. Hertz, the Rabbi of the Jewish synagogue, recently went with a Jewish deputation to Pretoria to make a plea for the Jews, and the following is a quotation from his amusing account of the interview: "He (Kruger) would hear nothing till he had gone through the usual preliminary discussion on the Bible. It cannot be denied that he has his Bible at his finger's ends. With this he combines an old Haggadist's faculty of twisting an irrelevant text into his service when he is getting the worst of the argument. After an hour's wrangling, during which he tried to prove from Genesis, Habakkuk and John, that the Boers are the descendants of Isaac, and the Jews the descendants of Ishmael, and that it would be against the letter and the spirit of the scriptures that they should both inherit the land together, we came to the real point of the interview. Of course he maintained that he personally was in favour of religious equality, but pleaded that in measures involving an amendment of the grondwet (Constitution), he had to carry his burghers with him. One by one he began to repeat the stock arguments of the Boers, and we exposed his fallacies as fast as he uttered them. At last, when driven into a corner, he resorted to his trump card, which is to shout. But we shouted still louder, and the three of us shouting and gestulating on the president's stoop must have been a ludicrous sight to the passers by."

Kruger is a man feared by nearly all his fellow burghers and loved by few, even of his own relations. Probably the best description of the man is given in a single line of Kipling's latest poem:

"Sloven, sullen, savage, secret, uncontrolled."

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CANADIAN CELEBRITIES.

IX.—ROBERT BARR.

CANADA is a country almost without national heroes. Where are our Burkes, our Pitts, our Nelsons, our Wellingtons and our Napoleons? We have none, apparently because we are an unenthusiastic people. We are so sensible, so respectable, so full of self-importance, that we seldom throw up our hats and cheer. Good old Sir John Macdonald could make us all shout occasionally, but no other man that I have ever seen has had the power. Less than a year ago, Gilbert Parker made an after-dinner speech to about a hundred Torontonians, and at its conclusion the enthusiastic applause was tremendous, but within a week afterwards, the same hundred people were chastizing themselves for their unseemly conduct.

Robert Barr should be a national hero to Canadians, but he is not. He has done much for his native land, and a great deal for her literature, but his reward has not been great. To-day, France and Germany each give him more monetary reward than does the country in which he was born and bred. In fact, his income from Canada is so easily handled that he gives it away in Canadian benefactions.

And Canada's affection for him is not much greater than the royalties which are collected in this country by his publishers. Otherwise he might be living amongst us. And the same might be said of Gilbert Parker, of Sara Jeanette Duncan, of Charles G. D. Roberts, of Bliss Carman, of Arthur J. Stringer, and of other members of that band of literary exiles, who occasionally cast loving glances towards their native heath—towards the blue waters of Lake Erie, the beautiful islands of the broad St. Lawrence, or the blossoming orchards of old Nova Scotia.

Robert Barr is a Canadian, although he was five years of age when his parents sailed from Glasgow for this country. He attended a country school in the township of Dunwich during the winter months of his boyhood years, and there Canada marked him for her own. No boy who has ever spent five years in a Canadian public school can ever be anything but a Canadian. It is not from our mothers and our fathers that we get our patriotism, but from our school teachers. If Canadians lack in patriotism, it is because our schools are filled with teachers who have not been touched with a live coal from the national fire.

Like many another country lad Robert Barr went to school in the winter, and worked with his father in the summer. He learned to drive nails, to use a saw and plane, and was, perhaps, taught some of that constructive skill which he has since displayed in his novels. He was eventually clever enough to secure a teacher's certificate, and the rural scholar became the rural school master. By luck and merit, he rose to be the head master of the public school in the town of Windsor, and it was while occupying this position that he made his first contribution to the world's literature. He wrote a humorous account of a trip around the south shore of Lake Erie, which he and a companion had made in a small boat. This was accepted by the Detroit *Free Press*, pleased the people, and paved the way for further contributions. Others, equally good, were forthcoming, and Barr was asked to vacate his schoolmastership and enter the ranks of journalism. The young man of twenty-six was not long in complying, nor was he slow to profit by the opportunities thus afforded him. He was a worker and knew what hard work could accomplish for the young man without friends or

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real estate. He had also a great well of humour, always bubbling up and running over, and "Luke Sharp," his pen-name, was soon known to those who read the Detroit and Toronto newspapers. In 1881 he went to London, England, to establish a weekly edition of the *Detroit Free Press*, and Luke Sharp's humorous tales, were introduced to the British public with encouraging success. Immediately afterwards his books began to appear. "Strange Happenings," "In a Steamer Chair," "From Whose Bourne," "The Face and The Mask," and "In The Midst of Alarms." The first was published in 1882, and the others between 1892 and 1894. "The Mutable Many," and "One Day's Courtship," appeared in 1896. "In the Midst of Alarms" and "One Day's Courtship" are the most distinctively Canadian; the former deals with the events of the Fenian Raids, and the latter glorifies the scenery of the St. Maurice River and Shawenegan Falls. But after these two books, Barr deserted Canada for the Rhine, and "Tekla" and "The Strong Arm" are the two volumes which were inspired by the romance of that great river. I understand that his next story will have a Canadian setting, and will be more pretentious than most of his former efforts. After that, he may write a story of the Danube, a river which he visited this summer.

It is not the purpose of a short sketch such as this to enter in detail into the characteristics of Robert Barr's literary style. Let it suffice for the present to say that Robert Barr is a journalist, a humorist and a novelist. Sometimes his novels are humorously journalistic, Jessie Baxter, for example; sometimes they are journalistically humorous in that they have the appearance of being the hurried work of a man who did not lay too much stress on literary form. But all his stories are readable, breezy, clever and founded upon a wide knowledge of people of the past and the present.

His beautiful home is in the County of Surrey, just seventeen miles from Charing Cross Station — address, Hillhead, Woldingham, Surrey, England. From an eminence, a hundred feet higher than Mount Royal at Montreal, Mr. Barr can behold three of England's most famous counties, the one in which he lives, and in the distance Sussex and Kent. Not far away is Brighton and its beautiful beach, Tunbridge Wells and the cherished home of the immortal Wolfe, London and the literary centre of the world. In this delightful spot Mr. Barr spends happy days with his wife and two children. He has the blessings and privileges of the peace-loving county squire, and is not too far removed from the hurly-burly of business life in which he has won fame and competence.

As may be judged from his photograph, published in the November CANADIAN MAGAZINE, Robert Barr is a stalwart, broad-shouldered individual, whose iron-grey beard and hair indicate that their owner has borne the burden of a half century of years. His eyes are kindly in expression, his manners easy and unostentatious, his voice manly and inviting. His characteristics are his love of cigarettes and the humour of his easy-flowing speech. I have never seen him in a top hat and frock coat, but I should judge that in that conventional garb of London he would be distinguished looking; in his favourite dress of tweeds and fedora, he looks more like a Canadian than an Englishman.

J. A. C.

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THE RED CROSS NURSE

A TALE OF MAJUBA HILL

BY KATHLEEN BLAKE COLEMAN

A BRIGHT-looking girl whose nurse's cap framed a frank English face came hurriedly into one of the wards of the Charing Cross Hospital.

"Nurse Gray," she said, "you are wanted in the emergency room—a street accident."

Nurse Gray straightened from her stooping posture over the bed. Then she drew the sheet softly over the face of the man who was lying so quietly there.

"Dead?" asked the bright faced girl, peering over her companion's shoulder.

"Dead," answered Nurse Gray in a colourless voice.

"Poor fellow," said the little nurse.

"Not poor any more," said Nurse Gray. "I am glad he is at rest. It was an awful case. A street accident did you say?" She walked quickly out of the ward.

Down stairs, in the room set apart for emergency cases, she found two doctors working over the insensible figure of a man, which was stretched out on the operating table. One of them called to her hurriedly for basin, sponges, and the instruments necessary for the occasion, and presently she was working steadily with her quick hand and alert eye—the best of the younger nurses in the great London hospital.

The man lying there had been knocked down by a hansom and tumbled directly under a big dray which was coming up a side street. He had suffered some damage from the horses' feet and the wheels before he was extricated and carried to the hospital. To this the doctors were attending.

"A couple of stiff scalp wounds and a broken rib or two," said the house surgeon, as he finished his examination. "Better have him moved into one of the private wards for a day or so, at least till we find out who he is. Looks to be a gentleman—a bit of a swell, too," he added in a lower voice to his companion. "You had better take charge of this case, nurse," he continued, as he rang the bell for the male attendants who appeared presently and lifted the wounded, but now conscious man, to the litter. "Let me know when he is in bed and I'll come up."

An hour or so later Nurse Gray stood beside the bed of the sick man looking down at his face very much as she had looked at that of the dead man a little while before. It was a very good-looking, though hardly handsome face, being too strong in its curves to come under the ban of masculine beauty. Passion spoke upon it, even in its sick tranquillity, and great will, and some temper—the face of a strong character. His frame, though he was quite a young man, gave promise, half fulfilled, of extreme massiveness and power. His hair was dark and crisp. It had been cut from about the wounds on the back and sides of his head, but it grew thick and straight about his temples. Some spirit of courage and daring spoke in all the length of goodly manhood that was lying there loose-limbed, inert. It appealed strangely to the quiet nurse. His name was David Kenneth, Captain in Her Majesty's Light Horse; this much they had discovered from some envelopes in his pocket. His mother, Lady Kenneth, had been sent for and was expected every moment.

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Presently she came—a tall and aristocratic woman who had been lovely in her youth, and bore a gentle beauty still. Just now a horrified and heart-broken woman. Her only son! Knocked down in the streets in broad daylight like that! What would Sir William say! She must have him home directly! What did the nurse think? Where were the doctors? She would consult the family physician at once. All this in agitated whispers. Nurse Gray calmed her by saying that perfect quiet had been ordered, and that if Lady Kenneth would sit down, she, the nurse, would notify one of the house surgeons of her arrival.

But there was to be no going home for Captain Kenneth for some days, so Nurse Gray comforted her Ladyship as well as she could and assured her that she would take faithful care of her son. When he was able to be moved to his own home Lady Kenneth stipulated that Nurse Gray was to accompany him and it was then that the Fates began to interest themselves in this young woman.

Joan Gray was not a beautiful person, but she was tall and slender, and had tender grey eyes, and soft, dark hair, and a strong chin. For she came of a strong race—Scotch-Irish—and she had the caution of the one and the tenderness (that is so rich a quality in the true Scottish nature); and she had the poetic feeling and vivid imagination and fearless temperament of the other, with much of its mystic melancholy added. Joan Gray's eyes were of the kind that haunt, deep set, with soft shadows lurking about them and long, curled, black lashes veiling them. Yes, that in some curious way expressed loneliness, as though the owner of them were set apart and in a vague way different from others. For the rest, her features were irregular, her mouth rather large but good-tempered, her complexion pale with warm undertints, and her age twenty-five. In character she was reserved and reticent, given to silence, which is good in woman and tiresome in man. Fear found no place in her dictionary; neither did failure, as is usual with the lexicon of youth.

She fell in love with David Kenneth mainly because propinquity got in its deadly work. She would have been horrified if you had presumed to hint at such a thing, but it was true for all that. Her hand was tenderness itself when she changed the bandages on his dark head, or wiped the heat of the heavy London summer from his forehead. Those deep gray eyes of hers spoke all the love lore of the two peoples from which she sprang, as she bent over this sick soldier and ministered to his needs. As he grew towards convalescence and became restless and impatient with the irritability of one who is growing whole again, she comforted him with readings in her quiet voice from such tender and almost wistful books as Cranford and John Halifax, Gentleman. He liked to look at her as she sat close by the window, reading. The neat gray gown and white apron crossed over her shoulders became her immensely, he thought. As did the little white cap tied in a short bow under her chin—that strong up-turned chin with its deep fossette that told of bull-dog pertinacity. Joan Gray, the name suited her—she was all gray—gray eyes, gray gown—gray—no, not hair—What a pity it would be if all that mass of soft dark hair ever did get gray—but it wouldn't—not for a long time anyhow.

"Were you ever in love, Nurse?" The question startled the girl out of all composure. Her face crimsoned. Her great sad eyes took a frightened expression strange to them.

"I beg your pardon," said Captain Kenneth, ashamed of himself, and trying by restless movements to divert attention from his miserable daring; "I—I really didn't mean to be rude, you know. Forgive me, won't you? This lying idle here makes a booby of a chap. Please, say you forgive me."

Nurse Gray made no answer. She was busy measuring out his medicine at her little table. "Drink this," she said a trifle peremptorily; "you are

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talking too much. It is time for you to go to sleep."

He took the medicine glass from her and drank off its contents as obediently as a child.

"Was I ever in love," said Nurse Gray, as she stood an hour later looking down on the strong though pallid face of this man who had come into her life to make or mar it. "Of course not—and never will be." But later on, the moon, peering down through a chink in the shutter saw a girl kiss passionately a lock of short, dark, crisp hair, and then sink on her knees to utter a prayer for the man she loved. And the moon, who has ears as well as eyes, thought she heard his name, but being wise and old, and having heard all the love stories in the world, she retired shaking her horns and thanking the gods who rule moons that never a maid could enter her dominion to play havoc with the solitary bachelor who made his home in her chaste heart. No, the Man in the Moon was safe as no mortal man can ever be—from the wiles of womanhood. But the Man in the Moon found it rather dull.

Captain Kenneth thanked his nurse warmly and gratefully the day she came to say good-bye, and give him over to the charge of his mother and sister. He could never forget her kindness and attention. He would never as long as life lasted forget *her*. Might he come to see her at the hospital now and then? If it was ever in his power to do her some good would she let him know? She replied quietly that she had but done her duty, that—this with a slight bitterness that for the life of her she could not keep out of her voice—she had been well paid for what she had done, that she did not think that he would care to come to see her (he vehemently protested; whereat she smiled) and that finally if ever she wanted a recommendation—

"Recommendation! Joan!" the name burst from him before he was aware of it. Her surprised and crimson face first told him. He rose from his chair, staggering a little as he sought to steady himself. But her arm was ready, that faithful arm which had so often helped him. He was very weak. He leaned his face down against her shoulder for a moment. "I—I can't, Joan," he half whispered, half groaned; I—I love you, girl. I've battled and fought it down, but—oh, Joan! I'm engaged to another woman and that held my lips silent till now—now that you are going from me. Joan—girl—," and then this big man fainted quietly away.

Five years later a great marriage took place at St. Peter's, Eaton Square, when David Urquhart Kenneth (Major in the Gordon Highlanders—formerly Captain in Her Majesty's Light Horse) fulfilled his long-standing engagement to the Honourable Alice Hayter Aveline, amid the crash of organ music, and the perfume of myriads of flowers, and the swish of silken skirts. No one noticed the veiled figure of a hospital nurse wrapped about in a long gray cloak—a most unfashionable figure in such a brilliant assemblage—no one but an old lady who sat beside her. She was not a pretty woman nor a very young one, this nurse, the old lady told her friends afterwards, for once she raised her veil—it was just as the newly married couple were walking down the aisle to the measure of the marriage hymn, and she saw her white, set, rather worn face—a curious face to see at such a gay wedding surely. She did not know—this garrulous old lady—that the woman who sat beside her was looking for the first time in many years on the face of the man who was all the world to her, while to him she was nothing.

Many years after all this a land-drost out in South Africa set his foolish finger in the web the fates were weaving around the life of Joan Gray and the lives of many others. He only seized a waggon—this foolish land-drost—a waggon belonging to one Boer called Bezhuidenot, which wooden vehicle he put up for auction in the square of Potchefstrom, one beautiful summer day in November, 1880. The volk kicked the land-drost off the waggon and also kicked him around the town.

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Then was the match lighted that set the Transvaal aflame. One month after the affair of the waggon, a mass meeting of the Boers at Heidelberg proclaimed the Transvaal once again a Republic and sounded the tocsin of war. At that moment, though she knew nothing about it, the web of the Fates began to close round Nurse Gray in the big Charing Cross Hospital, London.

About the end of December, or, more properly, the beginning of January, 1881, a battalion of the Gordon Highlanders was ordered to the front, which meant South Africa. Nurse Gray, hurrying through a dismal London fog back to the hospital from her daily walk, heard the "Speshuls" roaring out the headlines. She bought a paper and devoured its news under the nearest street-lamp. "Troops ordered to the front. Gay Gordons to be in the scrimmage. Transports already chartered. List of officers accompanying the troops." Of course his name was there. Her eye caught it in a moment: Major David Kenneth. What mattered all the others! At that instant the strong pertinacious chin of Nurse Gray began to interfere in her destiny. He was ordered to the front. Her place was at the front too. What was to prevent her going? She was alone in the world, a woman past her youth, strong, even robust, a head nurse at the very top of her profession; skilled in surgical cases, used to attending the most serious and terrible operations, trained in the nursing of fever patients, and indeed to all the ills that torment frail humanity. She would send in her application for Red Cross work at once she told herself, as she pushed through the human river that ever surges towards the Strand and the City.

Solitary as she was, she was not without friends. Her Irish mother had been related to Lord Roberts, "Bobs" as the people fondly called him. She would write to him. He would, he must help her. She would go, would go, would go. The dominant chin was standing well to her now.

On January 10th, 1881, three transports set sail from Woolwich carrying less than a thousand troops and about seven hundred horses, bound for the Transvaal, and incidentally carrying also a band of four Red Cross Sisters, among whom was Joan Gray, formerly a head nurse at the Charing Cross Hospital, London. The Duke of Cambridge, Commander-in-Chief of the Forces, bade the troops farewell, telling them at the same time that, "It was the wish of the Queen that the soldiers should make a mild use of their victories in South Africa." They cheered, promised and sailed.

Somewhere about the 31st of January, the transports reached their destination, and, disembarking, were moved as rapidly as possible to the relief of Sir George Colley. They were held, however, at Pietermaritzburg to await the coming of other reinforcements. The four Red Cross nurses with the medical staff were, by order of the Surgeon-Major, sent on under a convoy towards Laing's Nek, where it was known Sir George Colley then was. Thus, by the 23rd of February, the little detatchment found itself nearing the spot where Colley was struggling bravely to make head against the Boers, who were already drunk with their victory over Anstruther at Bronkhorst Spruit. Nurse Gray, going quietly about her duties in the hospital tent that evening, heard some one say that Kenneth, of the Gordons, had been attached to Colley's Staff, and was with him now at Laing's Nek. Her heart gave a great bound. She was near him at last. All her immense world—that of the needy and sick and sore—was from this moment forward filled by the figure of one man. Self-contained, reserved, and apparently cold, this woman had made few friends and had permitted but one man's love to enter her life. Her whole soul had long ago been absorbed by David Kenneth—a man who had never kissed nor caressed her, whose ebullition of love for her had been so transient—so weak a thing that it had died in the very moment of its birth.

Joan Gray was now forty years old;

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but never having been a beauty, she had not suffered as much at the hands of time as a handsomer woman would have done. Her splendid gray eyes were brighter and deeper than ever, her chin just as dominant. The warm tints had faded from her cheeks, which were lined, and a trifle worn. And her hair was gray, all gray now; name, and gown, and eyes, and hair—and gray, gray life.

On the evening of Friday, February the 25th, the medical contingent reached Sir George Colley's camp at Mount Prospect, just below Laing's Nek, beyond which on the veldt lay the camps of the Boers. That night the Red Cross Sisters were busy preparing lint and bandages and first aid for the wounded, for in the morning it was expected that a sortie would be made, the result of which, judging from the ill-luck that had attended previous encounters, would give the devoted women plenty of work to do. The hospital camp was pitched in a sheltered spot in the rear, and above it waved the sign of mercy—a large red cross on a white field. Few in the camp slept that night—men and women were too terribly strung to the tension of the moment to make any deliberate attempt to seek a rest that might fail to come. Almost till the dawn the surgeons and nurses worked, none more vigorously than Nurse Gray. Dawn—the sun leaping above the horizon, already caparisoned for his splendid ride across the blue African skies. No stealing of the god of day across the world's rim in pale though rosy splendour. Day breaks at once in South Africa as quickly as night descends when the light shows faint traces of failing. There was no sortie that morning. Sir George Colley had decided to wait for the night; then he would steal across to Majuba Hill, a square precipitous peak on the Drakensberg range, which overlooked the Boers' laager, beyond Laing's Nek, and pot a few of those Dutch farmers. That day Colley sent word that he was coming with his staff to inspect the hospital-tent and the medical arrangements. Prompt to the hour he arrived, attended by Major Kenneth and Captain Davis, but almost as they entered a summons came that called them back to headquarters. But Joan Gray had seen David. He, too, had grown old, and the crisp straight hair about his temples was no longer dark. What a splendid man he was! All the promise of his youth had been more than fulfilled. David Urquhart Kenneth was talked of as the finest man in the British army.

That night, Saturday, the 26th of February, Sir George Colley with a small force moved out of camp at Mount Prospect and occupied the Majuba Hill. Early next morning the Boers attacked the Hill, and under cover of some desultory firing, three Boer storming parties began the ascent almost unseen. Later a fugitive, wounded, almost dying, crawled into the hospital camp. "It's all over," he said, gasping the words out. "The General's killed, and more than half the officers are shot. The Boers stormed the hill—it's all over."

"More than half the officers are shot." These words reached the brain of Joan Gray and stayed there. For the first time in her life she deserted her post. When the wounded began to come in, the others missed her, and made a little search, but there was too much to do to spend the precious time looking for anybody. Nurses and doctors had more to do than they could manage.

The light was failing as Joan Gray went toiling wearily up the precipitous sides of Majuba Mountain. There is scarcely any twilight in South Africa, but the nights are so radiant and beautiful that they exceed in clarity any twilight or evening light. Joan crept up cautiously, now stopping to hide behind the mimosa bushes, now resting a moment under the shoulder of a gray boulder. She had walked all the afternoon guided by cries and shots and the booming of the big guns that were covering the flight of the British. These had ceased now, but she knew from a fugitive soldier, who

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was hiding in a bunch of mimosa bush, that she was on the right path. "Gord bless you, sister," the man had said; "there's many a pore chap up there as'll be glad to see you." The man's blessing seemed to fall about her like a sheltering garment. She had her little satchel with her under her gray cloak. If only she can reach him in time. Dear God! if only she can get to him before it is too late! "More than half the officers are shot." The words sang in her brain as she crept steadily on. Her strength and her will of iron stood well to her now. She is gaining the square plateau on the top of the hill.

What was that? A faint skirl of bagpipe music came whimpering down the slope. Her heart beat furiously. The gay Gordons! the bonnie Gordons! Again the pipes whistled uncannily, then a shot rang clear and sharp and the music stopped—forever.

But Joan Gray never stopped on her onward journey, and as the full African moon broke in superb splendour through the clouds, the sister reached the spot where the heaped dead lay thickest. On her hands and knees she groped among the slain. Far off some figures were moving, and now and then a shot rang out, and there arose a clamour of voices, but the Red Cross Sister heeded them not. She took off her gray cloak and opened her hospital bag lest some groaning wretch should need her skilful services. The pallid light of the great moon shone on the faces of the dead, some peaceful, some distorted and strained by the agony of a violent death. Face after face—but never his—and yet "more than half the officers are shot." David so tall and strong—how could he escape? He must be here—here. Pushing her white cap from her head, the Red Cross Sister stood erect, a tall, slight figure under the full wash of the moonlight. It shone on her gray gown, turning it to dull silver; it shone on the vivid cross that glimmered—a blood-red sign—upon her sleeve. It shone too into the deep and wonderful eyes that were filled at that moment with silent prayer. The next instant the tall figure staggered slightly—then toppled over and down among the slain that lay that night upon Majuba Hill.

She was not dead. The spent bullet had torn through her shoulder, wounding her indeed past all remedy, but leaving life in her yet awhile. The cool night air revived her after a little, and feebly—a failing and dying creature—she resumed her search for the man she loved and whom she believed to be lying dead beside her. A groan from a wounded soldier near by woke in her the old grand sense of duty. She rallied under that call, and with supreme difficulty twisted her body round till she could reach the little hospital bag in which lay the first aid for the wounded. With her unmaimed hand she took out the roll of bandage and slowly dragged herself over the heap of dead to where the man lay groaning. With one noble effort she feebly tried to bind the lint about his wound——

It was then that the lonely gray eyes closed.

* * * * *

They carried her down into the camp next day when they came to gather home their dead. When the story was told to Major Urquhart Kenneth—who was almost the only officer who had escaped without a scratch—he asked to see the Red Cross Sister who had died at the post of duty. They took him to the tent where she lay in her simple nurse's gown with some wild flowers of the veldt lying loosely in her idle hands. Major Kenneth looked down at her. "What was her name?" he asked. But when they told him he gave no sign of recognition. "I think, I think," stammered Sister Dora, "that she used to know you. She said something once that made me think you and she had met long ago." "No," said David Kenneth, "it must have been some one else. Poor soul! I don't remember her."

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CURRENT EVENTS ABROAD

by W. Sanford Evans

SOUTH AFRICA continues to be the chief centre of interest, not only for the British people, but for the world, since Britain is regarded as being on her trial. The Boers have shown the highest kind of strategy and most of the best soldierly qualities. In everything that has been done there has been evidence of the most thorough forethought and preparation. The Boer plan of campaign was to capture the small British garrisons in Rhodesia, at Mafeking, Kimberley and other places in the west, and then concentrate a strong force to resist a British advance through Cape Colony and at the proper time to march on Cape Town; while in the east their main body was to overwhelm General White's forces in Natal and advance on Pietermaritzburg and Durban, there to dispute the landing of any British reinforcements. The plan was good, and their great superiority in numbers gave grounds for believing that it might be carried out. But British courage has proved a fatal stumbling-block. At the time of writing (November 17th) Tuli, Mafeking and Kimberley are still holding out, and General Joubert has not been able to move his main body beyond Ladysmith. About one half of the British army corps has arrived and is rapidly preparing to take the aggressive.

On October 12, three days after the issue of the ultimatum, occurred the first actual fighting, when an armoured train was derailed near Mafeking and Captain Nesbitt and fifteen men were captured. On the same day the Boers entered Natal from three sides. The British evacuated their advanced post at Newcastle and fell back on Glencoe. At this point General Symons was in command with about 4,000 men. During the night of November 19th the first detachment of the enemy established themselves with guns on Talana hill, three miles from the British camp, and in the morning opened fire. General Symons ordered an attack, which was most brilliantly carried out, the charge of the King's Royal Rifles and the Dublin and Royal Irish Fusiliers against an almost impregnable position being beyond praise. General Symons was mortally wounded during the attack. The victory was decisive, but it was gained over only a fragment of General Joubert's army, and the advance of the main column necessitated a somewhat hasty retreat. The wounded, including the dying General, were left behind under medical supervision, and a considerable quantity of stores was also abandoned. General White, who was in command of the Natal force, was stationed at Ladysmith with about 8,000 men. He had come into touch with the Free State forces advancing on Ladysmith from the west, and discovered that the enemy had also taken possession of the railway line between Ladysmith and Glencoe. To clear the way for the retreat from Glencoe he despatched Major-Gen. French with about 2,000 men to drive the enemy from their position at Elandslaagte. This was accomplished with quite as conspicuous bravery as was shown at Talana hill, and with even more complete success. Three days later General White forced the Free State troops back to the westward by a series of engagements at Rietfontein, and the way was clear for General Yule, who had succeeded General Symons. On October 27th the two British forces united at Ladysmith. General Joubert, with two or three times the number of men, steadily closed in upon the British. To check the process of investment, General

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White made a sortie on October 30th. This was only partially successful at any point and resulted in the capture of the whole British right wing, consisting of about 1,000 men. This was a serious disaster. Since that time Ladysmith has been surrounded and no definite news has reached the public. Reports of British successes have been circulated, and it is evident that General White has been conducting a gallant and able defence. Boer outposts have advanced to the south of Colenso. In the west, Colonel Baden-Powell's spirited defence of Mafeking and the equally successful defence of Kimberley are entitled to rank with any similar performances in the annals of the British army.

DRAWN FROM PHOTOGRAPH.

SIR GEORGE WHITE.

A modus vivendi has been arrived at with regard to the Alaskan boundary. On October 20th, Mr. Tower, the British *chargé d'affaires* at Washington, handed Secretary Hay a note accepting on behalf of his Government the propositions contained in a note received from Secretary Hay on the previous day. This exchange of notes, rather than the signing of a formal document, was the method chosen for ratifying the agreement reached by Mr. Chamberlain, Sir Louis Davies and Mr. Choate in London. This agreement is a very simple affair. It provides for the marking of a temporary boundary at three points—the three trails going in from the Lynn Canal. On the Dalton trail the boundary is fixed at a point 22¼ statute miles from Pyramid Harbor, and on the Dyea and Skaguay trails at the summits of the Chilkoot and White Passes. The Canadian Government has all along been collecting customs at the summits of these two passes, so the modus vivendi is in reality only an official recognition of an existing state of affairs. Its purpose is to prevent local friction. What is done is "without prejudice to the claims of either party in the permanent adjustment of the International boundary." Canada has yielded nothing and the United States has yielded nothing, and a permanent settlement is no nearer than before. It is interesting to note, however, that this temporary boundary divides the land in dispute in that region. In that respect it is a sort of compromise, but it is one Canadians could not accept for

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a final settlement, unless a court of arbitration should decide that our interpretation of the wording of the treaty of 1825 is wrong, for it leaves to the United States the whole of the Lynn Canal.

Undoubtedly the most important development of the time in International politics is the understanding established between Britain, the United States and Germany. It would be too much to speak of it as an alliance, but a condition now exists which would make an alliance for a definite purpose an easy matter. This result has been brought about by Lord Salisbury and Mr. Chamberlain. These three nations have interests in common and it is possible for them to co-operate without undue friction. And it is necessary for all three to resist the spread of the principles and methods of government for which Russia and some other powers stand. Lord Salisbury was the first to grasp the facts of the world situation, and with broad statesmanship he set himself to find a solution. About that time President Cleveland issued his Venezuela message and Emperor William sent his telegram to President Kruger. The United States and Germany were engaged in a bitter war of tariffs, and Germany's suspicion of the United States has continued up to the present, for she was inclined to interfere in the war with Spain and almost came to an open rupture in the harbor of Manila. Out of this involved and apparently hopeless situation Lord Salisbury and Mr. Chamberlain have brought amity and co-operation. Lord Salisbury met President Cleveland's Venezuela madness with a calmness and conciliation that disarmed hostility; and when the war with Spain broke out he displayed such unmistakable, though unobtrusive, friendliness that all sentimental obstacles to closer relations disappeared. Emperor William's impertinence he first met with a flying squadron, which inspired a wholesome respect, and then he began negotiations for an understanding on points of difference. The first result was a secret treaty, signed about the first of September, 1898. We do not know the exact terms of this treaty, but we see some of its fruits in the liberty of action Britain now enjoys in South Africa. Another difference in which all three powers were involved arose in Samoa a few months ago. The situation was decidely strained, but such an adjustment has been arrived at as would be

DRAWN FROM PHOTOGRAPH.

SIR REDVERS BULLER.

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THE LATE MARCHIONESS OF SALISBURY.
Wife of the Premier of Great Britain.

possible only when each power had full confidence in the friendliness of the others. Mr. Chamberlain outlined the policy, which the British Government has so successfully pursued, in his famous speech at Birmingham on May 13th, 1898, which Mr. Asquith afterwards characterized as a "touting for alliances." In it he said isolation was no longer best for Britain. Under existing conditions there were two clear duties. The first was to draw all parts of the Empire closer together; and the second was to "establish and maintain bonds of permanent amity" with the United States. Then, without naming it, he went on to advocate, in general language, an alliance with Germany saying that "we must not reject the idea of an alliance with those powers whose interests most nearly approximate to our own." To have conceived such a policy and then to have carried it out in the face of enormous difficulties must be regarded as one of the greatest achievements of statesmanship.

General Sir George Stewart White, appointed to the command of the Natal forces shortly before the outbreak of the war, is a man sixty-four years of age, with forty-six years' experience as a soldier. He has seen service in the Indian Mutiny, the Afghan War, the Egyptian Campaign of 1885 and the Burmah War. He won his promotion step by step, and held the post of Commander-in-Chief of the Indian Forces from 1893 to 1898. He was then appointed Quartermaster-General of the British army. His record as a fighter has been a most distinguished one and he wears the Victoria Cross. It is too early to judge of his record in South Africa.

Sir Redvers Buller, the commander of the British army in the field, is a typical fighter. In his strictness of discipline and unswerving determination he is said to resemble Lord Kitchener. A soldier since 1858, he served in the war in China in 1860, took part in the Red River Expedition in 1870, fought through the Ashanti war in 1874, the Kaffir war in 1878, and the Zulu war in 1878-79. It was during this last war he won the Victoria Cross, for personally rescuing at different times ten men who had been wounded and were about to fall into the hands of the enemy. His spirit is shown by the crushing remark he addressed to the man who came to tell him of the death of the Prince Imperial: "And how is it that you are alive?" He is said to have secured the promise of a perfectly free hand in South Africa before he would consent to accept the command. A conversation has recently been reported in which he made the significant statement that he would not go down to history as another Sir George Colley.

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EDITORIAL COMMENT

IT is difficult to write of "Peace on earth, good-will toward men" when both branches of the Anglo-Saxon people are engaged in subduing inferior races. The coming Christmas season will certainly be somewhat peculiar in so far as Great Britain and the United States are concerned. And Canada, too, will share in the peculiarity of the occasion, for while we at home will be singing our carols of peace and brotherly love, a thousand of our sons will be in South Africa looking for Boers over the sights of their rifles. However, war is sometimes necessary in the interests of peace, and in the case of this Boer war it will perhaps be best to assume that it is really in the interests of security and of progressive civilization. The rulers of the British Empire consider that there exists such a justification for this war, and they are Christian gentlemen. Her Most Gracious Majesty, who has resolutely opposed wars of all kinds, has apparently sanctioned this, and she is a Christian lady. The ministers of the gospel of nearly all creeds have tacitly approved of the war, and they without doubt are Christian gentlemen. As the war has the express or tacit endorsation of all these persons to whom we are accustomed to look for guidance, it would scarcely be wise for any writer to disapprove. Let us therefore hope that when the Boer and the Filipino have been made to realize that the Anglo-Saxon race never errs, that it makes war only for the benefit of humanity, a more secure peace shall be assured and the gospel of the Fatherhood of God and the brotherhood of man shall have a wider scope for its beneficent rule.

*

In this memorable year of the peace conference, the Anglo-Saxon Christmas festivities will be tinged with more sadness than has been the case for thirty years. There will be vacant chairs in the homes of Australia, Canada, the United States and Great Britain. Many a darling boy has been sacrificed on the altar of war since the last Christmas season, and many another equally brave youth is at the front doing the duty which in the end will require his life-blood.

Although we had our small troubles in 1870 and 1885, never in the history of federated Canada has there been a Christmas season in which her sons have been bearing arms in the defence of British freedom and British equality. It is well, perhaps, that we Canadians should learn what war means, and if this war be not ended before December 25th, we shall be forced to think of its import. For generations we have been living a life of perfect security. The Union Jack has waved over us. The British fleet has patrolled the high seas and protected our commerce. We have been allowed to work out our intellectual, industrial and commercial development without hindrance or interference, being asked merely to remember that we are British. But the tranquil days are past. We have claimed the glory of being a part of the great British Empire, and our claim has now been recognized. It has been recognized by allowing us to contribute a thousand of our young men to the Empire's army. Henceforth we need not shout the fact in the ears of the people, for now the world knows that the Colonies are really and truly a part of Greater England. The day of claims and assertions has passed, and the day of deeds and contributions has come.

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This change from a sharer in bene-

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fits to a sharer in burdens was inevitable. Had Canada chosen to become independent, the maintenance of an army and a navy would have been onerous. Had she chosen to annex herself to the United States, her burden would have been very heavy. As she elected to be considered a not inconsiderable part of a great Empire, the burden-bearing must be faced with a manly and unshrinking attitude.

With exultant feelings we saw our Jubilee contingent parade with the other forces of the Empire; we saw our Premier take his place among the great servants of a great sovereign; we saw our country rise from an unconsidered outpost to a great and important part of a confederation of nations. We have desired these honours, and therefore we must cheerfully pay the price. If we pay more than we expected, it is because our claims were extravagant.

*

Mr. Tarte and Mr. Bourassa, the two French-Canadians, who have protested against the sending of a Canadian contingent without the sanction of Parliament, were right. Their motives in making the objection may not have been equally praiseworthy, but this is not a time to judge motives unless they are very strongly expressed. These two gentlemen have kept their motives hidden. What they have done is to raise and to insist upon the point which the Premier raised and then overlooked. Mr. Tarte and Mr. Bourassa are entitled to more credit for bravery than Sir Wilfrid Laurier. Every proposed expenditure of public money must first be approved by Parliament. That is the point. Sir Wilfrid Laurier was at first disposed to insist upon its observance. Under pressure, he agreed to overlook it, as it has been overlooked before. Public opinion, which was almost a unit in favour of sending a small contingent to South Africa, will prevent his getting into any trouble over this course of action, and Parliament when assembled will unanimously pass the bills contracted without authority. In spite of that inevitable approval, Sir Wilfrid has lost something by his course of action. Once having raised the point before the public, he should have fought the Governor-General and Mr. Chamberlain to the bitter end. By so doing he would have won our respect, and our respect would have remained when the present warlike enthusiasm has passed away.

*

Sir Charles Tupper has been one of the chief promoters of the sudden rushing forward of a Canadian contingent. Sir Charles has always been of the Imperialist party and his course was to be expected. He might have helped Sir Wilfrid Laurier out of his constitutional difficulty by backing him up in the desire to call Parliament together before sending the contingent. Sir Charles would probably have done so had he been requested. However the very severe and discourteous letter Sir Wilfrid wrote on receipt of that notable telegram from Halifax, showed Sir Charles and the public that Sir Wilfrid disdained the advice or the assistance of the leader of the Opposition. It was there that Sir Wilfrid showed his lack of shrewdness.

Did Sir Charles bear the rebuke with equanimity? Not he. He has ever since been trying to throw discredit on Sir Wilfrid's course. On various platforms and in the columns of the various Tory newspapers he has indulged in all sorts of foolish comment upon Sir Wilfrid and Mr. Tarte and the Government as a whole. He has talked and talked until the public has been wearied. He has proved himself as lacking in shrewdness, as deficient in the nobility of statesmanship as Sir Wilfrid himself.

Both these gentlemen are possessed of qualities which are uncommon; both have to a very great extent the confidence and admiration of a great majority of the people; both are making for themselves niches in our historical national structure; both have opportunities for leading public opinion and elevating our conception of politics; yet each at times shows political weaknesses which are lamentable. To sum these up; Sir Wilfrid lacks firmness, Sir Charles lacks dignity of speech.

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We lament these weaknesses, although ever ready to raise our hats to these gentlemen for what they are and what they represent.

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But while approving of the constitutional objection raised by Sir Wilfrid and Mr. Tarte, one cannot help feeling proud of the unanimity of the Canadian people in their willingness to aid the British Crown in this the greatest struggle in which it has engaged during the past forty years. The latest news from the Australian colonies shows that their loyalty was almost as spontaneous as ours, though most of the legislatures were consulted before troops were sent. The whole Empire seems to have throbbed in unison, and that unity of thought and feeling augurs well for the future peace of the world. Even if this unity were discovered only through the medium of a great war, still it makes for peace. After this struggle is ended, the British Empire will stand before the world a power to be feared and respected by all other powers or by any combination of powers. And I do not think it is necessary for a British Canadian to say, what the world already recognizes, that the British Empire stands not for oppression of any kind, but rather for that equality of opportunity and that freedom of thought and action which make white man and black, Saxon and Slav, Jew and Gentile, Roman Catholic, Buddhist, Mohammedan and Protestant—make every lover of freedom a possible British subject.

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As this is the last issue of 1899, it may not be amiss to point out that this year has been a rather memorable one in the history of THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE. It is now almost seven years since this publication was founded by a number of gentlemen who were anxious to encourage Canadian literature and to promote an organ of independent thought. These seven years, contrary to public expectation, have seen the establishment of a magazine on firm financial ground, and in permanent favour with the people. The magazine is now found in the homes of the majority of reading Canadians, and is quite up to the standard of the leading monthlies in New York and London.

This steady growth and pleasing development is simply one of the minor evidences which point to the prosperity of Canada and the growing unity of her people. The greatest litterateur Canada has ever possessed once tried to make a Canadian monthly a success, but he failed because the conditions were unfavourable. THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE owes it success mainly to changed conditions, which are making Canadians more willing to read and to encourage Canadian literature.

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The value to this country of a national magazine is well exemplified by the fact that THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE is the only publication in this Dominion the contents of which are indexed each month in the New York and London *Review of Reviews*, and in the various annual indexes to current literature published in Great Britain and the United States. It circulates freely in every part of Canada and in a dozen foreign countries. Its numbers are bound into volumes and preserved for future reference in various public and private libraries in this and other countries.

*

During the year 1900 the publishers of this periodical will spare no effort to keep it in the van of literary development. Every Canadian writer of note whose work is available has been listed for contributions to Canada's only national publication, and particulars of forthcoming articles will be found in the announcement pages of this and subsequent issues.

John A. Cooper.

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BOOKS AND AUTHORS

CANADA knows very little of social inequalities because the country is new; but these are developing. During the last fifteen years, Canada has created more millionaires than in all the previous centuries of her existence. A millionaire was a rare being in this country before 1885; now we have half a hundred at least. With the growth of a monied class goes the development of cities, of large factories, and of the starving poor. Our social inequalities will soon be more glaring. In the City of London, England, these unequal conditions are decidedly striking. The man who earns but half-a-crown a day lives within a few minutes' walk of the man who spends ten thousand pounds a year. Indescribable dirt, squalor and want are within sight of equally indescribable cleanliness, luxury and superfluity.

It is this pitiful feature of London which Richard Whiteing has so exhaustively and graphically described in "No. 5 John Street,"* a book which has held the attention of England for over a year, and which is now in its eighteenth edition. No. 5 John Street is a model lodging-house, in which are crowded a score or two of London's "bone and sinew,"—Low Covey, a factory labourer; Tilda, the Amazonian flower-girl; the Hooligans, who begin to quarrel every night at two sharp; the Anarchist Society, under the leadership of "Izreel, Esquire"; the Galician fur-dresser, working for the Hebrew manager of an illicit enterprise; the thief who is always waiting for the detective to summon him to journey to a far country for a time; old '48, the socialistic publisher, and the tailor, whose argumentative battles are regular and entertaining; poor little Nance, who is fading away from the effects of the naphtha and bisulphide fumes inhaled day by day in a rubber factory; and various other types of labourers, idlers and unwashed. To this place goes an English gentleman for experience and "copy." What he sees and hears, what he feels and does, makes interesting reading. What he tries to teach is excellent, but perhaps impracticable. But no one can read the book without being led to think more of the apparent weaknesses of our present economic and industrial system which seemingly is but making "the rich richer and the poor poorer," to think more of the inhumanity of man toward men, and to ponder upon the unexplainable decree which makes the few the masters of the many. In the days of Sheba and Solomon, or of Antony and Cleopatra, in the time of Arthur and the Doges of Venice, or that of Elizabeth and Louis, in the days of Cromwell and Napoleon there were Bosses as there are to-day. No. 5 John Street is one of the latest protests against the ancient evil.

* Toronto: William Briggs.

During the past hundred years, since printing began to be a common art, there have been numerous pamphlets and books endeavouring to point out the dangers of the Roman Catholic system of convents, nunneries and private colleges. The Church of Rome has withstood all these protests, and stands forth to-day stronger and more invincible than ever. Occasionally she has bent to the storm, but she has never yielded; she has varied details to suit the changes of the times, or the differences of national peculiarities,

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but her system stands forth in the same unrivalled magnificence. She realizes to-day, as she did a hundred years ago, that if she can control the women and the children of a nation, she is sure of the men. For this purpose she has her schools, her convents, her nunneries and her hospitals, and she has them in all countries and among all peoples, sometimes different, but always a part in the great system whose head is the Pope.

Against some of the seemingly excrescent parts of this system, Joseph Hocking protests in his novel "The Scarlet Woman."* He cannot understand how men tolerate the Jesuitical "system of self-suppression," which makes them meek, subdued, resigned, but clay in the hands of the potter—a sytem which "stultifies the critical faculty." He admits the conscientiousness, the sincerity, the unyielding to enemies of the Jesuits and the nuns, but he cannot see why they should scarify, crucify, degrade the body, in order to save the soul. He can understand why a man may live a life of self-sacrifice, if by that means he may help his fellow-men to be truer and brighter and happier; but fails to see how a life spent in an isolated cell can be of any benefit to the world.

Mr. Hocking's book is clever, and his love-story is certainly thrilling, with its numerous adventures and uncertainties, and its tragic climax.

There are some subjects, some important topics, some peculiar phases of life, which it is well to leave out of books which are intended to have a general circulation. Such subjects, topics and phases of life can be better treated in special books, or with all that other special information which is transmitted from generation to generation without being put in print. Wallace Lloyd endeavours to deal with certain phases of sexual and physical passion in his novel, entitled "Houses of Glass," † and produces a book which may or may not be productive of good. That Wallace Lloyd is another name for a Canadian doctor of good standing in the community in which he lives is some, but not a total justification. The Doctor would have been much more worthy of praise if he had put his teaching in a less dangerous form. All novels are supposed to be fit and suitable for general circulation, but this is certainly not of such a character. It is a book which will be clear only to those who know the secrets of life, and therefore only to those who do not require its teachings. The revelations of these secrets to young people should come from parents, guardians or medical books, not from sensational novels. "Houses of Glass" is sensational, and this particular character, combined with the fact that it is a United States novel written by a Canadian, shows that this was the significance which its author intended. If out of his generosity toward his fellow citizens the Doctor has turned his magnificent talent to writing a Canadian novel for Canadians, it might have been possible to find some excuse for the theme.

The chronicles of Canadian village life have not yet been written. There, perhaps, would not be many to appreciate them if they were written—for we are prone to admire Kings and Queens, Princes and Princesses, steel-nerved warriors and statesmen—and tragedy and comedy in high places. We must have soul-stirring spectacles in which human life wavers in the balance before our sight. We must have our pictures in strong colours, reds and yellows and blues. It takes years of education and refinement of the feelings to appreciate the browns and greys of village life such as we have in Ontario and the West. Occasionally a description of these rural scenes and people gains the light of day—not often. "The Widow of Mums," published in the CANADIAN MAGAZINE last year, was an example.

Le Roy Hooker, a Canadian clergyman now living in Chicago, has just

* Toronto: The Copp, Clark Co.
† Toronto: The W. J. Gage Co.

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given us "Baldoon,"* in which he attempts to paint the people and the atmosphere of a Canadian frontier village on the St. Clair River. It is somewhat similar to "The Widow of Mums" in general features, but is much brighter and less given over to abruptness and dialect. Mr. Hooker has a keen sense of humour, and he has also what is perhaps more valuable, a smooth, even style which makes his story easy reading. Every Canadian should make the acquaintance of old "Dod-a-bit"; Bill Wilson, the oathless drunkard and profligate; Mary Jane Somers, the village gossip; Dan Littleton, the village satirist, and all the other quaint figures of this Scotch-Canadian village. "Baldoon" is almost as humorous as "David Harum," and decidedly of a better grade as far as literary art is concerned. Lest it should be thought to imitate "David Harum," the publishers announce that the MS. of it was in their hands before Mr. Noyes' book appeared.

The boys of to-day make the men of to-morrow. That is a truth often forgotten in America, but not frequently overlooked in England. In that country they seldom tell the boys that some day they will be the men—they make them feel it. Englishmen are not a nation of shouting patriots or howling flag-flappers. They hang an old sword in a passage or above a breakfast-room table; it is seen by the boys; it is fingered by stealth, but it is seldom if ever talked about. Then these boys go to tradition-littered public schools, where Heads preach and discipline only occasionally. There they learn honour, self-dependence, self-restraint, courage and how to think without talking. In due time, these boys become M.P.'s, Under-Secretaries, Bimbashis in Egypt and Sahibs in India.

That is the process of a Britisher's growth. Rudyard Kipling in his literary work began by chronicling the doings of the Sahibs and Bimbashis. Then he discovered the process outlined in the foregoing paragraph, and he went back home to study it. He has studied it and "Stalky & Co"* is the result—the school-lives of Stalky, McTurk and Bettle. And on the last page he shows his hand when he says "India's full of Stalkies—Cheltenham, Haileybury and Marlborough chaps . . ." Wise, long-headed Kipling! The critics thought, when "Stalky & Co." began to appear serially, that Kipling had deserted Imperialism for school-boys' tales. Not he. In "Stalky & Co." he has written a history of the British Empire which beats Macaulay and Freeman and Justin McCarthy. The critics say he has written a silly tale; Kipling knows that he has told in amusing accents the life of a nation. Some day the Kipling clubs will discover the meaning of "Stalky & Co." and they will heap contempt upon the critics by forgetting that they ever rose to say a word. Kipling is a daredevil in literature, but yet he is Shakespeare to modern Anglo-Saxons.

The world of letters does not all agree with or approve of Mr. Kipling's Imperialism. In "The Crown of Life,"† George Gissing avers that personal arrogance lies at the root of English freedom and that personal arrogance accounts for everything best and everything worst in the growth of English power. Again when describing Arnold Jacks, a cool-blooded, matter-of-fact young Englishman, who embodied much of this arrogance, he says: "His religion was the British Empire; his saints, the men who had made it; his prophets, the politicians and publicists who held most firmly the Imperial tone." Mr. Gissing also laments loud-mouthed patriotism, agreeing with Mr. Kipling that the finer patriots are quiet and unobtrusive.

But what is the essence of "Stalky & Co." is but by-play, an aside, in "The Crown of Life." The latter is a love-story in which Piers Otway, a student, falls in love with Irene Der-

* Chicago: Rand, McNally & Co.

*Toronto: George N. Morang & Co.
†Toronto: The W. J. Gage Co.

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ILLUSTRATION FROM "CHRISTMAS IN FRENCH CANADA."

went whom he feels is hopelessly above and beyond him. In the end he wins her because men sometimes rise in social position while women usually remain in the class to which they are born. The story of their lives is a present-day story, reflecting much of the life which is so keenly apparent to us all. In its telling Mr. Gissing shows to excellent advantage his power to make clear the delicate differences and the elusive qualities in character. Each of the dramatis personæ is a clear-cut individual, and yet each bears some resemblance to the average person. His characters are not oddities, and their peculiarities are not emphasized unduly as they would have been by a less skilful writer. In fact, there is much to be learned from Mr. Gissing's mastery of style and characterization. He is not, perhaps, the equal of Hope and Hardy, but he is certainly far above the average.

The series of short stories to which the well-known and eminent Canadian litterateur, Louis Frechette, has given the name of "Christmas in French Canada,"* will be read with deep interest, not only because they show the French Canadian life and customs as they are, but because they are imbued with the very spirit of Yuletide. These narrations are simple, earnest and touching. There is, of course, in them much that betokens their French origin, although they are written in English. Respecting them Mr. Frechette says in his preface:

"In writing it, I had two objects in view. The first was to find a new mode of recreation, and the other, to do something to popularize, among exclusive English readers, this portion of the American soil called French Canada, with the characteristic features that she borrows from her *sui generis* climate, and especially from her people, whose language, manners, customs, traditions, and popular beliefs bear an exceptional stamp, and must thereby be invested with a peculiar interest in the eyes of the surrounding populations.

To attain this last object, I have tried, in a few pen sketches, to convey some idea of the

*Toronto: George N. Morang Co. Illustrated. Cloth, $2.00.

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wild rigour of our winters, by putting, in turn, face to face with them, our valiant pioneers of the forest, our bold adventurers of the North-West, and our sturdy tamers of the floes, whose exploits of the past are gradually being forgotten in the presence of invading progress. I have endeavoured to evoke some of the old legends, to bring back to life some picturesque types of yore, whose idiom, habits, costumes, and superstitious practices have long ago disappeared, or are disappearing rapidly. In the meanwhile, I took pleasure in leading the reader to some of our country abodes, into the settler's isolated cottage, into the well-to-do farmer's residence, beyond the threshold of our villagers, inheritors of their forefathers' cordial joviality. I have also invited the stranger into some of our city homes, initiating him into our family life, into our intimate joys and sorrows, and introducing him occasionally to some old and pious guardian of our dear national traditions. This I have done with no other concern than to strike the right key, to place the groups in their natural light, and to draw each portrait faithfully.

Are these pictures in any way interesting? I can claim for them at least one merit: that of being true.

But why should I have penned these sketches in more or less awkward English, when it was so simple to write them in French and so easy to secure a good translation from some experienced critic, familiar with the beauties and literary resources of the English language? The reason is no mystery: a translation would not have been my own work, and I would have missed my first aim, that of securing a few weeks of pleasant recreation."

The book is illustrated with half-tones and photogravures from original drawings by Frederick Simpson Coburn, the well-known illustrator of Dr. Drummond's famous book, "The Habitant." As a handsome gift-book "Christmas in French Canada" will no doubt have a large sale this season. The binding, paper and typography are of the very best and it may be said that no more ambitious attempt at high-class book-making has been made in Canada.

Pastor Russell, of Alleghany, Pa., is out with his fifth volume of religious writing, but his power seems to be on the wane. His fourth volume contained 660 pages, but his fifth contains only 500 pages. Perhaps the work which Pastor Russell has been doing is not so great now that Charles M. Sheldon, who lives nearer the Mississippi, has begun to give the world one or two long religious tales each year. Pastor Russell's books, however, have had a great sale and have been very widely discussed. It is said that 660,000 copies of one of his books have been circulated. This new volume is entitled "The At-one-ment between God and Man."*

Canadians who desire to wander through the distant outposts of the British Empire, may do so through Unwin's "Over Seas Library," (1s. 6d.) There are already eight stories in the series, one African, one South American, another Australian, and so on. "In a Corner of Asia" is a collection of Malayan tales and sketches, some of which have already appeared in Temple Bar and Blackwoods, and an excellent collection it is, with bright pictures of that sleepy, sun-steeped land. "A Wide Dominion" is the record of an Englishman's experiences learning to plough on the prairies of Canada, to gather salmon from the Fraser, and to hunt fur-seals in the Northern Pacific.

One scarcely expects to find a book for children in a Colonial Library, but "The Treasure Seekers," by E. Nesbit, in Unwin's Colonial Library, is of this character, and a rather charming story it is too. "As Others See Us," in the same series, is a musical story by Watson Dyke, in which he endeavours to point out that while we are trying always to see the faults in others, we are usually possessed of equal weaknesses and like peculiarities.

The patient and persistent work which Major Ernest Cruikshank is putting on the history of the war of 1812 is worthy of all praise. His third volume of the "Documentary History of The Campaign on the Niagara Frontier," compiled and edited for the Lundy's Lane Historical Society, contains the Militia Law of 1808, and many valuable reports and letters. Many of

*Watch Tower Bible and Tract Soc'y, Allegheny, Pa. Paper 25 cents.

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ILLUSTRATION FROM "CHRISTMAS IN FRENCH CANADA."

these are communications written by Major-General Isaac Brock in 1811 and 1812 to Sir George Prevost, Colonel Proctor and other military authorities and acquaintances. There are orders issued by Brock in 1812, by VanRensselaer and Dearborn. There are Canadian state papers and United States official records. All are arranged in chronological order, and edited with a view to giving only the necessary and valuable portions.

Parts I. and II. complete of this valuable work may be secured from the editor, Fort Erie, Ont., for $1.25. and part III. for 75 cents. Every library in Canada should be supplied with these excellent volumes. The index at the end of each is most exhaustive, and a great aid to students of the most famous war in the history of British Canada.

The Government's Statistical Year Book, edited by Mr. Geo. Johnston, has been issued again in its abbreviated form. It brings our statistics up to the end of June 30th, 1898, and is issued in October, 1899. To a general student of Canadian affairs the book is a mine of valuable information, but to keep the publishing of it back so long is hardly what might be expected of an end-of-the-century white-man's government. Perhaps some day our rulers will realize that we prefer our information of this character through departmental books which can be relied upon, to receiving it through the tainted medium of political speeches and party editorials.

Among the other important books received recently, are: "Ione March," by S. R. Crockett, Toronto: The Copp, Clark Co. "The Sky Pilot," by Ralph Connor, Toronto: The Westminster Co.; "Two Miss Jeffreys," by

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FROM "PIONEER LIFE IN ZORRA." BY PERMISSION WILLIAM BRIGGS.

INTERIOR VIEW OF A CANADIAN PIONEER'S HOUSE.

David Lyall, Toronto: The Copp, Clark Co.; "The Cipher in the Plays and on the Tombstone," by Ignatius Donnelly, Minneapolis: The Verulam Pub. Co.; "Young April," by Egerton Castle, author of "The Pride of Jeunice", Toronto: The Copp, Clark Co.; "A Trip to Venus," (poem) by Hobart W. Parrott, Cranbrook, B.C.

The hearts of many maids and youths will be gladdened again this year with the bound volumes of "The Boy's Own" and "The Girl's Own."* It is somewhat surprising the enterprise displayed by the publishers of these two great papers in the securing of coloured pictures, suitable illustrations and wonderfully clever stories and articles. Last year "The Boy's Own" celebrated its 1000th number; this year "The Girl's Own" has done it—a long life, showing the confidence the mothers and fathers of England have placed in these publications.

From the same old printing office in Paternoster Row, London, come those two old-fashioned annuals, "The Sunday at Home" and "The Leisure Hour." The illustrations and pictures are much better printed this year than in former years, and the improvement is pleasing. "The Leisure Hour" is exceptionally well printed, the coloured plates being quite artistic in quiet, impressive colourings. Occasionally, too, one finds an article from a Canadian writer and, in editorial notes, comments on Canadian men and events.

* Canadian Publishers: Warwick Bros. & Rutter, Toronto.

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THE GUILELESS INDIAN.

IT happened down in the Province of Nova Scotia, near the famous Tantrimar marshes, whose vast expanse of waving grass, dotted here and there with barns, remind one of the great prairies of the West.

And the hero was an Indian. He was not a Government protegée like his brother of the West. He had to hustle for the meagre living he eked out by making baskets, and hunting, and trapping. The powers that be were blissfully unconscious of his existence. If he could not vote neither did he pay taxes, and probably to his "untutored mind" the latter was a blessing, and the former never troubled him at all—though it is said that the great I.C.R. carry ministers and Indians free of charge. But not belonging to either class I cannot vouch for the truth of this.

This Indian aforesaid, whom we will call Joe, did most of his trading at a small country store, the proprietor of which was very fond of a joke, and whenever Joe would call he would be told some very improbable yarn which would greatly astonish this innocent child of Nature.

On this particular day Joe called, first carefully depositing his gun outside the door. The merchant was in his office and noted the Indian's arrival. Calling his clerk he asked him to go out the back way, slip around and carefully remove the shot from Joe's gun. Being an old-fashioned muzzle-loader, this was performed by twisting the screw of the ramrod into the wadding, withdrawing it, then pouring out the shot. The clerk performed the task successfully, and returned. A wink notified the merchant that it was all right.

After Joe had exchanged his wares for ammunition and tobacco he prepared to depart—no doubt surprised that no terrible massacre had taken place in the West, or that no huge meteor had fallen since his last visit.

The benevolent tradesman followed him to the door, and pointing to an exceptionally fine flock of turkeys which he owned, enquired how much Joe would give for a shot at the flock. But Joe was not buying fowl wholesale.

"Come," said the merchant, "you can have all you can kill at one shot for a dollar."

The Indian looked at him as though he thought the man was going mad. A shot at that closely packed mass of feathers for a dollar!

"Only got eighty cent," muttered Joe, "what you want me shoot 'em for!"

"Oh, well," urbanely replied the merchant, "eighty cents will do; I know times are hard with you."

Joe hastily produced the coin, all he had—and going to a distance which he thought would be most effective, fired.

The turkeys gobbled, but that was all; and Joe hastily decamped amid the laughter of the merchant and the howls of his clerk.

About a week after this Joe again appeared at the store, leaving his gun outside as before. The merchant gave the clerk a wink and he disappeared.

"Well, Joe," quoth the genial proprietor. "What was the matter last week, you could not kill any turkeys? You don't get chances like that every day."

"Huh! Joe gettin' old, forget to put

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shot in his gun," the Indian replied.

"Oh, well, it's too bad you are getting old," replied the merchant; "so are we all, but I think it was because you can't shoot straight."

Joe did not agree to that at all.

"Well then," said the merchant, "I'll give you another chance."

But no, the Indian didn't want to—had no money.

"How much have you got?" asked the merchant, intending to give it all back to him when he explained the joke.

Joe produced his whole wealth—two dimes and three coppers.

"Oh, well, that will do," replied the joker, "but I know you won't hit any, and you must stand thirty yards away."

They went out to make the trial. The merchant, at Joe's request, paced off the distance. The Indian took his stand, the clerk snickered, the merchant smiled. Joe uttered a wild yell. The turkeys ran up close together. Bang went the gun. Nine fine birds were fluttering on the ground. Joe smiled as he went forward to secure his birds. The merchant swore at the clerk, who protested that he had extracted the shot as before.

The Indian was well loaded, and as he started away he turned and said:

"Me heap fool, you heap smart, fool me once. Me put shot in gun twice this time."

The closing remarks are needless: Joe trades his baskets and muskrat skins in other stores now. He never got the money back which the merchant took from him and which, as he had repeatedly told, he meant to return. And lastly, if you have turkeys to sell, or wish to buy any from that tradesman, approach the subject gently, very gently.

J. Harmon Patterson.

A DISCLAIMER.

A horse had fallen on the slippery street, and an excited policeman was trying to keep the crowd back. To add force to his frowning countenance he called out fiercely, "Quit that shoving or I'll run you in!" "I ain't shoving, and you know it; so don't get fresh!" cried a wee, squeaky voice. It came from the smallest bit of humanity in the mob, a six-year-old newsboy who felt that he had been unjustly accused of exerting his strength to crowd the policeman. There was a roar of laughter at this speech, in which the policeman joined, and during the good humor the horse got on his feet without assistance.

THE DUNCE WAS SURPRISED.

A good story is told by Sir Walter Scott. It seems that he was far from being a brilliant scholar, and at school he was usually at the foot of his class. After he became famous he one day dropped into the old school to pay a visit to the scene of his former woes. The teacher was anxious to make a good impression on the writer, and put the pupils through their lessons so as to show them to the best advantage. After a while Scott said: "But which is the dunce? You have one, surely? Show him to me." The teacher called up a poor fellow, who looked the picture of woe as he bashfully came toward the distinguished visitor. "Are you the dunce?" asked Scott. "Yes, sir," said the boy. "Well, my good fellow, here is a crown for you for keeping my place warm."

SHREWD GALLIFET.

A good story is told in Paris of General Gallifet. The first appearance of the Waldeck-Rousseau Ministry before the Chamber of Deputies, as is well known, was the occasion of an unusually stormy session. Most of the attacks were made against the War Minister. Gallifet, who was not to speak, sat quietly on the Ministerial bench. Every now and then he inquired of a colleague the names of the most violent speakers, which he at once jotted down. "What are you doing?" one of the Ministers asked him. "Just what you see," answered Gallifet; "taking these fellows' names down." "What for? To have them shot, I suppose." "No; to invite them to supper!" was Gallifet's quick reply.

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A. Fraser.

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FRONTISPIECE CANADIAN MAGAZINE.

SEE "A GLIMPSE OF CONSTANTINOPLE," p. 278.

THE SELAMLIK, OR PROCESSION OF THE SULTAN TO HIS PRIVATE MOSQUE.

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THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE

VOL. XIV JANUARY, 1900 No. 3

THE HOME-COMING OF THE NAKANNIES.

A STORY OF THE CANADIAN NORTH-WEST.

By W. A. Fraser, Author of "The Eye of a God," etc.

IF you travel into the northwest corner of Canada, close under the shoulder of the Rockies, and ask a Sicanee Indian about the Nakannies, he will fill his pipe and smoke and talk about anything in the world but these people. By lavish expenditure of tobacco and other things of rare value, and by persistently pinning him down to the business in hand, you may get him to talk of them. He will tell you that they are bad spirit Indians; that they always hear when they are talked about, but are never seen.

If two Indians go out after moose and never come back, the solution is simple—they are with the Nakannies. If a family start at grandfather and die off until even the last papoose, swathed and laced tight in its moss-bag, is gone, that is the work of the Nakannies.

That is the belief of the other tribes; but the white trappers say that this tribe lives up in the gorges of the Rockies, and are tough—very tough. All agree, red, white and "pinto," that the Nakannies were once in the flesh—very much in the flesh. That was as I am going to tell you.

Many moons ago they lived in the foothills of the Rockies, just at the great cut in the granite cliffs where the chinook wind comes smiling through and kisses the babe snow into non-existence. That time no iron horse tore through the azure-draped portals of the castle mountains; only the soft chinook, and odd parties of Stonies or Nakannies, as they chased each other back and forth through the big gate.

The land of the Nakannies ran to the very edge of the stone rampart. They hunted the grizzly up to his rocky home and slew him; they ran the buffalo on the herb-turfed plain, and their tepees, built from the skins of the slain bison, stood gorgeous white in the autumn sun. They were not stock-raisers; when they needed ponies they stole them. It wasn't really stealing—the ponies were the spoils of war; also the scalps of the Blackfeet, that came home with the horse-hunting braves.

War Cloud was the Chief. He had two sons, Eagle Strength, the elder, and Day Child. Their spiritual life was looked after by Wolverine, an up-to-date Medicine Man.

Then one day Father Descoign came among them. It was almost as though he had dropped from heaven. Of a verity he simply came among them. War Cloud gave him a tepee, and told the young bucks not to molest the pale-face Medicine Man. If they were spoiling for excitement they could go out and cut the throats of the Blackfoot, or higher up the mountains a bit and fight Stonies.

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Now the Nakannies were about as unarable a block of theological land as one could well look for, but that did not matter to Pere Descoign. The priests were all like that; they came and hammered away at the unbelief of the pagan tribes until some one believed; then they kept on, and by and by others had faith.

The first to listen to the priest was Day Child. The Father taught him French, and, incidentally, the Christian religion.

Above all, the Indian had a simple directness of thought which gets very close to the root of things. The good Father taught Day Child that the Manitou of the pale-face was all-powerful, and that men who sold themselves to the Evil One were sure to suffer in the end. The simpleness of that appealed to the primitive mind of the young Nakannie and the longer he thought over it the more certain he became that it was a very unpolitic thing to have anything to do with the devil. Many times he filled the red stone bowl of his pipe and emptied it over this untortuous problem before he crystallized his ideas in words. At last he spoke:

"Your Manitou is chief over all the spirits, even as War Cloud is great among Indians. Is not that so, Pale-face?"

"It is true," asserted the priest laconically.

"He is greater than the Evil Spirit you have told Day Child about?"

"I have spoken that it is so," answered Father Descoign.

"And the foolish braves you have told me of, who made treaty with this devil, will not go to the Happy Hunting Ground at all?"

"Day Child's words are true," the priest said.

"Then I will make treaty with God, who is your Manitou," said Day Child decisively, holding out his hand to the white man as earnest of his intention. "The Evil Spirit appeared to those foolish white men and made treaty with them; is that not so, Pale-face?"

The Father nodded his head in acquiescence.

"Then call your Manitou to appear and make treaty with Day Child, that I and my tribe may be at peace with this great Spirit Chief, your Manitou."

Now all this was rather startling to the good Father, and he realized that the air was, so to speak, full of great things. Either the faith of this young warrior must be held, or his hope for good harvest in that field be forever abandoned. Bravery and diplomacy go hand in hand in the Christian crusade against the gods of the pagan Indians, so Father Descoign answered:

"I will ask my Master to speak to Day Child, whose heart is inclined toward him."

That night Father Descoign spoke to the young Indian.

"To-morrow night the God of the pale-faces, who is also the God of the Redman, will speak to Day Child, just where the river bursts through the hills and falls an arrow's flight over the rocks."

All that night the brave priest prayed forgiveness for the deed he was about to do. It was for the good of these poor people that he would impersonate his Master for a little time.

The next night Day Child saw God, even as the priest had said he would. The young son of the Chief and two Nakannies crouched silently beside the waterfall and waited for the pale-face Manitou.

All the little tricks the Reverend Father knew—the luminosity of sulphurous matches damped and rubbed on the face, and all the rest of it—he practised. It was a clumsy enough representation, but it succeeded; and Day Child made treaty with the Great Spirit, who told him that the priest would show them the proper trail to follow through life.

From that time on Day Child and his ever-increasing following prospered. They ceased from war and cut-throat horse-stealings, and tilled the soil—childishly enough at first; and got cattle, and waxed prosperous in the land which before had been but an ever-changing battle-field.

A blood-fury was growing on Wol-

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verine ; his power was gradually becoming less. His medicine sometimes worked success for the braves who stuck to him and the old Chief, but often worked disaster. Sometimes when they went forth to battle and his medicine had said the foray would be successful they came home very much the worse for wear, and considerably battered—some did not even come at all. But the priest's medicine, which was God's law, worked for good always, and Day Child's band prospered.

Then Wolverine worked his charms and had a dream. It was that Day Child would become stronger and stronger because of the evil cunning of the priest ; and, in the end, War Cloud and Eagle Strength would have to sit like squaws in the council, silent, when Day Child, who would then be Chief, spoke.

He roused the fury of the Nakannies by saying that they would all become squaws. What would it profit them if they were prosperous and tilled the soil, and worked like women in the field ? The Blackfoot braves to the east of them, the Peigans to the south, the Stonies, who were in the west, and the Crees, who crouched among the spruce and aspen in the north, would close in on them if they were not warriors, and take all they had—even their scalps and their women.

What need they to work like squaws —there were buffalo to kill for meat, and their enemies had horses to give for the asking. What more did they want? They had fire, and food, and skins for their lodges, and a great name as warriors among the fighting people of that land. Would they trade all this for squaw valour, toil and slave like pack-dogs ? Would they be like this, or would they be braves ?

Day Child and the priest had right on their side, but they were terribly handicapped because of the labour their policy entailed. Work will weigh down all the things of this world in the scale of an Indian's calculation. The priest's policy meant labour ; Wolverine's the traditional and actual life of an Indian —the killing of things for food and for pastime. If the priest's argument had been backed up by cannon it might have succeeded, for he had a good start, thanks to his dramatic talent.

But one morning the pitying stars, millions of them, ere they stole away into the blue vault that arched the home of the Nakannies, looked down and saw the cold, drawn faces of Day Child and his Christian followers staring up at them with soulless eyes. There had been carnage in the night, and Day Child's band, to the last brave, put to the knife. Even the good priest, fighting bravely, had died with his comrades.

. . . . . .

Remorse, and fear of the revenge of the pale-faces for the murder of the priest, preyed on War Cloud's mind, until he moved his whole tribe far north along the Rockies.

Moons came and went, and years rounded themselves into a decade, and War Cloud was called over the trail of mystery, the dark, unknown trail along which he had sent his own son, Day Child, moons before. His war-pony was killed to carry him to the Happy Hunting Ground, and his arrows were buried with him. Food was left for the long journey, and his lodge was left standing and untenanted.

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Then Wolverine spoke to the tribe ;

"Brothers, behold, I am Wolverine! When I sleep Manitou comes and whispers that which is good for the Nakannies. Who told you that your chief, War Cloud, would be called to the Happy Hunting Grounds in two moons? Was not that Wolverine, who stands before you ?

"When I make my medicine and blow it out upon the other tribes they become as children in their fear of you who are my braves. Who worked the medicine which brought the pitted disease that ate into the flesh of the Blackfeet until they died like scourged rabbits? Was that not Wolverine—and was it not because they came in the night and stole the

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daughter of our great Chief who has now gone to the Happy Hunting Ground? When I made medicine the Nakannie braves went forth and laughed at the arrows of the Blackfeet and Stonies, and brought back war ponies and scalps and glory to the lodges of our tribe.

"It was I, Wolverine, who knew, because of my medicine, that trouble would come to you through the little pale-face priest, who spoke with the forked tongue of a false Manitou. But the Chief, War Cloud, who is now dead, had a good heart, and said: 'Let the little pale-face rest in the lodges of the Nakannies.' And for days Wolverine had evil dreams because of that. And the son of your great Chief listened to the pale-face, and became a squaw. And others of the Nakannies who had always been warriors became squaws also; they traded their war horses for the white man's buffalo, and worked in the fields like dogs. And the Blackfeet, who live where the sun rises, laughed, and the Stonies, who are in the West, spat in the faces of these squaw Indians; and because of the medicine of the priest the Nakannies sat like whipped children and were afraid.

"Your Manitou, the Manitou of Indian braves, was angry, and spoke to Wolverine, and Wolverine showed these things to War Cloud, and he rose like a brave, and killed these squaw men—even his own son. That was the evil that came from the pale-face Medicine Man.

"Wolverine, who had been far toward the rising sun, where the white men huddle like caribou, plenty as the trees of the forest, knew that they spoke with a forked tongue always; but War Cloud's heart was good, and his words were straight talk, and he did not believe Wolverine. When Day Child was dead you know, brothers, how the heart of your warrior Chief became soft with sorrow and the fear of the red-coats; and he told us to come away to this land of barren rocks where there are no buffalo. But now, brothers, Eagle Strength, the son of War Cloud, is Chief, and his heart thirsts for the land where he was born—where the buffalo crowd the grass-plains like clouds in the sky, and their fat will warm us and their skins keep us from the cold winds. Wolverine has made medicine, and knows that there are no red-coats there; and that the spirits of Day Child and his squaw-brothers have gone to the Happy Hunting Ground.

"We will go back to our home prairies, and Wolverine will drive the spirits of the dead away, and you, my braves, will fight the Blackfeet and the Stonies, and conquer because of the medicine of Wolverine. Are we rabbits to skulk here among the stones because we have killed the squaw men of the fork-tongued priest. Wolverine has spoken."

When the Medicine Man sat down there was deep silence in the little valley in which they lived; for the awe of the home-going had stolen over the spirits of the Nakannies.

Then Eagle Strength rose, tall and stately, every inch a warrior; and stiffening his bronze body, threw back his head, and from his powerful throat came, like the note of a bugle, the joyous battle-cry, full of defiance, and eagerness, and resolve. Every brave took it up, until the mountain-side rang with the wolf-like cry of hundreds of fierce voices. In their souls was the homesickness of years of exile from the child-land, that lingered like a memory of Paradise to these outcast redmen.

Now the Chief who had kept them there in the wilderness, far from the land stained with the blood of his own son, was dead; and Manitou, through Wolverine's medicine, had told them to go back where the grass was rich and sweet for their horses, and the buffalo, their buffalo, thronged the plain; and there were enemies to fight in the open, and scalps and ponies to get by conquest. Small wonder that their hearts cried out in joy and they looked upon Eagle Strength as a deliverer. If Wolverine's medicine kept the spirits of their murdered brothers

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away, there was nothing else they feared.

When next the sun peeped down into the Valley of the Little Bears where the Nakannies had lived and hunted for years there was nothing but a few smouldering camp fires, a myriad of bare tepee poles, the empty lodge of the dead Chief, and the grave in which he slept.

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On the afternoon of the twentieth day of their pilgrimage back to the land of their nativity Wolverine said: "Spell here, brothers, for we are close to the land which is ours. The smell of the sweet grass is in Wolverine's nostrils, and the soft pad of the buffalo hoofs on the prairie run is in his ears. To-night when the hills rise up between us and the sun, we will go forward to the home that is ours; then in the morning, when Manitou sends the sun up in the East, it will find us there."

A Medicine Man has two qualifications, poetry and diplomacy, and Wolverine had played a strong hand in his last address. It would be better to get there in the night, because if their were objections to their coming there might also be objections to their going away. Wolverine would take the lay of the land in the dark, so to speak. That was the utility of the diplomacy; the poetry was for the Indians, and saved discussion.

When darkness had crept across the brown tangled mass of rosebush and sweet grass, and the yellow-faced gaillardias of the plain, and chased the dying sun up the gray of the foothills, and across the splashing crystals of the Bow River, and draped the tawny forms of the Nakannies in its sombreness, Wolverine spoke to Eagle Strength, and the tribe moved down the sloping approaches to the Rockies, and stole silently, like spirit shadows, across the hushed prairie.

In each breast was the smothered joy of home-coming; in each heart the pagan fear of the spirits of their murdered relatives. Even the dogs trailed their tails and with flapping lips skulked close to the heels of the silent squaws. Not a babe prattled. The flower carpet of the flattened earth muffled the hoof-beats of the soft-stepping ponies as the spectral troop slid through the thick gloom. It was the blood-fear that was over all—the spirit terror.

In front Wolverine rode his gray broncho straight as an arrow for the old camping-home of the Nakannies. Even the broncho, who was a sucking colt when the Indians fled from the fear of the red-coats, held his nose true to the point, as the mariner's needle cleaves to the North. Wolverine clasped the little medicine bag that dangled from his neck. Over and over he whispered a charm to ward off the spirit vengeance of Day Child. Once he turned on his broncho and looked up at the Indian's clock—the star-jewelled "dipper." The gleaming hand, circling round the North star, had moved three hours since they rested. They were half way there, he whispered to Eagle Strength in a hushed voice. The Chief leaned far over the neck of his pony to catch what Wolverine said. The muffled hollowness of the voice had been lost in the slipping of the hoofs in the dry grass.

"Half-way," whispered Wolverine again; and Eagle Strength sat bolt upright and held his small, bead-eyes straight forward into the gloom.

When the dipper had cut three hours more from its circle path, and stood almost straight over the North Star, Wolverine stopped his broncho and slid to the ground. The others closed around him silently, like soldiers forming up before a stockade that is to be assaulted at daybreak. A little to the right the dark line of the earth rounded against the swarthy purple of the sky. The Medicine Man was standing with his face set against the mound. Eagle Strength and the others knew what that meant—on that hill Day Child and his band had made their last stand; and on its top, unburied, they had been left for wolf and vulture.

"Hobble the ponies and sleep here," whispered the Medicine Man hoarsely.

The night air was thick with still-

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ness. Wolverine ran his hand over the flank of his broncho: the gray was trembling, and his ears were twitching nervously back and forth—now cocking forward in nervous curiosity, now drooping back in irritable weariness. Wolverine knew—even the horses were afraid.

A low, trembling whimper cut through the night like a whistling arrow from the top of the hill on the right, the hill where the murdered Nakannies had lain. Then another and another weird call struck on their shrinking ears; a pack of coyotes had winded them. A pony broke away in affright and nearly stampeded the band.

Wolverine steadied himself, and spoke sharply: "Nakannies, are you all squaws to let your horses get away?"

Before any horse could be hobbled, a dull, rumbling moan came creeping through the grass and hushed the whimper of the wolves. It came from the black mass of mountains: then it died away as suddenly as it began. The Medicine Man grasped his knife and waited, listening. Again he heard it. It was like the roar of angry spirits in the mountain gorges—just a moaning, and then there was silence. Again it came, longer and louder this time. The ponies pricked their ears, and held their heads high with outstretched noses, facing the black line of the sleeping hills.

Many times it called to them, this menacing voice of an angry spirit; always growing louder and fiercer. It was like the noise the "thunder bird" made when Manitou was angry. The fear that had been silent in the hearts of the braves began to mutter—they whispered to each other: "That is Day Child's band crying for blood."

Wolverine's gray snorted and tossed his head impatiently from side to side, and rubbed his nose forcibly against the Medicine Man's breast. Eagle Strength stood silently watching in the direction of the spirit noises. A dull, muttering rumble, breaking into a fierce, threatening call, startled them again, and a fiery eye glared at them from high up in the hills. Nastas, Eagle Strength's mother, screamed and sank in a broken heap at the feet of the young Chief

The eye closed sullenly, the roar deadened, and there was only the muffled sound of something gliding through the gloom toward them. Then again it broke forth with malignant fury, shooting its rays in long shafts out into the darkness of the plain. It closed again, only to scorch their hearts nearer and fiercer the next second. No one spoke now; fear took them by the throat and paralyzed their tongues. They could see little bright flashes of light glinting from the scales of the huge monster, all along its body, as it rushed screaming and hissing down through the gateway of the hills. Back on its tail were two little green eyes that fascinated Wolverine. It was the angry God of the murdered priest—the destroying Manitou he had said would surely punish them for the killing of men.

Fear and anger fought in the blood of Eagle Strength. He had been a child—a fool. He had listened to the words of Wolverine and slain his blood-brothers, the Nakannies, because they believed in this God—the God of the pale-face priest. He could see little green and red eyes peering at him from the darkness far in advance of the dragon-god with the monstrous eye. They were lesser spirits coming to devour his people because of the sin the false Medicine Man, Wolverine, had led them into. The dragon might destroy his people, but his hand would avenge their blood upon Wolverine. The huge, trailing, fire-vomiting dragon was close upon them, when, with a scream of defiance and barbaric triumph, he plunged his knife to the hilt in the Medicine Man's breast.

This act aroused the others. "Come, brothers," cried Eagle Strength, "we'll go back to our home on the Little Bear," and throwing himself on his pony, he yelled a war song and lashed his broncho across the flanks.

As the tribe streamed over the plains to escape, the fire-belching monster circled in toward them, and the hot

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breath from his evil-smelling body smote upon the nostrils of Eagle Strength as he lashed the last Nakannie across the iron path, under the very nose of the demon. Then they melted silently into the darkness of the long back-trail.

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Over on the dragon there was a screeching, hissing, grinding, as the feet of the monster gripped the iron of the gravel-packed trail and strove to stop its headlong charge. Passengers stood on their heads in the seats in front of them, and cursed and prayed, each according to his readiness of habit. A short man in a blue coat, all spangled with brass buttons, slid from the side of the dragon and ran forward to its head, with a loose, blinking eye under his arm.

"What in blazes you put on the 'emergency' for, Dick?" he screamed into the sulphurous jaws of the thing's head.

"Thought I was runnin' into a pack of fool Injuns," grunted a voice thick with the fullness of stopping a heavy express on a down grade. And a burly demon came out of the white, hot mouth and stood wiping his brow with a piece of waste.

"Did you see them, Dick?" panted the little man.

"Seed a swarm of 'em, an' heerd 'em scream. An' the President, ol' Van Horne, 'd rather wreck the best engine on the road than have a greasy 'niche' killed."

"It's them spirits the fellows say are always about this old camping-ground where they found a lot of dead Injuns when they were building the line. I guess that's what you saw, Dick."

"Spirits be hanged! They was cavortin' about on the track 'tween the rails on their saw-horse bronchos, an' I slid right in among 'em. It's a miracle if I ain't killed none."

"I guess it's all right, Dick—I hope we haven't killed any passengers," said the conductor, unshipping the eye from his arm. "All aboard."

The little lantern described a circle in the air, the monster tore at the iron trail with his huge feet, the lights slid off and were swallowed up in the gloom of the prairie night, and the home-coming of the Nakannies had been disrupted by the Pacific Express.

HILARY.

THE moon looked in at Hilary
And loved her gentle face;
It dowered her with mystery
Of moonlight grace.

The trees looked in at Hilary
And heard her plaintive voice;
They whispered, "Little Heart of Dream,
Thou shalt rejoice!"

The golden stars brought Hilary
Report of lands unknown;
The fairy people welcomed her
As half their own.

Oh little daughter, Hilary,
We too our offering make,
Such love as watches day and night
For thy dear sake.

Elisabeth Roberts MacDonald.

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THE NORTH-WEST RED-MAN AND HIS FUTURE.

By Bleasdell Cameron.

IN the year 1881, according to the census returns of the Department of Indian Affairs, there were in the Canadian Northwest Territories 23,000 treaty Indians. In 1898, quoting from the same authority, there were only 14,300. It is improbable that these figures are correct. It is scarcely to be believed that the decrease within so comparatively brief a period has been so grave. I shall try to explain why.

The figures for '81 include the absentees—that is, hunters and others visiting friends in parts of the Territories without the limits of their own "treaty," or across the United States border—while those for '98, presumably, do not. The number actually present at the annuity payments of '81 was only 17,150; and although 14,300 is given as the *census* of '98, these figures probably represent only those who presented themselves for payment in that year. Consequently, it would appear that a more just comparison may be made between the figures 17,150 and 14,300. Even this is sufficiently significant, disclosing as it does a decrease of 2,850 souls, or $16\frac{1}{3}$ per cent. in seventeen years; but it would still be misleading. Within the period named at least one thousand new Indians were admitted to treaty. Those were the bands of Big Bear and those at Lac La Rouge, and Montreal Lake. So that, without reference to births, the disappearance of 3,850 out of 18,150 persons has to be taken count of, and the ratio of decrease mounts to nearly 25 per cent.

I am asked by the CANADIAN MAGAZINE to prepare a paper on the future of the Indian in the Northwest; and while, as has appeared, owing to the nomadic habits of the race, it is impossible to secure statistics of absolute reliability, there seems to be no doubt that it is a decrease and not an increase which confronts us; and for my purpose this is enough. And it may be said, parenthetically, that to one familiar with the Northwest Indian, his condition past and present, the proud, independent spirit of twenty years ago, and the crushed, despondent one of to-day, any other aspect of his case would seem incredible. I have no love for the unenviable role of the pessimist; but, be they never so unpalatable, one must bow to facts as one finds them, and if I am unable to take a very cheerful view of the redman's future in that corner of the Dominion, the fault is surely not mine. Briefly, my idea of that future may be expressed in one word—Extinction. In other terms, the Indian has no future. Let me endeavour to set down some of the apparent reasons.

To begin with, it is a truism that the primary effect upon savage life, wherever found, of contact with civilization is a most destructive one. This truth is written across the pages of history through century upon century and in all countries—Britain, New Zealand, Asia, Africa, Australia. It will be sufficient, however, to confine consideration of this phase of the matter to instances furnished by America. Among the aboriginal peoples who have disappeared utterly since the advent of the white man, or of which remnants only now exist, may be mentioned those governed by the Incas of Peru, the Aztecs and kindred nations of Old Mexico, and the Mandans of the Missouri River. Pizarro and Cortez, with their mailed retinues of freebooters and priests, in the name of Christianity gave short shrift to the former; the Americans, with kegs of rum and gunpowder, effectually "civilized" the Mandans off the face of the globe. The remaining Indian tribes of the United States are cowed, subdued,

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sunk to the extremes of wretchedness and despair. Of all the once powerful and warlike nations—the Sioux, the Apaches, the Nez Perces, the Comanches and the Blackfoot—not one retains more than a vestige of its past formidability, not one has any appreciable standing as an individual people; all are scattered, decimated.

In Canada, though in a modified degree, the position is the same. But our Indian population was less, and the encroachment of civilization has also been less, slower; we have six millions population against the sixty of the republic to the south. Yet the United States Indians have opposed a stubborn front to the fair-skinned invader; they have disputed his advance step by step, for four hundred years. In Canada such a resistance would not have been possible, for climatic reasons. The Indian cannot campaign successfully in the depth of a northern winter. The game upon which he depends for his commissariat is scarce, and the snow interferes with those swift and bewildering movements which are his chief fighting tactics and best defence when closely pressed. Beside, he cannot transport his women and children expeditiously in the bitter cold. It may safely be assumed, therefore, that when the population of the Dominion grows approximately at the rate that it has done in the neighbouring States, the effacement of the redmen will proceed with speed.

But why should the Indian population of this country decrease at all? Ah, that is the crucial question. The redman is improvident, ignorant of the laws of health. And he requires room—plenty of room. His instincts, the inheritance handed down to him through many generations of nomadic, savage ancestry, crave—demand it. It is his breath of life. The atmosphere of towns is poison in his nostrils; set bounds cramp and fret him as they would a high-spirited horse: he sickens and dies as does a plant denied the sun.

Other influences are at work. So long as the plains echoed to the thunderous tramp of the vast buffalo herds, the redman was healthful and happy. He had all that he required—meat and raiment. War was his game—war with other tribes; his pastime. He was independent, proud, formidable and generous. Hospitality was his first law. Food, abundant food, was the meed of the stranger within his gate—behind the flap of his lodge—and there was no tarrying in its proffer. The white man came, accepted his hospitality—and destroyed his buffalo. He debauched his women and introduced all manner of curious diseases. Two scourges of smallpox swept the land, and lodges filled with dead marked the trail where the Indian fled nearly blindly across the country in a vain effort to escape this pestilential breath. Scrofulous, flat-chested children replaced the sturdy, bright-eyed urchins that gambolled about his lodge-door in the old days of plenty. The white man made a bargain with him. He paid him five dollars a year and took his country, leaving him a strip of land, outside the boundaries of which he was forbidden to go. When he starved he was given a morsel of bacon and lumpy flour. He was told to cultivate his land, but it is hard to cultivate any great quantity of land on quarter-rations of very indifferent food. Beside, for some thousands of years he had been a hunter and warrior; ploughs were clumsy things compared with bows and guns; planting potatoes tired his back, and cutting wheat with a sickle wore holes in his leggings and hurt his knees. When we consider all these things, I do not think it will be thought remarkable at all that the Indian in the Northwest is not progressing to any alarming extent.

It must not be supposed, however, that he is dying without a struggle. Many of the race have accepted the inevitable and gone earnestly to work to achieve the art of farming, not without success. The greatest deterrent to the progress of these is the communal spirit—that old inviolable first love of the tribe—hospitality. The destitute and idle live on the industrious and

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provident, and thus all are kept poor.

It is not likely that the interests of her Indian children will ever be so laxly guarded by Canada as have those of its red wards by the United States, where the Indian has been robbed and cheated at every turn of the trail; yet, the tendency toward retrogression is just as sure, if less swift, and it is a question whether a century hence there will remain in the Plains region of the Northwest a single pure-blood Indian. Only in the remote and inhospitable tracts of the north—the barren, wilderness places, whose only resources are fur and game—does there seem a prospect of his survival. Education may do something, but it will require much time. The wild, roaming instincts of generations cannot be eradicated in one. Even the children reared in boarding-schools and universities are often drawn irresistibly back to the nomadic life and picturesque manner of dress of their untaught brethren. An Indian child is usually bright and intelligent. He may leave a university with B.A. appended to an Anglicized name; but he has not that desire for gain or reputation which inspires his white class-mates to go on and upward, and the restraints of civilization are something against which all his wild blood rises in revolt. Small wonder, when so many white men, after centuries of breeding and subjection to set forms, are swayed now and then by this same strong, savage instinct—by that feeling so subtly expressed by Kipling in "The Feet of the Young men":

"We must go, go, go away from here,
On the other side of the world we're overdue;
Send, your way is clear before you,
When the old spring-fret comes o'er you,
And the red gods call to you!"

It is a legacy to us from the old, old, primitive days when Nimrod was a mighty hunter before the Lord and all men were shepherds.

Only two years ago I happened to be visiting in Montana, and a murder occurred there. A sheep-herder was killed, shot in the back by some roving Cheyenne Indians. The sheriff, with a posse, went to the reservation to arrest them. They refused to give up the criminals, and made threats. Then several companies of cavalry were rushed to the scene, and an Indian war was narrowly averted. When the ringleader and murderer was finally arrested and brought in—a painted, befeathered and defiant savage, who spoke only the Cheyenne tongue — what was the amazement of the authorities to recognize in him a graduate with honours of Carlisle University, who had a Christian name as English as John Smith. This is an illustration of how hard it is to civilize an Indian.

The Indian, at the present day, has little of either physical or moral stamina. At the faintest touch of disease he lies down hopelessly and succumbs. It is fate.

"My brother Moon Face is very ill," an Indian says to you, solemnly.

"What's the matter with him?"

"He is sick in his tooth."

He is perfectly serious in the matter. An Indian is never hungry—he always starves. He is the child of Nature, governed by impulse; simple in some ways as a babe, and guileful in others as the heathen Chinee.

To conclude: Although the future of the redman looks gloomy it is improbable that his blood is altogether to disappear, for there is one agency at work which promises to preserve to posterity some of the best characteristics of his race—and only one. It is the sole method of civilizing the redman which augurs successfully, and it is the infusion of white blood. The mixed blood, some two or three removes from his bronzed ancestor, with his keen intellect and many admirable traits, is often an accomplished and splendid type of humanity. Honourable John Norquay, the late Premier of Manitoba, was perhaps one of the best-known of this class, though many others occupy high positions in professional, business and social life. It is some satisfaction, therefore, to know that though our civilization is so deadly to the pure aborigines his descendants will continue to inhabit the earth.

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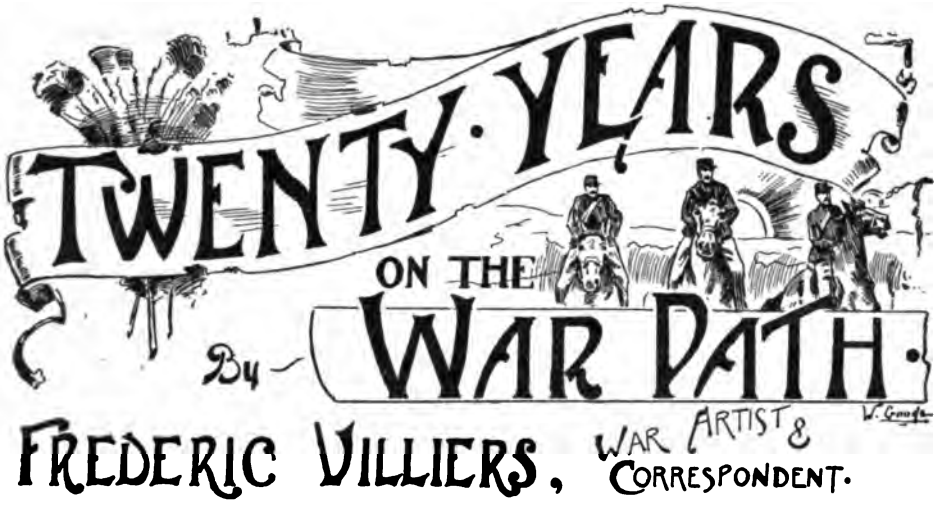

III.—"'TWIXT SCYLLA AND CHARYBDIS."

AN armistice had been proclaimed between the Servians and the Turks the early winter of 1876. Fighting in was over for a time; so I made my way back from the Servian front to Belgrade, and wired to my paper for instructions.

The reply was: "Prepare to start for India for the Proclamation of the Queen-Empress."

I immediately left the Servian capital for Vienna. Having kicked my heels for about five days in the gay capital, I received notice from my journal that the Indian frontier had been provided for, and that I was to join the Turks.

From an editorial chair this instruction meant but little, but to me it meant much. Having shared the vicissitudes of the Servian Army for some eight months, suddenly to go over to the Turks was a change fraught with no little danger. But such a *bouleversement* was simply part and parcel of a war correspondent's duty, and so I started at once for the East. I was to wipe the slate clean, and start on my new venture, as a gentleman just out from England and anxious to see some of that wonderful material which is the support of the great Ottoman Empire —the sturdy Turkish fighting-man.

On board the Danubian steamer, I chummed in with a bright, smart young Irishman, fresh from Trinity College, Dublin. He was on a journey of adventure, bent on joining either the Serbs or the Turks, and had tossed up to decide the matter; heads had won, and so had the Turks.

At Kalafat, on the Roumanian side of the river, my Irish friend requisitioned a small fishing-boat and rowed himself across to Vidin, there to join Osman Pasha and his gallant Turks. The young Irishman was poor Frank Power, who was eventually killed in '85 in trying to escape with Colonel Stewart from Khartoum, when acting as Vice-Consul for that place. I soon arrived at Rustchuk, and eventually found myself at Varna, and next morning was steaming through the glorious Bosphorus, and before midday landed in the foul and picturesque City of the Sultans. Here my difficulties in getting to the Turkish front were to begin. Luckily in those days names of artists were seldom published below their sketches. I was known but little, even to the English fraternity, so that was one point in my favour.

At the club in Galata I met several interesting personages; one gentleman, who sat opposite to me every dinner-hour, was a man who was soon to distinguish himself as the saviour of the

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remnant of the Turkish army that was driven back on to Constantinople a year later.

This gentleman was under a cloud for the moment, depressed and gloomy. He would talk to me of the impossibility of dealings with the Turkish officials, and of the difficulty in organizing their gendarmerie, a service which was his especial mission, for my friend of the dinner-table was Colonel Valentine Baker, formerly of the 10th Hussars. But another person whom I met in that club, who was probably more interesting to me for the moment, was a gentleman who was visiting the interior of Turkey for the purpose of writing a book—a strange undertaking at this particular moment, for the country was up in arms. The Bulgarian atrocities were still rampant, and things generally were anything but pleasant. However, this was just the man I wanted to meet, for he had a firman in his possession, and a very long firman, too; it was at least half a yard in length, and the Sultan's signature to it was as big as one's hand.

Now, a long firman goes a long way with the Turkish official, for according to the size of the document, so in those days were hospitality and politeness meted out to the possessor of the precious scroll.

The owner of this particular *passe partout* was a jovial, chubby sea captain, with a face like the sun, always ruddy and cheerful. His vigorous, curly hair had a tinge of grey in it, for he had commanded a vessel in the Black Sea during the Crimean War, and had supplied the British and Turkish troops with salt, beef and potatoes, carrying wounded back as ballast to the base of operations. The Turks remembered that man with gratitude, for his services in the old days, and from the Sublime Porte he had received this valuable half-yard of paper on the strength of those memories.

This was the man for me, for I could not apply for a pass on my own account, considering my connection with the Servians; so I persuaded the jovial sea captain to include me in the firman, which he did as travelling assistant artist to the owner of the document; my name, luckily, not being mentioned at all.

What a time we had in those days in Turkey! You had simply to be an Englishman, and you were received with open arms by the Turkish official or peasant. At Adrianople an aide-de-camp from the Governor met us; we were billeted on the first merchant of the town, who, with usual Oriental politeness, would come in after our evening meal, inquire after our healths, and with a salaam, assure us that his servants, and his house, and his ox, and his ass, were no longer his, but ours. He, however, said nothing about his harem, in which, poor fellow, to accommodate us, he was obliged to take up his quarters on the opposite side of the road.

The Governor was also good enough to place his stables at our disposal, but as they were full-blooded Arab stallions, I visited the sights of Adrianople on foot; my companion, as a sailor, took kindly to the horses, but the animals did not take kindly to him. When he eventually left Adrianople, my friend was almost a cripple owing to the erratic temper of those stallions.

The misery of Roumelia as we journeyed towards the Servian frontier soon became apparent. Whole villages had been wiped out, nothing having been left standing but the bare chimney-stacks of the houses, looking like the charred funeral columns of a cemetery which had yawned up its dead, for bodies scantily buried lay in the streets and in the furrowed fields by the roadsides, their feet and hands, and sometimes their heads, sticking out of the foul mud. Carrion birds, disturbed by our presence, lazily beat the air with their wings, setting their bloated bodies on the smoke-begrimed monuments of Turkish oppression and cruelty. Bloody-mouthed dogs with heavy maw, guilty of their uncanny feast, slunk from us behind the *debris* of the wrecked homesteads. Occasionally Bashi-Bazouks, with their motley costumes splashed with mud and greasy

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with blood, or Circassians in their quaint astrakhan head-gear, sober-coloured coats, with their breasts studded with silver cartridges, passed us on the road. Behind came their baggage ponies, loaded with plunder from the Bulgarian and Servian villages.

They never molested us, as we were escorted by a Zaptieh almost as villianously picturesque as those cutthroats themselves, and we were also known to be Englishmen. For the fiat had gone forth from Constantinople throughout the land that the English were to be respected.

Right up to the old town of Nisch, wrecked villages and corpses lined the gruesome way. Right glad was I, for a time, to get out of all this misery, and to settle down for a few days in that old frontier town of Turkey. The English doctors serving with the Turkish army gave us a good reception, and I found a corner on an ottoman where I could rest my weary head in a room along with six surgeons. Those gallant, plucky volunteers had been striving to relieve the sufferings of the wretched wounded for the last eight months. Living on short commons, and more or less pigging it purely for humanity's sake—good fellows all.

These are the men who uphold the sturdy qualities of British humanity, wherever pain and suffering may be.

One night, at our meagre little meal, in our drawing-room, dining-hall and bedroom in one, Barrington Kennett, now Sir Vincent Kennett Barrington, came across the Servian lines into the Turkish camp. His office was, by permission of the Turks, to pass through to Constantinople for the purpose of procuring comforts and medical stores for the Servian wounded during the armistice. He was astonished to see me at the dinner table, for I had travelled with him for many weeks during the recent fighting in Servia.

"It's all very fine, Villiers," he said, "but you'd better take care. Oh, by the by, you say you are going to join the Turks, who now occupy Alexinatz. You are a good fellow, I know you will do me a service. I have a Servian servant who promised to go with me as far as Constantinople, but he's in such a deuce of a funk in case the Turks may do him some mischief, that he won't go any further, and at the same time he is afraid to go back unless his safety is guaranteed. I pity the poor fellow, for he volunteered with a good heart, but it has now failed him. I must be off after breakfast to-morrow, and I can't look after him. Will you befriend him for my sake?"

"Right you are, Kennett, I'll see him across the frontier into the Servian lines. Have no fear."

It was a rash promise, though I did not think so at the time. I saw the Servian; he was overcome with gratitude, and that made me all the firmer in my resolve to deliver him safely into the hands of his countrymen.

At breakfast next morning, Kennett, who was in good spirits, told us some of his experiences in coming through the hostile lines, and then, suddenly looking up at me, he said:

"O, Villiers, I forgot to tell you that the Turks don't at all love you at Alexinatz. Hafuz Pasha, the Governor, has threatened to hang the correspondent of the *Graphic* on sight—if he should fall into his hands during the campaign—on account of the impression he had caused in England by sending a sketch depicting the cruelty of the Turks towards Servian prisoners. So just you look after yourself."

This news astonished me, especially coming from Kennett, and I was irritated that he did not inform me of this uncharitable feeling on the part of the Governor of Alexinatz before I gave him the promise to take his wretched servant across the lines. But I did not like to remonstrate with him lest he might think that I was shirking my responsibility. Kennett left us, and the next morning I resolved to start on my journey.

The greater part of the next day was devoted, on my part, to persuading my sea-captain friend to journey with me to Alexinatz. I thought it only fair to tell him of the risk I was running, and I must say that the sturdy old seaman,

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in spite of squalls ahead and probably very dirty weather, tacked round to my views of the situation, and lent me the kindly cover of his talismanic firman.

At eight the next morning we faced the dreary plain between Nisch and Alexinatz. The air was crisp with frost, and the little puddles in the rough road we were traversing cracked with their covering of ice as our horses cantered over them.

Towards evening we sighted the quaint tower of the Orthodox Church of Alexinatz, and the familiar trenches and redoubts which girded the city, and behind which only a few weeks earlier I had watched the bloody advance of the Turks up the Morava Valley. My heart was beating fast as I crossed the little wooden bridge into the town. Our horses were covered with hoar frost, for the last ruddy flush of sunlight had left us when still a mile short of the town. The puddles had filmed over with ice once more, and our horses went floundering and spluttering in the deep ruts of the abominable road, and were now limping with bloody hoofs up the main street towards the Government House. Every house was gutted. Doors and window-frames were gone for firewood, and every scrap of iron, copper or metal of any kind, had been torn away from the crazy structures, so that it seemed to require but a puff of wind to send them tumbling like a pack of cards to the ground. In the hotel where Forbes and I took our last meal before the fall of Alexinatz, horses were stabled, and in the centre of the gutted buildings was a roaring fire built up of the doors and rafters.

To the Governor's house we were at once led, our steps being lighted by the glare of the burning panel of a door steeped in oil. There was no need of a guide on my part, for I knew every inch of the way, and every corner of the Governor's house; then I wondered if there was still any Negotin wine left—an excellent brand of wine from the Servian province of that name.

"Three steps here, sir," said our dragoman as we ascended the steps in front of the Konak.

I laughed in my sleeve—as if I didn't know. I remembered one moonlight night, when a birthday indulgence of Negotin annihilated these steps and ——— But, no matter. "The Governor, His Excellency Hafuz Pasha, will be glad to receive the distinguished visitors," softly said an effeminate-looking Circassian aide-de-camp, as we entered the hall. My heart stood still for a second; Hafuz was the man who had threatened to curtail my existence.

"Well," I thought, "I am in for it now." I way hungry, weary and cold, and I resolved that I would have some supper first, anyway. I took off my cap and followed the aide-de-camp into a room whose two windows opened in French fashion on to a balcony facing the street. Ah! didn't I remember that same balcony, the summer n ght of August of that year, the little Servian Red Cross Sister, and the gallant young English surgeon, the shadow of the purple grapes from the vine overhead, the disturbed kiss, and the chaff the wicked young dog received from us afterwards.

On a packing-case sat the Turkish Commander, bent forward chafing his hands over a charcoal brazier. On another trunk by his side was a tallow candle stuck in its grease. A camp table and a chair and a stool made up the rest of the furniture.

He rose to his feet as we moved towards him, and at once waved to the chair and stool for us to be seated. A little man was Hafuz, with a kindly smile on his face. Blue-eyed and fresh-looking he was, not more than fifty years. A fluffy beard tinged with grey, gave him more the aspect of a well-to-do merchant than that of a man of war.

"You must be both tired and hungry, gentlemen," he said. "I have nothing to give you but chops and tea, and these I have already ordered the cook to prepare for you." The Pasha spoke in French, so I became interpreter for my friend, who knew even less than I of that useful language.

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I was in for it now, I felt sure, yet I must take the lead in this business. I durst not hesitate, and so I commenced at once:

"Pasha," I cried, "if you had anticipated our desires you could not have been kinder. The meal you offer us is an English meal, and we will do justice to your hospitality in good time. My respected employer here" —pointing to the sea-captain, who nodded and smiled with urbanity— "and I, with whom I am associated in this firman of his glorious Majesty the Sultan, whom may the prophet preserve!"—here I unrolled the document to the Pasha's gaze— "are travellers in search of material for a book on the glories of the great Turkish Empire. On our journey up country we met an Englishman named Kennett."

Here the Pasha, who had been yawning and nodding over the brazier, brightened up, and a keen look came into his eyes.

"Yes, I know the gentleman. He came from the Servian lines with instructions from the Seraskierate, that he should be permitted through the lines."

"Well," I continued, "he had with him a Servian servant. This man is a crazy fool. He got as far as Nisch, and there he began to tremble for his safety. In every shadow, to his crazy mind, someone lurked to do him harm, till he prayed to be sent back. Then he began to tremble again, for how could he return without safe conduct? Kennett was on the horns of a dilemma with regard to him, and so he begged us to take charge of the fool as we were coming this way. What creatures these Servians must be," I added, "if this fellow is a specimen!" And then I sat down.

"The man shall be sent back to-morrow. Consider him no longer a burden to you; he is now in my charge," replied the Pasha.

"Your Excellence," I cried. "Oh, you don't know what manner of man this creature is. He would die from sheer fright if he were taken from our side! No, with your permission I will accompany him to the Servian lines."

"It's a long journey," said the Pasha, "and dangerous, too, for it is the last day of the armistice, and we can't tell when the first shot may be fired again. Leave the man to me."

"Let me go, Pasha, never mind my safety. I will run the risk. It will also be an opportunity to see something of these Servians. We have read so much about them in England, and we have given our word to Kennett, too. Allow us to keep it."

"Then one shall go. Choose between you." You English are curious people;" and the Pasha laughed. See, now, your food is here."

So we sat and devoured our chops and tea, while the hospitable Pasha smiled and smoked.

"What hour to-morrow for departure, Excellence?" I said, as my companion and I rose to depart. "The lot has fallen to me for to-morrow's journey."

"At eight a *parlementaire* and a bugler shall be at your service. Good night."

The aide-de-camp saw us to our room. It took me some time before I could settle myself down to slumber.

It was a pretty adventure I had just passed through. The Pasha hadn't the slightest suspicion who the individual was whom he had treated with so much civility. Still, I was not out of the wood yet. What would to-morrow bring, I wondered?

The morning broke gloomy enough. The air portended snow, and before we had passed the line sentries of the Turks a brisk wind skimmed along the road right into our faces. Shortly after the gleaming bayonets had crossed our paths, and the password had been given to the last of the Turkish outposts. We seemed to have left the world behind us, and entered a desolate zone of distressing uncertainty. When and where should we meet the Servian outposts? And what then? The small party of four huddled together for warmth. The breath of the horses

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was already crystallized in feathery sprays about their nostrils. The stirrup-irons, although coated with straw bands, seemed to cut through one's boots like red-hot knives. Towards midday our escorting officers became distressed regarding the non-appearance of the Servians, and we were steadily freezing. Presently some indistinct shadows were seen on the road. Our officer ordered the bugler to sound a call. When he touched the mouth-piece of his instrument with his lips he could not pucker his mouth into the proper form for blowing. His moustache was frozen stiff. The officer in his impatience shook his sword at him. It was of no use; the bugler strained his hardest at the mouth-piece but the instrument was dumb. The shadowy figure on our front now showed black against the snow, and they were falling into skirmishing line. "They are preparing to fire! Sound the call, or, by Allah, we are lost!" shouted the officer as he pummelled the unfortunate bugler who strove in vain to blow. I also became interested in the proceedings.

I rubbed the bugler's mouth with snow and let him have another try. This time an unmistakable squeak trembled in the air.

One audacious Servian in advance, who was about to possibly commit murder by shooting one of our number, stayed his hand, placed it to his ear and listened.

We urged our bugler once more, and a clear blast thawed out of the instrument. The Servians looked at each other, then returned, and the whirling snow soon lost them to view, while we congratulated ourselves that we were still in the land of the living, and complimented the bugler on his performance. Presently from out of the sleet and the mist a strong Servian patrol surrounded us and marched us into their camp. The outpost consisted of numerous dug-outs—semi-subterranean holes thatched with reeds from the river bank. Into one of these caverns we were invited, and soon we huddled around a brisk log fire in the centre of the shanty.

The Servian officer in command was profuse in his thanks for bringing home his countryman, and told me that he had already sent off notice of our arrival to General Peterhof in command at Deligrad. At this my heart seemed to sink within me, for I was aware that Peterhof knew me well by sight.

We must be back before the night was far advanced was ever his anxious cry, which I earnestly fostered, for the Turkish Staff of Hafuz was to entertain me that night at dinner. But to wait the return of the orderly from Deligrad was almost imperative.

We were now in the hands of the Servians, and must affect patience and civility. At last the snorting of a horse at full gallop on the road told us the messenger was nigh. In another moment, puffed and blown, and digging the snow from his eyes and ears, the orderly stepped down to the fire and communicated to our Servian host a message.

"The General," he said, "wishes the Englishman to stay the night at Deligrad. The *parlementaire* may go back, and if hostilities recommence in the interim he shall have a safe conduct through Servia."

I clung to the Turkish *parlementaire* in spite of this hospitality; and after the Servian I had befriended had evinced his gratitude by effusively kissing my hand again and again, we were marched, under escort, back into the neutral zone.

Before night had well set in, my sailor friend and I were enjoying the hospitality of the Pasha's officers, and next morning found us *en route* to Nisch, after many cordial expressions from my would-be executioner of my pleasant visit, and hopes that I would renew it. After due consideration in regard to this matter I eventually came to the conclusion that I would not, for one of the few Latin quotations I remember seemed to write itself in the snow: "*Nusquam tuta fides.*"

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PHOTO. BY TAUNT, 1899.

HENLEY—REGATTA COURSE FROM PHILLIS LAWN.

HENLEY !

ILLUSTRATED WITH PHOTOGRAPHS TAKEN ESPECIALLY FOR "THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE."

By George W. Orton.

THE name "Henley," brings back to the Englishman's mind all that is beautiful and picturesque, and all that is brightest and purest, in the amateur aquatic life of the country. To the old annual visitor, it calls up memories of many happy and stirring scenes; of many contests in which the picked crews of England, watched by her fairest daughters and urged on by her bravest sons, have striven for victory until the last foot of water has been passed. It brings up reminiscences of races in which the flower of England's aquatic strength have competed against those from other countries and proven the victors. Others will recall the rare occasions when, even the brawny arms and the resolute and stubborn courage of the representatives of Britain have had to dip their colours to some worthier rival from America. But these occasions have been so rare that our English cousins can justly pride themselves on their grand record at this matchless regatta.

This fact and the great importance of the function has drawn the query from many who have never visited the spot when the regatta was in progress: "Why is it that the Henley Regatta has drawn to itself such great importance and attention, and how is it that the English crews are so uniformly suc-

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cessful against foreign competitors?"

In answering this query, we must first look to the surroundings and the class of people who have fostered the regatta.

No more beautiful scene, no prettier or more picturesque surroundings can be desired than those which Nature has so lavishly bestowed upon the location of this annual regatta. Henley is situated on the Thames in one of its most beautiful spots. The valley is there most verdant, the trees along its banks are old and stately, while velvet lawns and gardens gay line its banks at frequent intervals. Behind, arise the Chiltern Hills in a mass of green woods and waving grain, for this regatta takes place in July, when all Nature is decked in her fairest colours and when earth and sky, river and woods, flowers and gardens, all vie with one another in beautifying the scene. The river itself, as it winds down through the valley, a silvery solemn stream, adds both beauty and dignity to the whole. Its waters are cool and enticing and invite a closer inspection. Gliding along its placid bosom, our eyes feast upon the scene around us and our attention is directed to the river, only when, disturbed by the splash of oars, some careless lily, like a naked goddess, reclining upon her crystal couch, rears her indignant head; or some vigorous fish fillips the water near us as if questioning our right to a share of his domain.

This is the scene as nature has made it, and the growing popularity which the upper reaches of the Thames are now enjoying, testify to the fascination and rural beauty of this part of England.

During Regatta week, art is allied to nature and the result is a scene which is fairy like in character.

Then, a stranger arriving at Henley knows at once that he has hit upon some gala occasion. Everywhere, throughout the town, bunting, flags, flowers and decorations of all kinds strike the eye, and the picturesque-looking old town is made a scene of lightness and gaiety. The stranger is carried along by the crowd and he soon sees the river. Down its bank he is taken and across a fine old stone bridge. On asking a native of the town, who is recognized by his business-like or knowing air, he is told that the bridge is over 100 years old, but is just as strong as ever. Admiring the strength and material beauty of the bridge, he is suddenly astonished by the scene which meets his eyes as he looks up the river, Myriads of boats cover its surface. As far as the eye can reach there is one sea of color, for the gay dresses, hats and parasols of the ladies, and the boating-costumes and blazers of the men, make up a very kaleidoscope of colors. On either side, the river is lined with gaily-dressed people, while on every hand movement, gaiety, happiness, mirth, fill the air and intoxicate the senses. He is especially struck with the long train of house-boats which line the left bank of the river. Their façades are one mass of flags and flowers, and that bank of the river looks as if it were a bower of beauty and delight.

On drawing nearer and mixing with the people, he soon discovers that this is no boorish mob, no rustic crowd of sightseers, but that he has around him the élite of fashion and culture of England. If he be a man of large acquaintance, he is sure to recognize some of the most representative and important men of the country in the crowd. He is struck by the good-breeding, courtesy, decorousness and the fashionable appearance of those around him, and he recognizes that this sporting event is also a great society function. When our stranger has reached this conclusion, he knows one of the causes of the immense popularity of this regatta.

The exquisite setting of nature, the charm of the surroundings, and the fascination of the animated scene, has no doubt had very great influence upon the continued prosperity of the regatta, but this alone will not account for it entirely. Other places in England might be found where nature has been equally successful in creating a

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PHOTO. BY TAUNT, 1899 LEANDER. LONDON.

HENLEY—FINAL FOR THE GRAND CHALLENGE CUP.

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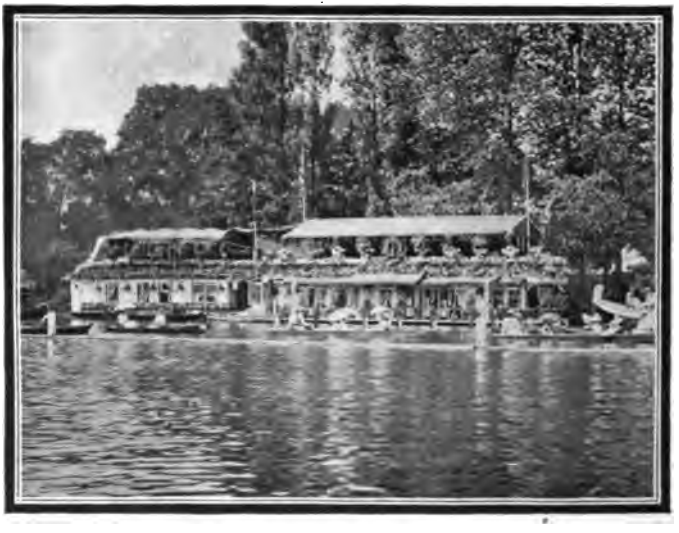
scene of surpassing beauty and where a better course for the races might be found. Indeed, such places have been found and attempts to form regattas, equal to Henley, made, but there still remains but one Henley, and that unrivalled throughout the world.

The cause of this superiority lies, it is true, to some extent in the fact that Henley was first in the field or, more strictly, on the water. But the cause, which has been mainly instrumental for the greatness and importance of the regatta rests with its founders.

These men, since its inauguration in 1839, have always been men prominent in the social and athletic life of England. They have always been actuated by the highest principles of amateurism and have insisted on having the highest class of amateur and that only, at this regatta. All down through the many years of its existence, Henley has been the scene of contests in which the standard of the athletes has been surpassed only by the high standard of the races which have resulted from their meeting one another. The regatta was instituted by men high in the social life of England, and its aim has been to encourage aquatics among their own class, and for the delectation and enjoyment of the aristocracy. This purpose has been rigidly adhered to, and thus we find that not only is this regatta attended by the highest classes socially, but that the contestants are drawn from the best blood of England. Throughout the throng attending these races, we see lords and ladies, while the nobles of England have frequently proven by their aquatic prowess that the blood of their hardy and courageous ancestors still flows strongly through their veins.



"ROUGE ET NOIR" HOUSEBOAT AT HENLEY.

The rule which has insisted on this maintenance of a high standard for the competitors has been criticised severely and unjustly in America. This rule, roughly speaking, requires that every contestant must be a gentleman, and a gentleman is defined as one who has never earned his living through manual labour. In America, where honest labour in any form is looked up to as a sign of merit, where "Worth makes the man and want of it the fellow," and where more democratic principles prevail, this rule seems obnoxious. Transplanted to America, it would, no doubt, be distasteful and unsuited to both Canadians and the people of the United States. But in England it is just as natural an outcome of the conditions of society as it would appear unnatural were the Queen to invite her head cook or her gardener to visit her evenings and play some innocent game with her. An amateur is one who has never made money directly or indirectly from athletics. The veriest grubber of the

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street, the mill-hand, the labourer may be amateurs. Just as we do not expect the aristocracy of Great Britain to fraternize with this lowlier, though just as worthy class, in the doings of society, so we should not expect them to compete with them, *i.e.*, to fraternize with them upon the water. Those Americans who look upon this rule as specially directed against them, should remember that it was made and enforced at a time when America was not considered as a possibility, and in fact thirty years before any American crews even thought of competing there. To anyone cognizant of the lines upon which society is built in England, this rule will appear perfectly natural. It has certainly had a salutary influence, and it is in a great measure responsible for the brilliancy, beauty and magnificence of Henley to-day.

ARGONAUTS. TRIN.-CAMB.

THE SECOND HEAT IN THE STEWARDS.

It has retained the interest of society in the event until Henley Week is now just as important to a lady of fashion as Derby week, or the height of the season in London.

Those who have seen the indescribable beauty and variety of the river while the regatta is in progress have not seen all of Henley. In the evening it is even more bewildering than in the day-time. Then all the house-boats are aglow with Chinese lanterns, lights of all kinds flash hither and thither on the water; fireworks every now and then light up the heavens in beautiful colours; while the sound of guitars, mandolins and pianos from the house-boats, the strains of bands from the shore, and the voices of numerous strolling singers and instrumentalists make up a scene to charm and bewilder both the eye and ear. The river is, of course, the centre of attraction, but throughout the entire town similar scenes on a larger or smaller scale are going on, and prove equally fascinating.

The above should explain the importance of the regatta. We shall now give our reasons for the great success of the English crews when pitted against rivals from other countries.

First, the oarsmen at Henley are generally men who have had long training and experience in rowing. As noted above, the oarsmen are always men of high standing in society. They are to a great extent university men. In the United States, the university crews are largely made up of men who have never rowed previous to entering college. When they have rowed, very frequently it is under a system different from that which they find at the university, and the coach frequently has more difficulty with these men than

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with those who have never rowed at all. In Canada, the average crews have not had actual experience in a racing boat for more than five years. I know that the Argonaut crew sent to Henley last year had men in the boat of many years' experience, but the average is, in my opinion, not more than stated.

But in England the university men are very frequently old in experience, if not in years. The average Leander crew is composed of men who as boys were taught to row at Eton by some old Cambridge or Oxford graduate. Leaving school, the boys have continued their aquatic training through the universities, and then become eligible for the Leander crew. This means an experience of ten years under the same system. They are then in the very height of their strength, and make grand crews. If not a university man, the oarsman will have had an equal number of years of training at school or in some good club. Thus, the crews which battle for Old England are grand specimens of manhood, thoroughly trained, and with those years of experience which, however enervating to men in other branches of athletics, are so essential in bringing out the utmost capabilities of the oarsman. The unparalleled success of the Leander Club can be attributed to no other cause than this. Every man who belongs to this club must have sat in a Varsity (Oxford or Cambridge) boat, or been a member of some other crew of acknowledged ability. That is, every member of the club must be a finished oarsman when entering. Against men such as this, who also have every leisure to devote to training, the foreign crews find themselves

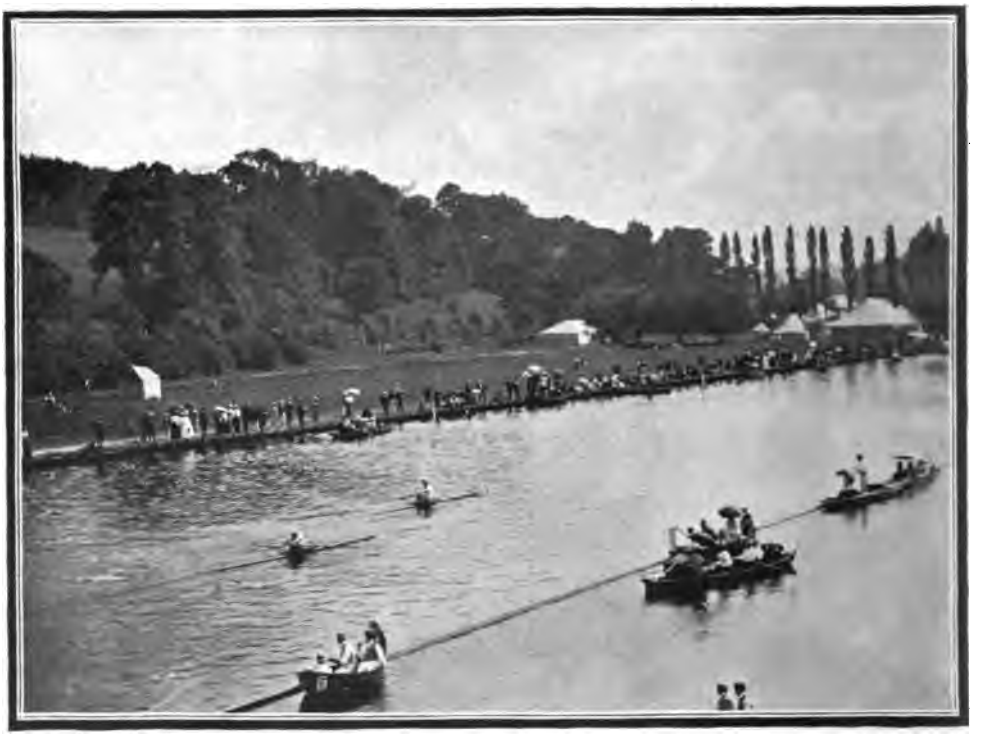

PHOTO. BY TAUNT.

HENLEY—A RACE FOR THE DIAMOND SCULLS.

This was the third heat in 1899 when Hemmerde and Goldman competed.

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in competition These crews frequently have to fight against the climate, and all are, comparatively, unacquainted with the course. Under these circumstances, we are not suprised that the English crews score so many victories.

The action of the committee last year in booming off the course, does away with the objections of the foreign crews. In former years the crews were frequently interfered with by the eager spectators. Now, though the river may be covered with boats previous and between the races, at the signal from the bell they all move behind the boom, the gates are closed and the course is as free and uninterrupted as if there were not a boat upon the river. This has aided the crews considerably, for the presence of the boom aids the steering of the boats.

C. E. A. GOLDMAN.

Representative of Argonaut Rowing Club, Toronto, in the Diamond Sculls Competition at Henley, 1899.

But, despite this, the course is one in which perfect familiarity with it is a great aid. Then, not only can the oarsmen keep their own course more surely, but they are also familiar with its length and know just what speed can be maintained throughout it. The length of the course plays an important part in the International races. In America, the eight-oared crews frequently train for distances of four miles and the shortest race is one mile and a half. The Henley course is shorter than this, being one mile 550 yards long. Consequently, the oars, slides, length of out-rigging, etc., which may be perfectly adapted to a longer course, may be unsuited, in many respects, to the conditions found at Henley. I would not like to say that the width of the oar-blade, the length of the out-rigging, etc., as found in America, are wrong. For the conditions found in Canada and the United States, they are the best, as experience has taught. But I do believe that the smaller-bladed oars, the extra length of out-rigger and the various slight differences in the working mechanism of the English and American boats, give the English crews an advantage. An old member of the Leander Club remarked to me at Henley last year: "The Henley Regatta has become such an important one that our American and Canadian friends may rest assured that the English crews have tried all the innovations which have been introduced here by outside crews. The oars and rigging used now have been found to be the best for the Henley course, and capable of producing the most sustained speed over the distance."

The long experience in rowing, the familiarity with the course and the adaptability of the boats, oars, etc., to it; the fact of their being under their own skies and climate, the length of the course itself, which is suited to the

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PHOTO. BY TAUNT, 1899.

HENLEY—DISTRIBUTING THE PRIZES.

stubborn strength of the English crews, all combine for their success.

Any foreign or colonial crew expecting to win at Henley must, in the first place, be slightly faster than the English crews, as the climate is sure to have some effect upon them. In addition to this, they should, previous to leaving their own country, adopt the oars, rigging, etc., used by the English crews and practise over a course of similar length, paying especial attention to the start. The English crews are wonders at the start. They whip their oars through the water at a terrific rate and get speed on almost at once. Frequently they obtain such a lead in the first partof the race, that the foreign or colonial crew, even though faster when fully under way, are unable to make up the handicap.

The above observations have been drawn from personally viewing the crews at Henley and from conversations with English, American and Canadian oarsmen who have competed there.

The experience of the Argonaut crews last summer will bear out my statements. On the second day the London R. C. met the Argonauts. In the first one and one half minutes of rowing, the Englishmen forged a length ahead, and in two and one half minutes they had a length and a half. From then on, the Argonauts crept up inch after inch and were beaten but one half a length at the finish. Had the race been a mile and a half, the Argonauts would have won. The Trinity College B. C., on the first day, drew away a full length from the Argonaut four in the first minute of rowing, apparently a sorry showing for the champion four of America. But they would have done the same to any crew when the difference in rigging, etc., and in practising starting is considered.

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The Argonauts, it is true, did not win any races last year, but this does not mean that they did not row well. They did row well and grandly, but they met others who were better. They met the strongest and fastest crews in the world and there was no disgrace in their defeat. The quality of a sportsman is shown even better in defeat than in the moment of victory. The bearing of our Canadian oarsmen was a credit to our country, and their sportsmanship was recognized all along the river. They won hosts of friends by their gentlemanly bearing, their general brightness and the spirit of real enjoyment which they put into their work. The manner in which they struggled to the last, the brave and plucky way in which each and every man fought for victory though against odds, and, above all, the truly sportsmanlike spirit in which they accepted defeat gained for them expressions of approval from all parties.

Though defeated, the trip should not be looked upon as useless. The experience gained should ultimately raise the standard of aquatics in America. The favourable impression made by our men and the good work they did will bring Canada's name to the fore and more closely unite us to our mother country. If the trip does no more than to arouse the Canadian Association of Oarsmen to the advisability and urgent necessity of fostering aquatics at our principal schools and colleges, and of adopting some plan by means of which the youth will take up the work at an early age and thus develop their full strength and capability as oarsmen at the time of life when it will prove most effective, then the results of future years will show the wisdom and benefit of sending the Argonauts to England. Leaving this matter to the consideration of the C. A. A. O. we take leave of Henley, still believing that under equal conditions of climate, boats, rigging, etc., our sturdy Canadian oarsmen are capable of doing as good work in this branch of sport as any people on the face of mother earth.

"Who misses or who wins the prize,
Go lose or conquer as you can!
But if you fail or if you rise,
Be each, pray God, a gentleman."

THE ADVENT OF NIGHT.

A HUSH falls softly, calmly o'er the land,
As when Death hovers unto mortals near:
The lips of Nature stopped—her tender hand
Sweeps her flushed visage to conceal a tear.

Far-fetched, from unknown spheres Time's 'tendants bring
Dark sable robes by sinless fingers wrought;
With reverent touch enfold the sleeping queen,
And mutely sue for heaven's benignest thought.

God's hallowed dome is draped with gloom on high,
The earth beneath broods silent on its way,
A million tapers burn within the sky,
And light the watch o'er the departed day.

A. De Witt Lee.

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MILITARY PICTURE SERIES.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH.

MILITARY PICTURE SERIES, NO. 1.—MAJOR-GENERAL HUTTON, GENERAL OFFICER COMMANDING THE CANADIAN ARMY.

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FROM A PHOTOGRAPH.

MILITARY PICTURE SERIES, NO. 2.—3RD REGIMENT CANADIAN ARTILLERY, ST. JOHN, N.B.

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MILITARY PICTURE SERIES, NO. 3. - A SECTION OF A CANADIAN FIELD BATTERY REVIEW ORDER.

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MILITARY PICTURE SERIES, NO. 4.—CANADIAN VOLUNTEER CAVALRY—"GALLOP"

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MILITARY PICTURE SERIES, NO. 6.—GENERAL SIR EVELYN WOOD, V.C., G.C.B., G.C.M.G., ADJUTANT-GENERAL OF THE BRITISH ARMY.

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MILITARY PICTURE SERIES, NO. 7.—THE SWEARING IN OF PRESIDENT KRUGER AT PRETORIA.

TO BE CONTINUED NEXT MONTH.

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WAS IT MURDER?

By the Hon. J. W. Longley.

TRURO, Nova Scotia, is happy in the possession of a park—not your ordinary common-place park, a piece of level ground with ornamental trees and gravel paths. Victoria Park —such is its loyal designation—is a freak of nature. Not far from the railway station, by pursuing the way southward, you presently come to a range of high land, and carved into this hill is a natural and deep hollow, with its steep sides standing out boldly in red sandstone, with its brow festooned with soft wood trees. At the mouth of this gorge it is perhaps one hundred yards wide. As you enter its depths it constantly narrows until finally it reaches a focus where a little streamlet flows over the steep precipice into a gentle pool below. This is the end, although winding wooden steps have been ingeniously built from this place to the top, and one may still pursue through a dense growth of spruce and fir the windings of the brook in a lesser hollow above.

The spot is delightfully sequestered and romantic. Footpaths have been erected along the sides of the hills at the foot, just broad enough for two to walk, and protected on the outer side by a rustic wooden railing. On festive days the sequestered glens of this beautiful retreat are visited by great numbers, but usually it is almost deserted on summer afternoons except now and then a solitary mortal wends his way through its artistic paths to seek quietude and meditation, or a sentimental pair go thither in quest of that seclusion which is so favourable to love's ebullitions.

I constituted one of such a pair, and lazily and serenely we threaded the narrow paths, noting the little cascades, soothed by the gentle ripple of the stream which now purled over its gravelly bed, until at last we came to the falls at the end—christened, in memory of Nova Scotia's titular hero, "Joe Howe." For a little we sat on one of the rustic benches, and then, desiring to seek new scenes, we climbed slowly by steady stages the long flight of winding and irregular steps until we reached the summit two or three hundred feet above, and almost perpendicular.

We wandered along by the edge, she and I. It was a lovely afternoon in August. The air was soft; the sun shone in a cloudless sky, and a slight mist, that dimly suggests the decline of summer, threw its light film over the scene.

It was not really a lovers' affair, simply two congenial spirits—the one a man, the other a woman, who sought to waste the hours of the summer day in breathing the pure air of summer under pleasant and congenial conditions. Sentiment and mirth commingled.

I am a restless being, I confess it, and chafe at inaction. Once at the top of these precipitous heights it occurred to me to hurl small boulders from the top and watch them as they leaped and chased each other to the gorge below, finally dashing in a sort of savage frenzy into the little stream which flowed midway. Immediately above the pond which has been hollowed out by the Joe Howe Falls, we were seated, enjoying ourselves, revelling, as it were, in the fulness of life.

While thus seated, with, perchance, an occasional interchange of sentiment, a fond look, I noticed, indeed we both noticed, an elderly man, apparently a stranger, slowly wending his way along the narrow pathway, occasionally staying to look intently at the different scenes and aspects about him. At last he came to the Falls, immediately beneath us, and stood on the

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brink of the pond, watching the water as it made its last leap over the little precipice and tumbled with a gentle murmur into the pond. I remember the outlines of his figure with terrible distinctness. His form was slightly bent. He wore a tall white hat such as is sometimes affected by statesmen. It sat upon long locks of dark gray hair, which fell upon his neck. He was somewhat spare in outline. He wore a brown frock-coat. His face was clean shaven and had a sort of pensive, intellectual appearance which suggested a man who had already reached the point when life is seen in its true proportions and its struggles and ambitions have been put aside for quiet and peace.

I cannot now say precisely how long he stood there, because the incidents of the moment somewhat obscured the realization of time and space, but my recollection gives me the impression that we watched him there through the branches of the trees, which sparsely lined the summit of the hill, and under whose shadow we sat, for two, three, or perhaps more minutes.

I shall never be able to exactly tell how it occurred. The incidents of the next moment were so appalling that my mind became confused in respect of the immediate antecedents. Certainly what was done was not in malice. I had never seen this old man before. If he had needed it I would willingly have bestowed upon him any good offices that kindness could impose. Neither, indeed, was it mischief. I cannot say how it occurred. It may have been abstraction or a subtle prompting of his Satanic Majesty, if he really does exercise his power over mortals ; but, by some means or other, which now I am powerless to explain, I let loose a boulder, and in an instant it was leaping from one protuberance of the precipice to another, until at last, as, intensely horrified and with staring eyes we breathlessly followed its course, we observed it making its last desperate leap directly towards the unconscious old man, who stood there calmly gazing.

The sight was too awful. I shrank back and closed my eyes, so did my fair companion ; and, by an impulse of the sex, seized me by the hand and clung to my side. In another moment we heard a shriek, a splash, and it was done !

I must claim in my behalf that I have no criminal instincts and that murder is revolting to me, and yet at that moment I was compelled to feel through every fibre the awful reflection that I was a murderer.

For an instant I could do nothing, say nothing, think nothing, clearly. At last I turned to Madge, but she only responded by a look of fright and horror.

Then I felt the instinct of a man who has committed a crime, to get away. I sprang to my feet, and in the act assisted the girl to hers, and we began, without a word, to walk in a sort of nervous manner from the spot.

A great deal passed through my mind in that one moment. Had the stone killed this poor old man? My instincts told me that that was certain if it struck him. It was a large stone weighing several pounds, and it had gained great momentum in its mad descent of two hundred feet. Was I guilty of murder? I had no malice, but I had no right to let loose and send hurling to the bottom a stone when before my eyes immediately below me was a human being who might be injured, or might be killed by its fall. Perhaps it will only be manslaughter, I reflected, as with lightning rapidity one thought came after another.

Then came the cowardly, sneaking thought—perhaps it will never be found out that I did it. I grasped at this. I turned to Madge eagerly :

" Be careful, Madge," I said, " and never whisper this to a human being."

She looked up at me hesitating and confused, as if she scarcely understood.

" There will be enquiries made about this," I gasped. " The newspapers will be full of sensational accounts of it. Police investigations will be made ; inquests held ; witnesses summoned ; evidence sought. Perhaps we shall have been seen in the park. Enquiries

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will be made of us. Shall we not be ignorant?" I pleaded.

"Oh, my God, I will say nothing," she said. "It is too awful."

I felt it necessary that we should get to some place where we could be quiet a moment and grow calm, that we might make our plans perfect. My mind was peculiarly clear. The whole possibilities of this terrible incident opened plainly before me. I saw the drama of the next few hours and days plainly pictured. I clutched wildly at everything that promised safety.

We went on hurriedly until we came to the deepest, densest, darkest thicket on the hill-top. We paused and sat in silence. I was wishing to grow calm. I wanted to clearly unfold the situation to my companion, to make her sensible of its gravity, and to make her comprehend how essential was her silence. I had a natural fear that even silence could be carried to the point of fanning suspicion. It was necessary not merely to be silent, but to be wary and judicious, not carrying negation to too conspicuous a point, not making the denial too bold.

Calm! Calm? My friend, have you ever faced the suspicion of being a murderer and that, too, without the sordid hatred and the foul impulses which deaden the sense of remorse and horror?

I could not be calm. I saw a blighted life. I felt already the cruel, iron grip of the law reaching out to clutch me upon the shoulder. I heard the cries of execration of excited multitudes. I felt the pitying shame of friends. And then, worst of all, came the self-degradation, the hideous reproaches which drove me wild. What, in God's name, had driven me to this awful deed—so small, yet so terrible in its consequences, which had thus ruthlessly ended the life of a poor innocent man, who had done no ill, and, at the same time, had plunged my own life into a dark and dense cloud from which it would emerge, never?

While thus I was torturing myself with these awful reflections, I noticed that Madge had become hysterical, crying and moaning by turns, and I had nòt the nerve at the moment to say one soothing word. Then came the reaction. Such are the compensations of nature that when the last desperate horror is conjured and the imagination can add nothing to the lurid picture of woe, there comes instinctively calm, perhaps the calm of despair, but still calm.

I took Madge gently by the hand. I believe I placed my arm about her waist the better to support her, and then in tones as passionless and serene as if addressing a child, I said:

"Don't weep, Madge. You, at least, are innocent, and you know I meant no wrong. It is a horrible accident. It may bring fatal consequences. It may cost me loss of liberty, perhaps my life. What is worse, it may cost me honour; and, what is still worse, it may banish forever my peace of mind. But at this moment there is only one thing for us to gravely discuss and that is whether by any prudence on our part we can avoid having the consequences of this unwitting crime reach me."

I saw she had already grown calm and was listening eagerly.

"Listen, Madge," I said. "In a few moments we will leave this park by the quietest possible route. I shall take you to your house. I shall go to the railway station and return to Halifax by the earliest train. Presently the remains of this poor man will be found. The authorities will be called upon, a hue-and-cry will be raised. Perhaps no one will have seen us in the park this afternoon. It is more likely that we shall have been observed. You will be applied to by some officer of the law for information. This is the moment for wisdom. Don't seem agitated. Admit at once that we were in the park and spent an hour or two there. Be absolutely unaware of the existence of this old man or of any circumstances connected with his fate. Refer them instantly and with unfaltering frankness to me in confirmation of this."

What is the moral judgment on this well framed injunction to my compan-

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ion? Did I counsel her to utter and act a falsehood? What would you do, my friend, in similar conditions, if, without consciousness of guilt, you saw yourself on the brink of a well-founded accusation of murder? Fear not, I am uttering no apologies. There are no curvatures in moral laws. They are inexorable—right is right and false is false. The soul that trifles with the truth, even though a thousand of his wretched carcasses were at stake, is lost. But we are human. What poor mortal on a sudden emergency can, at the first moment of danger, wrestle successfully with the ignoble instinct of self-preservation?

Madge had now grown very calm and I saw that she fully realized the situation. She answered nothing for the moment, but she gave me a look in which I saw that no form of discretion would be wanting and no stage of ingenuity left untested in her loyal determination to save me.

Then, assured by this all-meaning look, I began once more to travel over the incidents of the last few minutes. I could take a more intelligible view in the sober second thought. The proportions were not so overwhelming. I could begin to weigh and measure and reflect.

Thank heaven, a second and better inspiration came. For the first moment it dawned upon me that, in a cowardly disregard, I had never rushed to the spot to see the actual fate of this poor old man. Perhaps he was only injured, and lying at this moment in the water demanding aid. Then, with an irresistible impulse I made a swift step forward to rush to the spot. At that instant once again the never-sleeping instinct of self-preservation presented itself.

"But there may be great dangers and indiscretions in visiting the spot. You may be found by his lifeless remains," was the cunning prompting of self-preservation. "Keep away. With the girl safe, you have nothing to fear. Nothing can be traced to you."

Are there any of us, good friends, who would yield to such an impulse? Alas, yes. Most of us, indeed, would be sorely tempted. But this impulse is not the highest. Right is right, and false is false.

This cowardly suggestion stayed me but an instant. To my last moment I shall never cease to be thankful that the better influence triumphed over the baser.

"Stay here, Madge," I said. "I will be back in a moment."

With beating heart and burning brain I rushed impetuously to the spot where the steps to the pond began to descend. Down those steps I went with feverish dread. I scarcely dared to look out as I went. At last I was at the bottom, and standing by the brink of the pond. I looked. I saw nothing. I looked more carefully. Still nothing. The pond was small; I could see each pebble. No one was lying there. I could scarcely believe my senses. I grew nervous and calm by turns. At last, after a most careful search, a great joy, a sense of overwhelming relief came over me. For a moment I stayed to utter a brief prayer of gratitude, which for this time, at least, was earnest and from the heart. Then I went back to Madge; told her of my joyful discovery; and silently we went home.

I have never seen the old man since. I wonder who he was. If this should ever reach his eye, perhaps it will recall an incident of a boulder which once fell perilously near him at the foot of Joe Howe Falls.

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PRINCIPLES UNDERLYING THE TRUST.

By Ernest H. Cooper.

AS the student of economic history finds the introduction of the factory system of a century ago an interesting subject, so the student of existing economic conditions takes a deep interest in that analagous industrial phenomenon of to-day—the trust. Unless some men, whose opinions merit consideration, are mistaken, the latter industrial innovation bids fair to characterize the closing decade of the nineteenth century as did the former that of the eighteenth. The trust is likely to have more than a merely temporary existence, on account of its having obtained immense force and form by a natural growth. It has superseded the system of small factories, whose form in the main it retains, and at the same time fills unsatisfied wants that have for some time been experienced in the industrial world.

If we except a certain class of American politicians, we shall be able to find few persons who are unwilling to believe that trusts are of natural growth, and are the result of a process of evolution. The tendency towards consolidation of capital and industry, towards the cheapening of production by placing more and more extensive production under one management, and towards the ever widening of the area of business organization, has long been noticeable ; the latest achievement of this evolution is the trust.

But this is not the only circumstance that has led to the adoption of this form of business enterprise. Under the factory system, where the proprietors of all the factories were working one against the other, the competition grew too keen to be salutary. The manager was usually occupied too much in merely meeting competition ; he was given neither time nor opportunity to study the market thoroughly ; he could but go on producing blindly, trusting that the demand would absorb all the manufactured product. It is little wonder that this improperly directed production has caused periodical depressions and convulsions. Moreover, this competition under the system of small factories, came to be so sharp and keen as to lead to an unwholesome and disastrous lowering of prices. Excessive competition cannot be beneficial. Why, then, lament its restriction?

To restrain this useless and baneful competition, the manufacturers at first formed "combines ;" but distrust and failure to keep promises was still too prevalent in humanity to allow of the successful working of these organizations. Soon the idea of trusts was hit upon, whereby several firms were consolidated under one management. The movement was inaugurated probably by Mr. Rockfeller in his formation of the Standard Oil Trust. The trust lacks a definition on account of the uncertainty of its exact nature ; it as yet can be defined accurately only as a "tendency," but it is in general a combination of capital and labour over an extensive area for the purposes of restraining competition and decreasing the cost of production. These are the principles that actuated the manufacturers. But how do they work out?

Although the promoters of trusts are criticized in various quarters for destroying competition, it must be borne in mind that they in no sense destroy that characteristic of the factory system which is prized because it brings out the best that is in a man. That form of competition the trust stimulates. The competition which is destroyed is that between manufacturing concerns for the market—a competition which entails useless expense, and engrosses needless attention. The

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trust is a means of preventing several trains, each a manufacturer, from running on the same track and colliding to the ruination of each and all; it links these trains together, and they all travel smoothly and safely to their destination. Why should three furniture firms in the one town, each send out its own set of travellers, each keep its own set of books, its own staff of book-keepers, of managers, of foremen, each carry on its own business organization, and each do its own advertising, when almost two-thirds of the expense may be saved by the consolidation of the three firms into a trust?

While trusts serve this purpose they increase the capacity of labour and diminish the cost of production, two objects the achievement of which is considered a mark of progress, which are ever kept in view by wise manufacturers, and which are of permanent benefit to the community. The capacity of labour is increased, because the more extensive the manufacturing establishment, the more opportunity is there for division of labour, for the specialization of labour, for the use of more expensive machinery, and for the employment of more efficient management. This increased capacity of labour lowers the cost of production, a result also accomplished in other ways. In small factories there are bye-products that go to waste. Under the extensive manufacturing of trusts these bye-products are found in such quantity that their manufacture into useful commodities is warranted, and what formerly went out the back-door now goes out the front. Not only is the waste saved to the community, but enough profit is made on the turn-over to materially increase the manufacturer's dividends. Again, under the trust system an eye is kept open to discover methods of cheapening the production. If, in one factory of the trust a saving is noticed, the reason for that saving is sought, discovered, and immediately the managers of the other concerns of the trust are made aware of it, and told to take advantage of it. Thus, if a trust controlled four factories, in each of which some scheme was devised for effecting a saving, each factory would gain three discoveries because of its position in the trust. Trusts being so solid, having so much capital ready to hand, experience few difficulties in conducting business with the public; their production is thus more speedy than that of small concerns, and time, which is an expensive factor in the factory system of manufacture, is saved.

Taking all these facts into consideration, it is not difficult to see that trusts are of an economical benefit to the community in which they exist, inasmuch as they effect for the community a saving, which is certainly of no small account. Where this saving will go it is impossible to say. All we know is that it will and must go to the community. It may go to the manufacturers. The wage-earners may see some of it in the form of increased wages or shorter hours. There is an opportunity for the consumers to reap some benefit by a diminution in price. Whoever gets it, it will be a saving effected *for* the community *by* the trust. It is not a saving transferred from the pockets of the consumers to the manufacturers, as some would have us believe. Certainly the manufacturers will get some of it, and why should they not? As Professor Shortt said in the October CANADIAN MAGAZINE, they are not a set of mediæval misers who isolate their wealth; they employ it to the advantage of the community as well as of themselves. If the manufacturers can obtain a higher compensation for their labours under the trust system, that implies fewer failures and less liquidation, and we can reasonably expect that a stability, a regularity, a certainty will be given to industry by its adoption.

Trusts steady prices and tend to lower them. When needless and baneful competition is removed, and managers of manufacturing concerns are given a chance to study the markets, to forecast, to estimate and to prepare for impending changes in the demand which varies with fashion and

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public taste, to pay more attention to the ever-widening market, to meet this extension with a more complete organization of the business, then they will be in a position to adjust the supply to the demand, and prices will be steady. Trade depressions and convulsions in the economic world will occur less frequently. The uncertainty of the market, and the consequent speculation which is now rampant, will in some degree cease. The proper and healthy level of prices will be found; perhaps it will be lower, perhaps higher than under the competitive system—either extreme is unwholesome. But prices tend to diminish under the trust, because, if it works properly, the cost of production will decrease, and this is a necessary condition to lower prices.

But will trusts obtain monopolies in their lines, and thus set prices unduly high, so that the manufacturers will be enriched by the exploitation of the consumers, and so that the general public will thus be unable to satisfy as many wants as it could if the trust did not operate? This question is answered in the affirmative by many who say that the managers of the trust will gain the monopoly, and will regulate the prices for the largest returns, and not as the cost of production will determine. This statement they support with examples of abnormal rises of prices due to operations of the trusts. "Of what use is a low cost of production in such a case?" is asked. Well, the benefit of the decrease still goes to the community even when it all goes to the manufacturers. Of course it is not advantageous that prices should be raised abnormally; such a state of affairs is to be guarded against. But in reality such cases are positively rare, and will be rarer, inasmuch as it is decidedly difficult for a trust to obtain the upper hand of so much strength. How can a furniture trust gain a monopoly of the manufacture of furniture in this Dominion, in a particular province, or even in a particular city? It must always have competition either latent or active. Capital is always on the outlook for the best place of investment, and is attracted by huge profits. That very fact keeps profits uniform in most industries, and that form of competition no trust can kill. Besides, the manufacturer is likely to take advantage of the opportunity to lower prices because a diminution will stimulate demand, and though the profit on each article may be less than at an increased price, yet, on the whole, it may be, and generally is, much greater at the lower figure. Then, again, high prices breed substitutes. If trusts set an abnormally high price on refined sugar, the public can use maple sugar or honey in its stead. On every hand the trust that attempts to institute high prices is met by dangers. It is only in cases where trusts are so strong as to control a natural product that they need not fear competition, a product for which no substitute can be found and whose demand is not elastic, that they can raise prices. These limitations make such contingencies extremely rare.

The Standard Oil Trust is commonly supposed to be a case at point outside these limitations. What has it done with prices? Consulting David Wells in his "Recent Economic Changes" we learn that between 1873-1887, the price of crude oil declined from 9.42 cents to 1.59 cents per gallon, and the price of refined oil from 23.59 cents to 6.75 cents per gallon. Mr. Wells reasons that this decline was not due to the increased supply alone in the case of refined oil, although it was in the case of crude oil. The fall in refined oil has been 9.01 cents per gallon greater than the fall in crude oil, and as over 1,000,000,000 gallons were sold by the Standard Oil Co. in 1887, the saving to the public that year amounted to nearly $100,000,000. "Here, then, some agency other than increased supply and diminished cost of crude oil has unquestionably come in and operated to reduce the price of a manufactured product in a given period disproportionally to that experienced by the raw material from which it was derived. What was that

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agency? . . . It is claimed, and without doubt, correctly, to be largely due to the fact that the whole business of refining petroleum in the United States, and the distribution of its resulting products has gradually passed since 1873 into the ownership and control of a combination or trust—the Standard Oil Company—which, commanding millions of capital, has used it most skilfully in promoting consumption and in devising and adopting a great number of ingenious methods whereby the cost of production has been reduced to an extent that at the outset would not have seemed possible." At the same time, the members of the trust have grown rich.

This example shows that the principles on which trusts are said to be based work out in practice. The reduction of the expenses of competition, the increased capacity of labour, the saving consequent upon the engagement of more able managers and more skilled workmen, the absorption of subsidiary industries, the saving of bye-products, and the advantages of the adoption of a thoroughly enlightened policy, have together shown themselves capable of totalling up to enormous economic results. The effectiveness of consolidation and combination is amply proven.

As the trust is the product of evolution, and not of revolution, its bearings are principally economic, inasmuch as it is employing the form of society found under the competitive system. Yet—although it can hardly be said to have transformed society to any appreciable extent, it has some social effects. One would expect that the fiercest opposition to the trust would come from him who is generally complaining about his position—the labourer—particularly as the trust centralizes labour more and more, and puts increased numbers of workmen under the control of one firm, which on that account, one would suppose, could wield a more despotic power over the employees, and could grind them down in wages. But at the Trust Congress of Chicago this year the labouring class declared themselves more in favour of trusts than opposed to them. What valuable charm, then, did the trust possess to calm the malcontents in this way? It is generally considered it was the charm of enlightenment. They seem to have acted as they did on grounds of self-interest. The labourers are in just as good a position under the trust, for they can still unite. The trusts are managed by able experts who, to increase the efficiency of labour and thus decrease the cost of production favour high, rather than low wages, and shorter rather than long hours. Permanency and steadiness of labour is another social benefit. The trust adjusts the supply to the demand and on account of the immense amount of capital invested does not and need not suspend operations part of the year as is done by many small shops; the labourer is guaranteed work the year round. The economic benefit of this uniformity is considerable, while the social and moral effects are immeasurable.

Many writers and thinkers confuse competition between manufacturing firms with that between individuals, and when it is said that trusts do away with competition between firms, they immediately are led to the idea that they also abolish competition between individuals. That logic is not syllogistic. The competition between individuals for promotion within the trust is far keener under the trust than under the competitive system. Ability is recognized much more handsomely, for, acting more widely, it is of much more value. If competition implies progress we shall still be progressive under the trust system.

The moral effect of the trust is for good. It is no "fake" concern, and is not driven to the manufacture of unreliable goods because of the stress of competition. It grades its goods honestly, and is less likely to use adulterants or shams. Everything about the trust has a solid, a substantial, a regular and a lasting appearance. It adopts a far-sighted policy because it has so much at stake. This makes

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investments in trusts secure and gives the public an opportunity for safe investment.

An evil of the trust continually harped upon is the destruction of the small manufacturers that it entails. The only answer this argument requires is the question, "Why retain a useful class in a useless occupation?"

The political aspect of the trusts cannot be painted in such bright colours. Large masses of capital have appeared at times to be a menace to political authority; trusts form no exception to this. We may lay the blame on the electorate, but that does not remove the fact. It is a serious charge to lay at the door of trusts to say that they tamper with our laws, and the charge is not devoid of proof. Can we console ourselves with the fact that there is on the other hand anti-trust legislation? There does not seem to be much hope in that unless we can bring these two antagonistic facts together and have them nullify and obliterate one another. Trusts should not be allowed to control legislation and any attempt on the part of government to go any farther than regulation must be discouraged.

This divorce of trusts from legislation can be obtained only by the education of the public as to the proper status of the trust and the relation which ought to subsist between it and the community. The benefits of mutual respect must be appreciated and understood before the trust can obtain its proper status in the community. As yet, in regard to trusts, we are in a merely transitory stage. The evils that now exist consequent upon the advent of the trusts we must not excuse but rather try to alleviate and remove. Enumeration of the evils attendant upon other economic changes would be superfluous here, but bearing these in mind we are sensible to the fact that benefits must not be deplored because they come with a little pain. We can only hope that this political aspect of the trust question will become brighter as we gain experience. One function the Government might perform is that of attending to those cases of high prices which we reduced above to such a small number. Tariffs should not be manipulated to suit the trusts.

An evil that has existed in connection with trust stocks is over-capitalization and consequent disastrous speculation. Happily this is abating as people are ceasing to invest where it is the fashion to do so, and are learning to use their own judgment in seeking profitable investments. But it has been suggested that to avoid this danger of manipulation of stocks that, like banks, insurance companies, and loan companies, trusts should be compelled to send in reports of their financial conditions to the Government and thus be placed on a legal basis. The suggestion seems to merit consideration.

But trusts are not considered part of the organism of an ideal state. They are accepted because they promise an improvement over our present methods of production and to some extent of distribution. The Socialists are in favour of the trust system, regarding its adoption as one step towards the realization of their Utopia.

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THE SIX PRIGS TO ROBERT BARR.

In the CANADIAN MAGAZINE for May, 1899, there appeared an article on "The Strength and Weakness of Current Books," in which the writer attempted to show that the public read current fiction and the educated, cultured man preferred the older authors. To prove his point he quoted the opinion of six gentlemen dining together one evening in Toronto. Their verdict upon their *favourite* authors was as follows: Scott, Carlyle, Dickens, Kipling, Macaulay, Parkman, Thackeray, Ruskin, Eliot, Pope, Leckie, Stevenson, Browning, Tennyson, Goldsmith and Arnold. Each of the six gentlemen cast five votes which were scattered over the sixteen authors in the order named.

In the December number Mr. Robert Barr, the well-known Canadian author now living in England, calls these gentlemen "prigs" because they placed Dickens before Thackeray, and seriously considered Macaulay when Goldwin Smith lived in their own town. He also condemns Canadians generally for neglecting to patriotically support and encourage their own writers and for preferring whiskey to books. The six prigs now reply to Mr. Barr.—EDITOR.

WHEN a man is asked to name his favourite authors two courses are open to him—he can either refuse or comply. If he has just dined, is smoking and talking about books at the time, he will probably comply without any especial sense of responsibility for his answer. My favourite authors are those who have written the books that I prize most—the books that I keep in my own house to read again if I choose, to store up until I can partake of them again with zest—in the meanwhile looking upon them from time to time as the farmer on a Sabbath morning lounges in his barnyard and looks upon his fattening steers. My favourite books as they stand in the shelves are as good to look upon as is my favourite picture which I can contemplate gratefully whenever I enter its presence, and their authors—living or dead—own them no more for they are mine. There may be higher art than my picture contains; there may be books lying exposed for sale around the nearest corner that are not only superior to those I have and prize most, but they might even suit me better, if I knew them well. Yet I do not know them, and of all the millions of books in existence certain ones are my favourites.

What manner of bookman is Mr. Robert Barr that he thinks a man's preference in books can be determined by ascertaining the geographical whereabouts or genealogy of authors? It is something deeper than a man's will that controls his choice. Mr. Barr has mentioned several Canadian writers, and has obtruded himself. His stories I have read, and the only one that rang true was "In the Midst of Alarms," as it originally appeared in *Lippincott's*. His Rhine stories strike me as having been based on such historical data as the following: robber barons, feuds, battlements, scheming bishops, visors, prithee, English archer, lance in rest." Gilbert Parker's books show that he possesses good business instincts as a plot-finder, but he appears to be a dull man who can never touch one's enthusiasms. To my thinking, there is more literary charm and vividness of fancy in some passages of Parkman than in anything so far written by any Canadian novelist. Mr. Parker has not yet learned how to blend history and romance into a well-turned story, and so he serves them in either hand. W. A. Fraser can scarcely claim to have as yet done more than try his first paces. In short, the people of Canada will expect their Walter Scott to announce his arrival by writing a book. The real fault that Mr. Barr finds with us is that we will *not* take our opinions from abroad; for novelists who, from afar, exploit Canada as a field may be crowned in London, but not here while they continue to strike only false notes. "Good," says the Englishman who does not know Ca-

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nada. "Bosh!" say we who live here. Even if we did not say it, it would be it. Mr. Barr chides us for borrowing our opinions, and in the next sentence rebukes us for not borrowing from him the opinion that Dickens is unworthy to be anybody's favourite. Robert Barr, handing the manuscript of a new story to a publisher, with the remark that Dickens will perish, is a sight, indeed. For myself, I would not exchange Dickens' Great Expectations for all that I expect to get in the way of literature from any novelist now living.

The people of Canada are a reading people. A large percentage of the population lives in out-of-the-way places, where books are difficult to obtain, but it may be doubted if there is a city of its size in the world that reads more books than Toronto.

Prig Number One.

I cherish no animosity against Mr. Barr for unmasking my priggishness and love of whiskey. The discovery was bound to come. Next to being kicked by a peer of the realm, the honour I yearned for the most was to be written down prig, by an illustrious author. I admire Mr. Barr's success abroad, for has he not proved to what dizzy heights of greatness a Canadian may climb?—in a country where he is not known. Furthermore, the ease with which he handles statistics and literature, whiskey and criticism, points him out clearly as a fit and proper member of our Prigs' Club, and I hereby invite him to come as my guest on the first available occasion, when, if he does not abandon, before the evening is over, every opinion he ever held from his youth up, he will form the sole exception to the prighood therein assembled. On several minor points Mr. Barr is wrong. For instance, Canadians buy and read more books than any other people in the world. Their consumption of spirits is extremely moderate. With these trifling exceptions his argument is sound. True, I still possess a sneaking fondness for Scott, Thackeray and Byron, but I can assure him, on my honour as a prig, that I am steadily working up to Barr.

Prig Number Two.

I want to say to Robert Barr that if I am a prig, it is because my University training has made me so. When the lecturer dilated upon the glories of literature he never mentioned Mr. Barr, or Mr. Parker, or Mrs. Harrison, or Mr. Fraser, or even Mr. Bourinot. I never remember seeing one of Goldwin Smith's books on the curriculum, or hearing the Professor of English speak of Goldwin Smith's superiority as "a literary stylist or as an accurate historian."

I am just thirty-one years of age, and hence it is not to be expected that I should be a great critic. If it has taken you, Mr. Barr, until you are fifty to recognize the merits of Thackeray and Goldwin Smith, remember please that I have still nineteen years in which to come to the full stature of a literary man. Further, in palliation of my having been so unfortunately labelled "educated and cultured," I desire to say that I have in my library of some seven or eight hundred books only one volume by Charles Dickens, and that is bound in paper, as against four volumes of Robert Barr, only one of which lacks a cloth back. In fact, if I were an egotistic prig I might suggest that it was from my library you had drawn the conclusion that Dickens' stock was declining.

I am firmly convinced that if you had known me better, my habits and mode of life, you would hardly accuse me of being a prig. I am the most modest and unassuming of men, and I do hereby record a solemn oath that I shall never again be seen in broad daylight with a volume of Dickens under my arm, and that I shall never again buy a book unless it have the maple leaf, the beaver, or the Canadian coat of arms stamped in heavy gilt on the cover. If this is not sufficient to redeem myself

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in your eyes, O sir, pray lay upon me more commands and behests. I am as meek and mild as an Egyptian fe lah. Henceforth my great and only desire shall be to find favour in your eyes. I shall cease taking my literary opinions second-hand from the *London Times* or the *Athenæum*, and I shall "import my opinions with reasonable celerity over one of the several lines of steamers running from England to Montreal each week." In fact, I shall walk backwards and forwards at the same time in such a way that I shall neither be stationary, going back or going forward. I shall be a genuine Janus.

Prig Number Three.

On reading Mr. Barr's dashing talks on temperance and literature to erring Canadians in the last two numbers of THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE my first impulse was to turn to the dictionary, where I found "prig" defined as "a pert fellow who gives himself airs of superior wisdom."

Now Mr. Barr dubs me a prig because Dickens is one of my favourite authors. I should hesitate to reply to Mr. Barr were it not for the air of superior wisdom with which he himself disposes of Dickens.

Mr. Barr calls Dickens' character sketches caricatures, though this same Mr. Barr is generally understood to have written "Jennie Baxter, Journalist."

Mr. Barr's articles remind me of an essay by one Brander Matthews, another normally good-natured man, in which Mr. Matthews takes American authors to task because they quote from British writers and discuss the characters of Scott, Dickens, Thackeray and Eliot when they should be discussing the novels of Hawthorne and quoting from Lowell "than whom a more quotable writer never lived." To a man of wide views surely literature is independent of political boundaries, else why should we in Ontario read Haliburton, Drummond and Frechette, when Smith, Barr and Mrs. Harrison are of our own Province? However baleful it may be to neglect our native authors because they are of ourselves, is it not equally bad to place them above the best for the same reason? While we should, and most Canadians do, approach our native writers sympathetically, it seems to me that had Mr. Barr's precious prigs voted Haliburton, Parker, Lampman, Dr. Drummond and Mrs. Harrison their favourite authors, Mr. Barr might have termed them precious provincial prigs, extending his alliteration and excusing his animus at a stroke. Of the above list (which is Mr. Barr's), of Goldwin Smith, of Mr. Barr himself, of W. A. Fraser, and many others, we and thousands of Canadians should be, and are, proud, but it does not appear to me that this must force us to say we prefer these writers to others we have known longer and like better.

Perhaps, after all, Mr. Barr's articles are an indication that the talented writer is as fond as ever of his little joke; if so, he will find a warm welcome should he have time to dine with the six prigs when again he comes to Toronto.

Prig Number Four.

Naturally we might expect an author by the name of Barr to lug whiskey into a discussion on literature.

Whiskey and bars go together.

I claim no great merit for this witticism, but, at least, it is as decent as that merry jape about Mr. Winterbottom. I am inclined to distrust Mr. Barr's statistics in respect of whiskey drinking. There has been a great difference since he left this continent ten years ago. The grade of whiskey has improved and the five-cent drink is not so common. These scraps of information may interest Mr. Barr, though he never touches a drop of the good stuff. He worked for a time in Detroit, which is almost within hailing distance of Walkerville; and time was, so they say, when a pipe line ran under the river between these two points. Is it

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possible, then, that Mr. Barr never saw the Good Old Red Eye, either in the wood or in bottles?

Mr. Barr will excuse me if I begin to glow when our really excellent Canadian whiskey is mentioned.

About the other subject in Mr. Barr's article—books, I mean—I care to say little. I assume from Mr. Barr's tone that only a working author has the right to pass opinions on the sacrosanct of literature. Barr says Thackeray is greater than Dickens. Well, in heaven's name, let him be so! I don't give a button. Barr says Robert Louis Stevenson was inaccurate. Who cares if he was? Let Barr come forward and write a novel as powerful as "Weir of Hermiston." Let him write an adventure story as enthralling as "Treasure Island," or a short story as calmly beautiful as "Will o' the Mill." Let him touch words to fine issues as Stevenson did. Let him write the full, fluent, gracious prose of Stevenson. Let him abjure his hasty, sapless, newspaper English. Let him get a few ideas together and shift them about in strange and unusual permutations, and then I will take off my hat. An idea strikes me that Mr. Barr has it in for Inspector Hughes because he cut Latin roots out of the public school curriculum, and so strangled his vocabulary.

In his innermost heart, I daresay, Mr. Barr thinks "Tekla" is his great work. It is really worthy of note as a Luke Sharpish effort to write romance, a loutish attempt to assume the mediæval manner. It is much as if the Merry Andrew in the baron's hall went out to do his master's work in joust and tourney. And as for that bowman! Shame on you, Mr. Barr! You ought to palmer it at once to Edinburgh, scourge yourself at Sir Walter Scott's monument, and confess your obligations.

Meanwhile this particular prig reserves his right to place Parker, Barr and the Canadian opportunists in London, in what category he considers they belong.

Prig Number Five.

I do not wish to do an injustice to Mr. Barr, but it seems to me that there runs through his articles an assumption that the writing of a book is a meritorious act, which deserves to be encouraged. My own notion is that the writing of a book is an act which requires to be defended, in view of the fact that there are already far more books than any one person can read. He also uses such expressions as "Dickens' stock has declined," or "Thackeray's stock has appreciated," indicating that he regards literature as a matter of time, fashion and popular approval. If so, I must confess myself in reading as in all other things, a very unfashionable person. I read for profit or amusement without regard to the age or country in which the book was printed. The idea of an author coming into fashion and going out again, like a woman's hat, is to me not only surprising, but alarming. I have a certain preference for writers who have been dead for some time, because I am obliged to rely to a certain extent on the judgment of mankind. This may seem weak to Mr. Barr, but I really cannot read everything. I must get the aid of somebody in making a selection. Now the question is whether I shall call in the aid of the organizations employed in the puffing of modern books, or the aid of the vast body of persons, learned and unlearned, who have given judgment on the older books. I prefer the latter course as easier and safer; just as when I wander into a dinner of more than usual magnificence, I eat roast beef rather than things which I do not understand. I have read and enjoyed some of Mr. Barr's books, but I did not feel myself under any obligation to read them because Mr. Barr was a Canadian; still less did I feel myself under an obligation to read them because somebody had taken the trouble to write them.

I feel no responsibility in the matter of literature. I do not, myself, want any more books written by anybody. There are already about a million more books than I can read. There is a remark to the effect that of the making

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of books there is no end; but it is contained in so old a work that I am afraid, after Mr. Barr's onslaught, to mention it, the author being dead, and not, to my knowledge, a native of my own country. The view I have taken may seem unpatriotic, but the fact is that I want to achieve for Canada a unique reputation. Any country can have a literature of some kind, just as any company is bound to contain a large number of talkative people. But if we could obtain for Canada a reputation for silence—for not having a voice of any kind—we should be living up to the national emblem, the unassuming animal which says nothing but chaws wood. Mr. Barr expresses a desire to take us out on an electric car and thence for a walk through the woods and the country. This is my own favourite recreation. I love country life, but that does not imply an obligation to write, or read books about it. I do not want to read stories about the War of 1812-13, or, in fact, about any war, the American and British newspapers having given me little else but war for the last two years. I have a notion, however, that if Mr. Barr would come and eat some bacon and eggs with the Six Prigs, the next time he comes to Toronto, we could come to some sort of understanding. I was about to say, "He's a good fellow, and 'twill all be well," but I remember that the writer of this is very dead, and probably out of date.

Prig Number Six.

ENGLISH HISTORY IN CANTERBURY CATHEDRAL.

By Marshall S. Snow.

DEAN STANLEY, in his "Memorials of Canterbury," says: "Every one who has endeavored to study history must be struck by the advantages that those enjoy who live in the neighbourhood of great historical monuments. To have seen the place where a great event happened, to have seen the picture, the statue, the tomb of an illustrious man, is the next thing to being present at the event in person."

These words suggest so well the purpose of this paper that they have been chosen as its text. The effort will be so to bring certain historical places, persons and monuments before the reader that he may realize more fully than before the true character of the events, the men, and the life of some bygone days in the history of England.

Chaucer, in the Prologue of his immortal poem, "The Canterbury Tales," well sets forth the miscellaneous nature of the company which spent the night at the Tabard Inn and in the freshness of the dewy morning wended their way to Canterbury:

"The holy blissful martyr for to seek,
That them had holpen when that they were sick."

We can see as if they were before us in the flesh this motley group of grave and gay, old and young, all bound for the far famed city which contained the relics then held most precious by every devout believer. From all parts of England, from all the nations of Europe, came in those days great crowds of adoring pilgrims. Among them were men of all stations in life—ministers of state, travellers, the truly pious, the superstitious, princes and beggars. On horseback or on foot, sometimes with music and with song, an old chronicler writes of them: "Every town they came through, what with the noise of their singing, and with the noise of their piping, and with the jangling of their Canterbury bells, and with the barking of the dogs after them, they made more noise than if the king came there with all his clarions and many other ministrels."

The modern pilgrim, coming it may be from a land unknown to the wisest

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of Chaucer's company, makes a swift journey by the vine-clad hills and through the green valleys of Kent on his way from London to Canterbury. An hour and a half or, at most, two hours is all the time we now need, instead of the three or four days of the ancient pilgrimage. Rochester we pass in less than an hour, and get a glimpse of the old cathedral and the castle hard by, and in the distance see the waters of the Medway and its shipping. Chaucer with poetic license gets his pilgrims to Canterbury in one day; and it is midday when he says :

"Lo, Rochester standeth here fast by."

In a few moments we are in Canterbury, and as we emerge from the station, on the left is a part of the old city wall and on the right the shaded walk which leads to Castle Street and then by a winding way to the cathedral precincts.

Canterbury is not a large town, and is old-fashioned, without suggesting great antiquity. It has the charm which belongs to so many old English towns, which comes not so much from their age as from their naturalness. Dickens in "David Copperfield" has well expressed the feeling of the sentimental traveller when he visits this quiet old town :

"The venerable cathedral towers and the old jackdaws and rooks whose airy voices made them more retired than perfect silence would have done ; the battered gateways once stuck full of statues long thrown down and crumbled away, like the reverential pilgrims who had gazed upon them ; the still nooks where the wild growth of centuries crept over gabled ends and ruined walls; the ancient houses, the pastoral landscape of field, orchard and garden; everywhere, of everything, I felt the same serener air, the same calm, thoughtful, softening spirit."

Over all in Canterbury rise the three towers of the great cathedral church which dominates the city and all the country round about. To sketch the rise of Canterbury as the first permanent home of Christianity in England, or to tell of the history of the cathedral and its vicissitudes, is not pertinent to our present purpose. Nor will we undertake now to show except very briefly how closely this church has been connected with English secular as well as ecclesiastical life from the first Archbishop, St. Augustine, through the lives of his many successors to the present day. These details and those technical descriptions, belonging especially to the erection and destruction and final restoration of the several buildings that have belonged to Christ Church Cathedral, are at hand in every guidebook, and need to be elaborated to be of any interest. We will simply stick to the text and dwell upon a few striking illustrations of the richness of the material which the student of history may find on every hand.

Castle Street and its continuation, St. Margaret Street, lead us to a short, narrow passage called Mercery Lane, a name which comes from the little shops that have lined its sides for centuries, where pilgrims purchased in former days many varieties of sacred wares. Directly before us rises at the end of the lane the fine late-perpendicular structure called Christ Church Gate. Angels, armorial bearings, mitres and Tudor roses are scattered over it in a profusion of ornamentation. These decorations have suffered much from the weather, although the gateway was built as late as 1517. Passing under its arch we are within the cathedral precincts. Before us is the "Cradle of Christianity in Britain," the metropolitan church, whose archbishop is the primate of all England, patron of one hundred and forty-nine livings, with an income of £15,000 a year. The space within the gateway was formerly a cemetery and is even now called the Churchyard. We will only glance at the lofty and noble proportions of the great central, the Bell-Harry, tower, one of the best examples of perpendicular architecture in the world. Of the two western towers, the northern is modern, erected near the beginning of the present century in the place of the old

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one whose insecure condition made its removal necessary.

In early days all disputes throughout the kingdom which could not be legally referred to the King's Court, or to the Hundreds, were judged in the south door or porch of the parish church or cathedral. The present south porch of Canterbury was the work of Prior Chillenden, about 1400. Once there could be seen in the niche above the entrance the figures of Becket's three murderers, but the figures disappeared long ago. We enter the nave and walk all its length beneath its lofty roof. Its immensity takes us captive. The elevation of the choir to a considerable height above the floor of the nave adds much to the effect of grandeur. To reach the choir we must ascend a majestic stairway. The stateliness of the ascent, combined with the height and grandeur of the piers breaking up from the pavement like some forest of stone, makes a wonderful impression when seen for the first time. Nor is this impression lessened when we turn to the west as we stand upon the stairway to the choir and study the great piers lighted by the huge window made of fragments of old glass saved from the wreck of Puritan destruction two hundred years ago.

The great historical interest in the cathedral centres in the man and the event which gave to Canterbury its martyr and its shrine and brought for almost four hundred years a never ending procession of pilgrims of all degrees. The throne of England was occupied in 1170 by Henry, second of the name, and first of the Angevin, or Plantagenet, branch of the Norman family of kings. Henry was able and powerful. The contending faction which had supported the claims of his mother Matilda and his cousin Stephen had accepted the compromise by which he had been made king in 1154. By inheritance, and by his marriage with Eleanor of Aquitaine, the divorced wife of Louis VII. of France, he had become real master of more than half of modern France. Henry was the bitter enemy of that papal and ecclesiastical zeal which had made such demands upon his grandfather, Henry I., and which afterwards humiliated all England by its victory over his own son John.

Thomas à Becket was archbishop of Canterbury in 1170. He was a man of humble birth, who had found great favour at court and, becoming Lord Chancellor of England, had become master of the king and the country. But when Becket was made archbishop of Canterbury, the man of the world, the courtier, the statesman, the friend of the king became the great leader of the extreme ecclesiastical party, unwilling to yield to the wishes of the king in anything which concerned the interests of his order. We cannot enter now into any discussion of the great questions involved in the quarrel between Henry and the Church during the eight years immediately preceding 1170. It is enough to say that in the summer of that year the question of the immunity of the clergy from secular jurisdiction, which was the original point of dispute between the king and the archbishop, was settled, for a time at least, by a compromise. The eight years' struggle ended. Henry met Becket in France in July, and the first reconciliation was brought about. In December the archbishop returned to England and to his cathedral, from which he had been absent in exile seven years. The ride from Sandwich during the short winter's day was one long triumphal procession. Old men, women and children lined the road on their knees to beg his blessing. Clergy came at the head of their parishioners with garlands and banners. Boys chanted hymns. Progress was slow, and it was evening before he reached Canterbury. He went at once to the cathedral. His face shone as he entered, "like the face of Moses when he descended from the mount." He seated himself on his throne, and the monks came one by one and kissed him. Tears were in all eyes. "My Lord," his friend Herbert whispered to him, "it matters not now when you depart hence. Christ has conquered;

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CANTERBURY.

Christ is now king." "He looked at me," says Herbert, "but he did not speak."

In June, the king had caused his eldest son, Henry, to be crowned as his colleague and successor. The absence of the archbishop of Canterbury had given the important ceremony of coronation an act of deep religious significance, to the archbishop of York. Thus Becket saw not his order but his office attacked; for the coronation of a king had been the inalienable right of the see of Canterbury from the time of St. Augustine. From the Pope, after the reconciliation with Henry, he had obtained letters of suspension against the archbishop of York and the bishops of London and Salisbury. No sooner had he landed in England than he had the letters conveyed to the offending prelates, then at Dover. Alarmed, they set out for France.

When the three bishops arrived in France, they at once sought an interview with King Henry, then at the castle near Bayeux. The king asked their advice. "Ask counsel from your barons and knights," cautiously replied the archbishop of York; "it is not for us to say what must be done." Then some one added, "As long as Thomas lives you will have neither good days, nor peaceful kingdom, nor quiet life." At these words the king flew into one of those frenzies to which the earlier Plantagenets were subject. "What sluggard wretches, what cowards have I brought up in my court, who care nothing for their allegiance to their master! Not one will deliver me from this low-born priest!"

Four knights stood by—Reginald Fitzurse, Hugh de Moreville, William de Tracy, Richard Le Bret—all men of rank and lineage, of bold and undaunted courage, and all for both public and private reasons bitter enemies of Becket. They set out for England at once, and on Tuesday, December 29, they reached the archiepiscopal palace. Becket's friend afterwards noted the importance of Tuesday in his life. On a Tuesday he was born and baptized; on a Tuesday he had fled from Northampton, in the days of his quarrel with Henry; on a Tuesday he had left England, an exile; on a Tuesday he had received in a vision a warning of coming martyrdom; on a Tuesday he had returned to England; the fatal hour had now come on a Tuesday; and it was left for a later generation to note that on a Tuesday King Henry was

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THE WEST GATE.

buried, and on a Tuesday the martyr's relics were translated.

After a stormy interview in the palace, the archbishop was hurried by his friends to the church by a door which led into the north cloister. "Let me go; do not drag me!" he cried. Just as he entered the door from the cloister to the north transept, the cry arose that his enemies had broken through the palace door, and were in close pursuit. The vesper service, just begun, was thrown into dire confusion, and priests and worshippers scattered in fright. The transept was dark in the twilight of a December day, and when the knights entered they could only dimly see the outline of a group of figures ascending the eastern steps. One knight cried out, "Stay!" Another said, "Where is the traitor, where is Thomas Becket?" "Where is the archbishop?" shouted Fitzurse. "Reginald, here I am," came the answer through the shadows—"no traitor, but the archbishop and priest of God; what wish ye?" He had reached the fourth step on his way to the high altar. Now he turned and descended to the transept. The knights gathered around him, crying, "Absolve the bishops whom you have excommunicated!" "I cannot do other than I have done," he replied. They tried to drag him out of the church, unwilling to kill him there, but the attempt had to be abandoned. Fitzurse struck with drawn sword, but merely dashed off his cap. Then blows came in quick succession. With his face turned toward the altar of St. Benedict he murmured, "For the name of Jesus and the defence of the Church I am willing to die," and then fell flat upon the floor, where he received a stroke which severed the crown of his head from the skull, and the sword snapped in two on the marble pavement. "Let us go," said one of them; "the traitor is dead; he will rise no more."

After the murderers had rushed from the church the monks returned and turned the body with its face upwards and saw calmness and beauty of countenance, a fresh colour on the cheeks, and the eyes closed as in sleep. The body was then placed on a bier, and carried up the steps from the transept to the choir and laid before the high altar, and around it the monks sat weeping. In the morning the monks closed the doors and carried the body to the crypt, and laid it in a new marble sarcophagus. The blood and brains which had been gathered up on the spot of the murder, were placed outside the tomb, and the doors of the crypt were closed. The murder of Becket had desecrated the church; no mass, therefore could be said over his grave. For a year no bells rang, no hangings were on the walls, no crucifixes were unveiled. The services were held without music in the chapter house. It was not until December 31 of the year following that a reconsecration of the church was had, the bishop of Exeter preaching from the text: "For the multitude of the sorrows that I had in my heart, Thy comforts have refreshed my soul."

The news of this tragedy turned to-

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ANOTHER VIEW OF CANTERBURY.

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wards Canterbury the attention of all Christendom. Miracles at his tomb gave St. Thomas a fame not often reached by English saints. Some trace of Becket may be found in almost every country of Europe. In Rome, in Florence, in Verona, in Lisbon, in many towns of France, in Flanders, in Sicily, even in distant Syria, may be seen to-day remains of a chapel once dedicated to him, or a portion of his clothing, or a tooth, or a lock of his hair, or, more precious still, a part of the much contested skull. His relics were scattered all over England,—the sword of the murderers in the Temple Church, London; portions of his dress at Derby, Warwick and St. Albans; his girdle at Chester; his cap at Alnwick; his penknife and boots at Bury; drops of his blood at Windsor and Peterborough.

CHRIST CHURCH GATE.

The centre of all this adoration, however, was at Canterbury. The transept where the murder was committed was always spoken of as "The Martyrdom;" and it still retains the name. Near the spot where Becket fell a wooden altar was raised, and there daily masses were said for the repose of his soul.

When King Henry heard that Becket had been slain he entered his room, and for three days would not show his face. He refused all food; he covered himself with sackcloth and ashes; he cried aloud; he called God to witness that he had never desired the archbishop's death. But the world looked upon him with averted eyes. The excommunication which he feared was prevented only by the most careful management. For four years the fortunes of Henry grew darker and darker. His sons rebelled; the Scots threatened the north; an invasion was planning in Flanders. And now came that remarkable scene when Henry of Plantagenet, dressed as an ordinary pilgrim, barefoot, marking the rough stones of the street with his blood, walked through the crowd that lined the streets of Canterbury, entered the church, and went at once to the transept of the Martyrdom. Then he went to the crypt, to the tomb, where he received upon his bared shoulders five strokes from each bishop and abbot who was present, as well as from each of the eighty monks. The night was spent by Henry alone in prayer and fasting, leaning against one of the Norman pillars of the crypt.

The good results of the penitence of King Henry were seen at once. His enemies on land and sea were defeated and their plans had to be abandoned. The king leaped from his bed when he heard the news, and gave thanks to God and St. Thomas. Through the

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CANTERBURY CATHEDRAL FROM THE CLOSE.

intercession of the saint, the son of King Louis VII of France had been restored from a dangerous illness; so to the tomb in the crypt came Louis to give thanks,—the first king of France to set foot on English shores.

When Richard Lion-Heart was on his way home from the crusade, he was, as everybody knows, captured by Leopold of Austria, to satisfy an old grudge, and lodged in an Austrian castle. After he had made his escape and had landed in England, his first act was to walk all the way from Sandwich to Canterbury, to thank God and St. Thomas.

In earlier times a chapel east of the choir had contained an altar to the Holy Trinity. Here Becket was often wont to say mass. After the fire of 1174, which destroyed the choir of Conrad, in the rebuilding it was determined to enlarge this old eastern chapel and make of it a spacious receptacle for the sainted bones. The new chapel was called Trinity Chapel, extending considerably beyond the limits of the former room and opening into one yet farther east, a smaller one, called to this day Becket's Crown. Not until the year 1220 was everything ready for

NORMAN PORCH.

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CANTERBURY CATHEDRAL.

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the great event of the translation of the relics to the magnificent shrine now to be their abode. Henry III, now a youth of thirteen, was at the head of the procession that entered the cathedral; and next to him came Stephen of Langton, the great archbishop of Canterbury, now an old man, to whom, perhaps, more than to any other one man England owes the Great Charter, wrested from John in 1215. He had but just returned from a long exile, and had just crowned the young king at Westminster. On the shoulders of the most exalted of the many men of high rank who followed was carried the chest containing the sacred remains, followed by a great crowd that filled the church and the churchyard without. Two years' notice had been given in a proclamation circulated in England and all over Europe, and an assemblage such as never before had been gathered in any place in England filled the city and all the neighbouring villages. As the chronicler says:

"Of bishops and abbots, priors and parsons,
Of earls and of barons, and of many knights thereto,
Of sergeants and of squires, and of husbandmen enow,
And of simple men eke of the land—so thick thither drew."

The shrine was placed immediately above the place in the crypt below which the body had lain for half a century. The chapel was reached by a succession of ascents, from the nave to the choir, from the choir to the altar, and from the altar to Trinity Chapel. These last steps were usually ascended by pilgrims upon their knees, and the devotion and the number of those who once mounted to the sacred eastern chapel is attested by the indentations in the stone stairway. Of the shrine which for more than three hundred years attracted the attention of the Christian world, not a fragment remains; but by descriptions and by some rude drawings of those days we we are able to form some idea of what it was like. The sides were plated with gold. The whole shrine blazed with jewels, pearls, sapphires, emeralds, and, in the midst of the gold, rings of cameos, gifts of devout worshippers.

To the shrine of St. Thomas came every king of England from the second to the eighth Henry. Edward III placed there the Scotch crown which he brought as a trophy of victory. There he was married to his second wife, Margaret. John of France, taken prisoner at Poitiers, visited Canterbury. Henry V, victoriously returning from the field of Agincourt, made a thank-offering at the martyr's shrine. The offerings of pilgrims amounted annually, up to the very year of the overthrow and destruction of the shrine, to at least twenty thousand dollars of our money. The sixth and last jubilee was celebrated in 1520. In that same year, just before the famous meeting of the Cloth of Gold, Henry VIII had received Charles V at Canterbury, and they had entered the city under the same canopy. Wolsey was with them. The proudest nobles of England and Spain were there. Together they prayed be-

THE BAPTISTERY.

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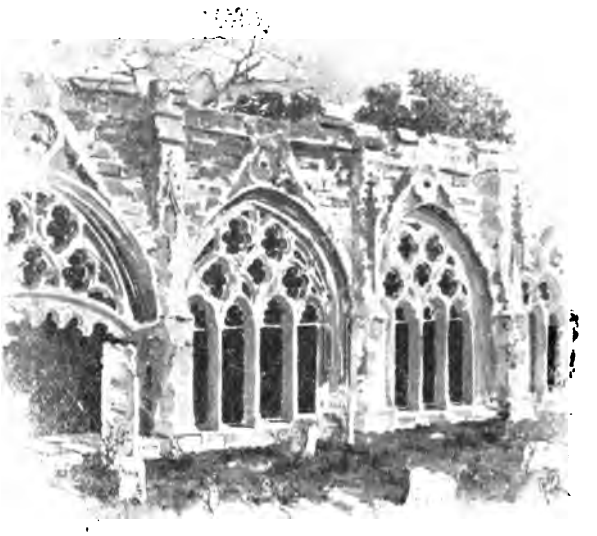

CLOISTER WINDOWS.

fore the shrine, and then Henry did the honours at a great banquet in the archiepiscopal palace, the home of Thomas à Becket.

With the great events in English history of the years that followed all are familiar. Eighteen years later was read by the side of the shrine a summons addressed in the name of Henry VIII, "To thee, Thomas Becket, sometime archbishop of Canterbury," in which the saint was charged with treason, contumacy and rebellion. In thirty days the case was formally argued at Westminster by the attorney-general in behalf of Henry II and by counsel appointed by the king on the part of Becket. The argument of the officer of the Crown prevailed, and on the tenth of June sentence was proclaimed against the archbishop. His bones were to be publicly burned and the offerings made at the shrine to be forfeited to the Crown. Then came the destruction of this splendid shrine. The jewels were first carefully picked out, and then the iron chest within was broken open by the blows of a sledge hammer. The bones were scattered to the winds. It took two strong coffers borne on the shoulders of eight men to hold all the jewels and gold that were carried off. Twenty-six carts waited at the door of the church for the rest of the spoil. Every statue and picture of Becket was swept away; his name and figure were erased or cut from every missal and psalter. The site of his first grave in the crypt was used almost from that day to this as a storage place for wine and wood. "The site of the shrine has remained a vacant space, with the marks of the violence of the destruction even yet visible on the broken pavement. Round it still lie the tombs of king and prince and archbishop; the worn marks on the stones show the reverence of former ages. But the place itself is vacant, and the lessons which that vacancy has to teach us must now take the place of the lessons of the ancient shrine."

Two hundred and six years passed after the death of Becket, one hundred and fifty-six from the translation of his bones from the splendid shrine, before Trinity Chapel received its next tenant. In the midst of such universal sorrow and mourning as have never since been seen in England, the remains of Edward the Black Prince were brought to Canterbury from London. He was the great soldier, the national military hero. He was the heir to a throne from which the aged and feeble Edward III was soon to be taken by death. He was the hope of the nation, and at his death the future of his country was dark with stormy portents. His body lay in state at Westminster, and then, in a splendid hearse drawn by twelve black horses, followed by the court and by both Houses of Parliament, it was

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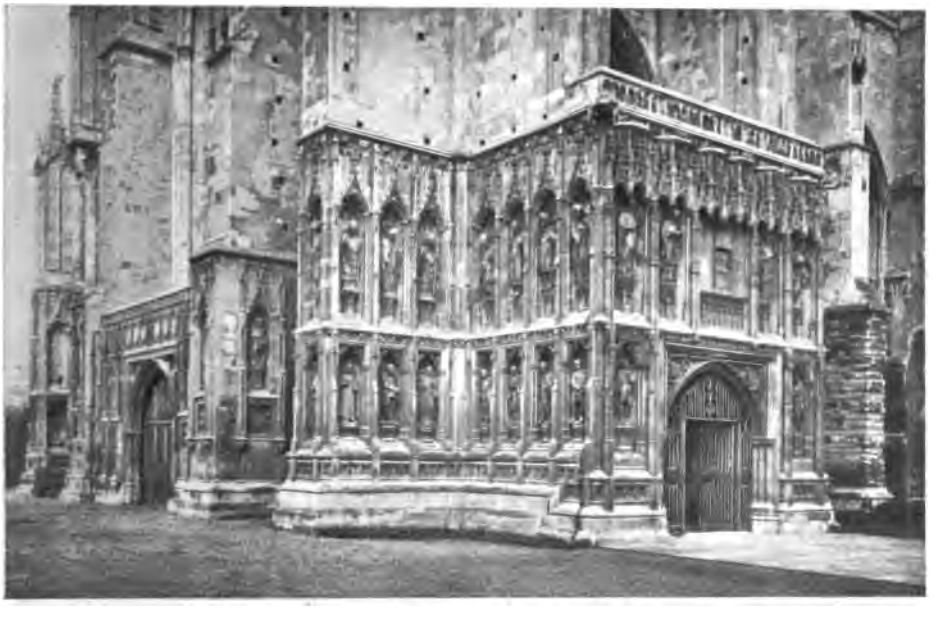
brought to Canterbury. Up Westgate Street the procession passed, and at the west gate was met by two chargers fully caparisoned and mounted by two riders in full armour, "one bearing the Prince's arms of England and France, the other the ostrich feathers ; one to represent the Prince in his splendid suit as he rode in war, the other to represent him in black as he rode to tournaments."

When they reached the gate which stood where Christ Church Gate is now, the armed men halted, and the body was carried into the cathedral. Not in the dark and gloomy crypt where he had expressed a wish to be buried, but in the splendid chapel of the Holy Trinity, in the elevated space behind the high altar of the cathedral, where perhaps no other corpse than his would have been admitted, in this most sacred spot in all England, was his tomb to stand, "to be seen and admired by the countless pilgrims as they crawled up the stone steps beneath it on their way to the shrine of the Saint." Upon the tomb his brazen image lies in full armour, on which can still be seen the marks of that gilding which made it seem like gold. Above the tomb hang the iron gauntlets, the helmet with its leopard crest, the wooden shield, the velvet coat, now faded and tattered, and the empty scabbard of his famous sword, the sword which Oliver Cromwell is said to have carried away.

Thirty-seven years after the burial of the Black Prince, another splendid tomb was added to Trinity Chapel. Henry IV, cousin of the Black Prince, the first Lancastrian king, who had deposed the Prince's son, Richard II, was laid here by the side of his first wife, Mary of Bohun. His tomb is now seen on the north side of the chapel, and upon the tomb may be seen the effigies of Henry and his second wife, Joan of Navarre.

After the War of the Roses a tradition arose that this tomb had been desecrated during these disturbances, and that Henry's body had been taken away and thrown into the Thames. No effort was made to verify this tale until the year 1832, when the tomb was opened by the dean of Canterbury, and after some trouble in opening the double coffin, "the face of the king was seen in complete preservation, the nose



CANTERBURY CATHEDRAL—THE MAIN ENTRANCE.

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CANTERBURY CATHEDRAL—THE CLOISTERS.

elevated, the beard thick and matted and of a deep russet colour, and the jaws perfect with all the teeth in them except one fore tooth, which had probably been lost during the king's life."

Like all the great churches of England, that of Canterbury has been greatly changed since in its earlier form it was the wonder and admiration of adoring pilgrims. The present church is, indeed, the third great building on the same site, and stands as a representative of the history of ecclesiastical architecture for more than four centuries, from 1075 to 1495. In still earlier times, even before the coming of St. Augustine, a Christian church stood here, to become later the prey of pillaging Danes in the tenth century. This had nearly disappeared when the great archbishop of William the Norman, Lanfranc, began the building of an entirely new structure. The famous Anselm, his successor, continued the work and it was finished in 1130 by Prior Conrad. It was in the beautiful choir known as the "Glorious Choir of Conrad," that, before the high altar, was laid the body of the murdered Becket in 1170. Four years later this second church was greatly injured by fire, the choir being entirely ruined. This was a Norman church marked by all the peculiarities of that style, the low, round arch, the heavy round pillar and the small window openings. The old Norman nave and transepts remain ed unchanged for more than two centuries after Becket's time, when they were followed by the present structure, which belongs to the perpendicular style of Gothic architecture. In the meantime, soon after the fire of 1174, the choir was rebuilt in that style which marks the transition from Norman to early English. The last important work was the addition of the

THE CRYPT.

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splendid central tower, called the Bell Harry Tower, in 1495. In recent days, too, the old northwestern town tower has been replaced by a new one to match its neighbour on the southwest.

This splendid pile, so full of historical suggestions, displays for our study almost every English architectural style. Great Saxon piers may be seen in the crypt, as well as the massive Norman arch and the light and graceful Gothic. The whole mass, as we view it from some eminence, with its decorated porch, its double transep

THE CHOIR.

on either side, its great central tower, its eastern prolongation called Becket's Crown, produces a most impressive effect, in spite of the very different periods in which it was built.

Several peculiarities in the plan of this church strike even the casual visitor who may know little of the technicalities of architecture. He cannot help noticing the elevation of the choir above the nave, a peculiarity to be seen elsewhere only at Rochester, which is undoubtedly an imitation of Canterbury. He is bound to be struck by the difference between the light and airy columns of the nave, which belong to the fourteenth century, and the Norman work of the choir. He notices how high the altar is raised above the level of the choir, and he learns that this came from the need of room in the crypt beneath for the shrine of St. Thomas, which was in the Chapel of the Virgin for fifty years before its transfer to Trinity Chapel behind the high altar. He sees how that famous place of the most famous shrine in England is again higher than the altar, and must be reached by a flight of steps, and he wonders at the beautiful corona behind it, the work of William the Englishman, "small in body, but in workmanship of many kinds acute and honest."

This elevation of choir above nave, of altar above choir, of Trinity Chapel and Becket's Crown above the altar, the mingling of the light stone of the piers and archways with another of dark rich colour which warms and tempers the former, the immensity of nave and choir and transepts—all these make the interior of Canterbury cathe-

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CANTERBURY CATHEDRAL—THE NAVE.

dral imposing beyond any power of description.

No one architect can be credited with the plan of this great building. At each stage of its construction the work was in the hands of some ecclesiastic. The archbishops of Canterbury and the priors of different periods were many of them skilled architects. Churchmen in the Middle Ages studied many things beside theology and practiced other arts as well as that of ruling men and communities. And so we find in the tenth century the church of that time, which had fallen into a ruinous state, restored by Archbishop

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THE CRYPT, GABRIEL CHAPEL.

Odo, and when in the next century his work was destroyed by the Danes, the successive labours of two prelates, Livingus and Ethelnoth, raised once more the walls of the great church. After the Normans came to England, the powerful Lanfranc almost entirely rebuilt the cathedral in the Norman style. In this rebuilding, the tower was placed in the middle of the church, and on the topmost pinnacle was placed the figure of a cherub. In the centre of the church was suspended a gilt crown, and near it stood the altar of the Holy Cross. Anselm, successor of Lanfranc, tore down the choir, to rebuild it in a more magnificent fashion; and his work was finished by Prior Conrad so beautifully as to acquire, as we have already noticed, the appellation of "The Glorious Choir of Conrad." After the great fire of 1174, the work of rebuilding, of which mention has already been made, went on from generation to generation, until its practical completion in 1495, always in charge of some ecclesiastic.

It is only rarely that we can associate the name of any one architect with the building of any of the great churches of England or France or Germany. The Cologne cathedral has been finished, in our own day, in accordance with the original plans made in the thirteenth century; but the name of the designer has passed into oblivion. The variations in English church architecture which make every great church in England a field of special study, illustrated so finely in Canterbury, show how the architects of each period, mainly churchmen, have been filled with the feeling of their own times. Not only, then, have the great historic events of centuries long past given a special interest to the study of any English cathedral, but the history of art as seen in glass and sculpture and architectural design may be read as from an open book.

TOMB OF ARCHBISHOP TAIT

Wonderful combinations of colour in great windows, which teach also some lesson in

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CANTERBURY CATHEDRAL—TOMB OF HENRY IV.

scripture or morals, brasses and effigies which show the dress and manners of centuries ago, and figures in stone in which may be learned the secular history of England,—all of these are before us in the church of Thomas à Becket. But still another historic interest is attached to such an English church as that at Canterbury, to which indirectly at least allusion has been made. Until the sixteenth century, which made so many things new, was well under way, all the great English statesmen, the advisers and guides of the kings, with few exceptions, were great church officials, as well. It was not until the great revolution near the end of the seventeenth century, indeed, that bishops of London or archbishops of Canterbury ceased to act as chief ministers of the monarch.

In Canterbury more than anywhere else in England are we reminded of this fact; for from Canterbury came powerful and controlling influences of state for more than eight hundred years. It was perfectly natural that this should be so. Canterbury was the seat of the ecclesiastical head of the church of England. Its chair would be filled by a strong and wise man. It was his duty to place the crown upon the head of a new monarch, and in him were centred powers of which we in modern times have but a faint conception. From St. Dunston to Archbishop Laud, from the tenth to the seventeenth century, we find in almost every important crisis at the right hand of the king, to guide or to warn, an archbishop of Canterbury. About the names and lives, therefore, of these great prelates gathers the story of England's civil and religious life. Sometimes the friends, at other times the enemies, of popular liberty; now the aiders and abettors of bigotry and persecution, and again promoters of reform and progress and growth in Church and State; reproving kings for evil living, as did Dunstan in the tenth century, wresting from kings

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CANTERBURY CATHEDRAL—TRINITY CHAPEL.

precious grants and privileges for the people, as did Langton in the time of John,—in all the struggle towards greater strength and a broader life, in which England has been engaged since Ethelbert was baptized into the Christian faith at Canterbury, thirteen hundred years ago, the churchmen of Canterbury have had no small part. To begin to write the lives of those who sat in the chair of St. Augustine would be, therefore, like undertaking to write the history of England. Some names, however, come to us as

TOMBS IN WARRIOR'S CHAPEL.

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THE TRANSEPT OF MARTYRDOM.

a matter of course, besides that of the martyred Thomas, as we tread the aisles or muse in the chapels of Canterbury cathedral.

In St. Michael's, or Warrior's, Chapel, which opens to the east from the southwestern transept, more worthy of note to us than the marble and alabaster monuments all about on which recline lords and knights and ladies of rank, we see projecting from the eastern wall the end of a plain but massive coffin of stone. It attracts our attention at once from its peculiar position. In this coffin, tradition tells us, are the bones of Stephen Langton, the great champion of national liberty, the leader of the barons who forced King John to sign the Great Charter in 1215. No champion of English rights against a foreign and selfish race of kings, not even the great Earl Simon of the next generation, deserves greater honor. It was he who forced the king to deal with the barons by lawful means months before the day of Runnymede. He saw clearly that in earlier charters was foundation enough for all that the barons demanded, and it was chiefly his hand that framed the simpler statement of what English kings owed to the English people, and thus recast into a new charter all that was valuable in the old. The name of Stephen Langton can never be disassociated from this great victory ; but Langton was first of all archbishop of Canterbury.

So it had been before when Lanfranc served William the Conqueror, and Anselm reproved and defied William the Red ; by virtue of their great

CLOISTER COURT.

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churchly rank, which called for character and attainments correspondingly lofty, they baffled the selfishness of those who are pleased to think themselves royal masters. We have seen how Becket living tried the soul of the imperious Henry II, and how Becket dead humbled kingly pride as never before had been possible.

Near the place of martyrdom is the tomb of another prelate who deserves the grateful remembrance of all lovers of sound learning. Here in a tomb built by himself during his lifetime lies Archbishop Warham, who though immersed in the business of state as the minister of Henry VII, found time to show his delight in the new learning and his appreciation of the scholars who gathered around the great Erasmus. Of him old Burnet says in his History of the Reformation: "And, indeed, our prelate was undoubtedly a great canonist, an able statesman and a dexterous courtier; nor was he so entirely devoted to the learning of the schools, as had been the general course of studies in that and the preceding ages, but set up and encouraged a more generous way of knowledge." The greater Wolsey supplanted Warham as Keeper of the Great Seal early in the reign of Henry VIII, but the see of Canterbury was still his, and his active interest in public affairs did not cease until his death in 1532.

All of these archbishops who have thus far been mentioned were buried in the cathedral, although their dust was not always left undisturbed. But we cannot trace, however briefly, the connection between church and state in England, between king and archbishop, without halting for a moment at the name of one of the most interesting figures in that period of turmoil which ushered in the English Reformation. Thomas Cranmer would doubtless have found a resting place near Thomas Becket had his end come in more peaceful times. His body was destined to be scattered to the winds as the ashes of his funeral pile disappeared; but his name is secure in the history of that troublous time and will never be forgotten. Something of a timeserver, perhaps, able to steer safely amongst many rocks upon which skilful men before him had been wrecked, the translator of the Bible, the compiler of the first English prayer-book, an invaluable friend of letters and learned men, Cranmer's human weakness in the dreadful moments of those last days are not laid up against him by us. We think not so much of his recantation, repeated six times, as of those words in which the real power of the man shines forth: "And, forasmuch as my hand offended in writing contrary to my heart, my hand therefore shall be first punished; for if I come to the fire, it shall be the first burned." And when the time came, he held his hand in the flame and "never stirred nor cried" until all was over.

Nearly a century later comes another great archbishop of Canterbury, a minister of King Charles I. whose headless body was to lie elsewhere than in the sacred precincts of the cathedral. Archbishop Laud is really the last of the long line of statesmen who were primates of all England. He seems not to have understood his times. Anxious to make the national church strong and united, desirous, it may be, to see some day a grand reunion of the Universal Church, he could not in any degree understand and appreciate the great Puritan revolution in whose vortex he was engulfed. He was a man of iron, but a stronger than he, a man of iron also, overcame him, and calmly he bent his head to the axe. "No one," said he, "can be more willing to send me out of life than I am desirous to go."

Since the days of Laud and Cromwell, archbishops of Canterbury have seen little service as ministers of state. For two hundred years the great leaders have been really chosen by the people of England through their House of Commons, and the churchmen have been left to care for the interests of their own order. But the high office of archbishop of Canterbury has none the less sought men of great ability and judgment and tact. A Tait, a

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Benson and a Temple have in our own time shown qualities which might once have won for them the Great Seal of England.

And so we wander about this great pile, finding in every part some fresh evidence of the close connection of this splendid church with the history of a great nation, until again we find ourselves at the high altar in the choir, where the body of the martyr was watched by the monks, where Henry of Bolingbroke rested before he made the next occupant after the Black Prince in this august company of the dead in Trinity Chapel. Hither came the pilgrims of centuries to the tomb of an ambitious and powerful prince of the church; here our own ancestors received civilization and Christianity; and here on the steps of the altar in Christ Church, Canterbury, we may feel that we are near the beginning of all English things that are good.

We pass out of the cathedral to the old church of St. Martin upon the hill, and look back once more upon that magnificent structure, fit to be compared to any ancient temple or Christian church that could have been seen in ancient Rome in the days of St. Augustine. On the very ground consecrated by his labours and his blessing it rises before us as the earliest cradle of Christian and ennobling influences of all kinds; for from this spot has come much in the constitution of Church and State in England by which now the British Empire is fastened together. "Hard, indeed," as one has written "would it be to find a view anywhere more inspiring than this, for if we look at it aright we may see in its attractive features, as we may in all the lessons which an intelligent study of history affords us, not only that which carries us vividly back into the past, but that also which urges us more hopefully forward to the future."

BACON'S CIPHER ON SHAKSPERE'S TOMBSTONE.*

By Dr. R. M. Bucke.

PERHAPS no man in our day has been more scoffed at than Mr. Ignatius Donnelly. Why? Simply because he has been, in some respects at least, in advance of his time, and for this sin he has had to pay the old-time, regular, orthodox penalty. He has seen things that others did not see, questioned where others did not doubt, and laid, like other prophets, impious hands on some of the people's cherished idols. One of these idols upon which he has laid sacrilegious hands is William Shakspere, a prominent theatrical manager of the sixteenth century, long supposed, without reason, except that a name similar to his was placed on their title pages, to be the author of some of the greatest works ever produced by man.

It will seem incredible to future ages that the authorship of the works in question could ever have been ascribed to such a man as the few facts known about him indicate the actor to have been. How could (for instance) the man who wrote Hamlet, Lear and Othello, retire to a small country town at the age of forty-six, in the full maturity of his almost superhuman powers, and there live without books, writing nothing, living (as far as we can see) the life of a retired ploughman? How could the man who wrote the great plays, who so keenly appreciated training and education, he being well off, even rich, bring up his daughter Judith in such ignorance

* "The Cipher in the Plays and on the Tombstone," by Ignatius Donnelly. The Verulam Publishing Co., Minneapolis, Minn.; Price, $1.25.

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that at the time of her marriage she could not write, but signed her name with a mark?

But for some reason the plays were attributed to this man—for three hundred years he has been held (as their author) almost sacred, until it has become a heresy to question the supposed fact. But, as we know, it has been questioned and by many of the brightest minds: by Brougham, for instance, and Dickens, by Emerson and hundreds more. Then some fifty years ago books on the question began to appear, and since that time the controversy has grown year by year more and more warm.

It would be too long here even to name the writers who have taken part in the argument, but a few may be mentioned. Delia Bacon deserves honourable recognition as a pioneer; after her Nathaniel Holmes did important service; Mrs. Pott edited the *Promus* and wrote a valuable book; Wigston, in his numerous works, aided the cause immensely by his subtle literary criticisms, showing the relation of Bacon's Essays to the Plays at large, and of Bacon's "Henry VII.," to Shakespeare's "Richard III.," and "Henry VIII.," into each of which it is dovetailed at either end, and so on. Later we have had Mr. Donnelly's able summing up of the case in the "Great Cryptogram." Edwin Reid's excellent little book, and, still more important, Bormann's "Shakespeare Secret," in which the parallelism of thought in Bacon and Shakespeare is brought out more strongly perhaps than in any other book. Then Ruggles made an important contribution in his thoughtful and valuable work, "The Plays of Shakespeare Founded on Literary Forms." On the other side Halliwell-Phillips, Appleton Morgan, Charlotte Stopes, and quite lately John Fiske in the *Atlantic Monthly*, and, last of all, Sidney Lee, in his "Life of William Shakespeare," have done all that could be done for the claims of Shakspere.

As the matter stands to-day, the books on the two sides of the controversy would make a respectable library, and anything like an exhaustive summary of the argument could not be packed into one volume of any reasonable size. No idea, therefore, could be given here of that argument; it must suffice to say that reasons entirely apart from all ciphers have been adduced by the Baconians sufficiently cogent to convince quite a large proportion of the reading and thinking public, that the great philosopher, scientist, lawyer, orator, wit and prose writer was the actual author of the plays.

Then was announced, only a few months ago, the discovery by Dr. Platt of the anagram contained in the long word, "Honorificabilitudinitatibus." And now comes the latest, and, perhaps, most decisive contribution that has been made, this book, namely, of Mr. Donnelly's, in which he, along with much else, interprets for us (after it had waited nearly three hundred years for a reader) the inscription upon Shakspere's tombstone.

The epitaph in question reads as follows:—

"Good Frend for Jesus SAKE forbeare
To diGG T-E Dust Enclo-Ased HE.Re.
T
Biese be T-E Man Y spares T-Es Stones
T
And curst be He Y moves my Bones."

We know it was placed over his grave very soon after the actor's death because the curse contained in it had the effect of preventing the burial of his wife, who died in 1623, at his side. What follows? Bacon, in the sixth book of the "De Augmentis," (first published in 1623) describes, with what seems absurd particularity in such a place, a cipher, "Which I devised myself when I was in Paris in my early youth," and he says, "As I have it by me why should I set it down as among the desiderata, instead of propounding the thing itself?" And so he goes on to give us the cipher, which is in fact the Morse Alphabet which has been invented over again for telegraphic purposes. By means of it you compose an alphabet by a combination of any two differences, as a

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short dash and a long one, a short sound and a long one, or any other. In the example given by Bacon you take a larger letter and a smaller one—say capital letters and lower case ditto, thus: riend = aaaaa = a, esusS = aaaab = b, uslEn = aaaba = c, and so on throughout (see Cipher in "De Augmentis" or in Mr. Donnelly's book). Now it is easy to see the immense advantages of this cipher. In the first place, any words can be made to mean anything. In the second, there is no possibility of the hidden meaning being brought out until the key is published. In the third, the letters that you want to use the most can be made the most simple—the most undemonstrative. Take this particular case, Bacon invents a cipher (we will suppose) for the purpose of revealing "after some time be past" his authorship of certain books. Wherever he uses this cipher his name will appear in it. Now see how simple he has made those letters which enter into his name, aaaab = b, aaaaa = a, aaaba = c, and so on—b too read backward is r, c read backwards is i.

The next thing is the actual use of the cipher. We see Bacon here using it on a tombstone. A certain man dies at Stratford on the 3rd of May, 1616. Ben Jonson, a friend and secretary of Bacon's is said to have been with him. Bacon is at the time rich, powerful, a personal friend of the King's. He prepares the verse, writes it out in the crazy looking mixture of small letters and capitals which we see. He has it cut on the stone, most likely in London. The stone is placed on the Stratford grave. The jumble of large and small letters passes for the freak, stupidity, carelessness or ignorance of a country stone cutter. No one dreams of a hidden meaning. If they did they could not find it, for the key is safe among Bacon's papers. The stone lies quietly over the quiet grave until it is broken and (some sixty years ago) removed and lost. Had not some careful antiquarians copied it letter for letter before that happened Bacon's scheme would have failed. But Bacon was, after all, right in supposing that the reverence for the man who was thought to have written the Shakespeare drama would keep alive (in some shape) the words placed upon his tombstone. And sure enough they are still before us in their original bizarre form, and at last they have been read. I have not space enough at my command here to show how the ingenuity of Donnelly has solved the marvellous puzzle and deciphered Bacon's riddle. And indeed it would be unnecessary to quote so much from Donnelly's book, since everyone at all interested will desire to get the volume and read the whole account for himself in it. Let it suffice to say that our author reads it letter by letter following with rare acuteness the numerous twists and turns of the subtle cryptographer until the skein is unravelled, every letter made out and they are all built one by one each into its proper place in the cryptic sentence which stands out at last as follows:

FRANCIS BACON WROTE
THE GREENE MARLOWE AND
SHAKESPEARE PLAYES.

So far, Mr. Donnelly deserves the thanks of all thoughtful men for this notable and important discovery. And not for its importance alone, great as that is; for Mr. Donnelly has not only given us something, but has opened the door to a probably vast storehouse into which we may enter and in which we shall almost certainly help ourselves to many times more than he has given us. He has shown for the first time why Francis Bacon gave us in detail that particular cipher in the "De Augmentis," and he has taught us to read it in the Shakespeare tombstone inscription. It will be a curious thing if we do not better his instruction and make more out of this hint than perhaps Mr. Donnelly dreams of. For instance, the present writer since reading Donnelly's book has been guided by it to another Shakespearean stone upon which another Baconian cryptogram is written. He will soon give it to the world. It solves one of the oldest and most mysterious Shakespeare riddles and will

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create as much interest as will Mr. Donnelly's rendition of the grave lines. It is clear now that this same cipher, so carefully constructed by its almost preternaturally intelligent author, is used in many places and I will venture the prophecy that within twelve months —that is before the opening of the twentieth century—overwhelming testimony as to Bacon's literary doings will be obtained and we shall have in outline clearly before us—unmistakably revealed, the most remarkable chapter in all the history of literature.

OUR MARCHING.

I SAW the might of our Empire
In a dream, as the faggots sank;
I heard the heart of a nation
Pulse out from rank to rank;
I felt the weight of their marching
And I heard their harness clank;

Clank of the metal traces—
And the heavy guns replied;
Clank of the lilting sabres
Swinging along the side;
Foot, and horse and guns,
And my heart was mad with pride.

Highland and Lowland men,
And men from the Outer Seas;
Brave hearts from England's heart—
True hearts from the Colonies;
Shoulder to shoulder they went
With the red dust to their knees.

I saw in the roads before them
Fortress and barricade,
And a people who cried defiance—
Sullen and unafraid;
Then I heard the voice of the Empire
Roll back to the last brigade.

I saw the gay, red tunics
Swing forward, rank on rank.
I saw the gay, straight Lancers
Spur hillward, neck to flank.
I heard the gunners' curses
And I heard the harness clank.

But nought could I see of them
That had blocked the way and defied—
Nought of the sullen people
That had spat at our regal pride,
Save a huddle of shapes in the road,
And blood on the mountain-side.

Theodore Roberts.

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ENCOUNTER WITH A LEOPARD.

AN INCIDENT FROM NATAL.

OLD Joe Massy, a very famous South African hunter, gives a reminiscence in the following words:

"Some years back I paid a visit to an old bachelor friend and ally of mine, who had given up elephant hunting and settled down quietly on a thorn farm in the thickly wooded country which borders the Mooi River.

"The place was said to be a favourite haunt of leopards, or tigers, as they are termed in the Colony, but Jem Neil held such in but mean repute; and, as the place suited him, determined to stand his ground. The number of handsome tiger-skin karosses that adorned the homestead sufficiently proved his prowess, and that his right hand had not lost its cunning. But matters on my arrival were not flowing as smoothly as heretofore, for a wary, and probably aged, leopard had commenced a series of well-planned and skilfully executed depredations on his possessions, that completely baffled Jem's foresight and experience.

"In obedience to his sportsmanlike instincts, he had for some time attempted to hunt the animal down in the usual way, but signally failing in doing so, was at last reduced, as he gloomily informed me, to resort to poison; but this tiger's ways were not the ways of the majority of its tribe, for he declined to return to any half-eaten or slain carcase, and acting as his own butcher, selected and killed the very best of the herd and flock. It is difficult to estimate the amount of damage and worry that a crafty brute of this sort can inflict on the farm, or the difficulty of guarding against its attacks. In this case, Neil had been compelled, much to the detriment of his sheep, to confine them at night in a close shed, built of rough stone, and even this precaution proved ineffectual after a time. He took me to examine the place, and faith, how the tiger managed to claw and drag a well-grown lamb (the usual victim) under the strong five-barred gate that closed the shed, fairly puzzled me; though a narrow space had purposely been left open at the bottom for the setting of a spring gun, as yet, however, without success. The outward enclosures, though they also consisted of two roughly-built stone walls of some five feet in height, did not present any insuperable obstacles in themselves; but as the shed and kraals were within a few yards distance of the dwelling-house and Kafir's hut, it was astonishing that the tiger ever ventured on an attack at all. One day, Neil, on his return from town, displayed a high steel trap, made on the gin principle, and though neither of us placed over much confidence in its efficacy, we eagerly awaited an opportunity to use it. But the leopard had seemingly grown disgusted at the restraints placed upon his movements, and departed for happier hunting grounds, so we were about to allow the flock to sleep outside again, in the cool summer air, when the Kafirs reported another victim. And sure enough, on the soft beaten ground, without the kraal, we readily detected the spoor (track) of the tiger, as also the marks of its claws, where it had climbed over the stone enclosures. Under this spot we carefully set the gin, concealing it well with earth in the usual manner though, according to precedent, we hardly expected the animal to return for some few evenings. At about ten, however, on the following night, as Jem and I had finished our smoke and were thinking of bed, an excited Kafir rushed in: "Baas, baas! de teeger cot, de teeger cot!" Seizing our guns, which were lying on a rack ready loaded and capped, we ran out into the night. It was one of those densely-

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dark, moonless nights, which has cost many of us a bed in the veldt, when the natural obscurity is increased by a thick veil of mist, drifting down from the bush-lands, and it was with difficulty that we even groped our way to the kraal gate. Perhaps the idea uppermost in our minds might be that a trapped tiger was of but small account, and certainly, in anything of a clear night, long practice had made us both tolerably sure of our aim, but now we felt that a new and unforeseen difficulty had arisen. Jem called out lustily for a light, and the Kafirs presently appeared, bearing a small lantern. Guided by its feeble rays, we entered the enclosure in a body and flashed the light on to the gin. There, in truth, crouching down by the trap, was a large leopard, its eyes gleaming wickedly through the darkness and apparently caught by the hind leg. With a low chuckle and half suppressed "So we have got you at last, my boy," Jem advanced, took a careful aim, and fired. The tiger, before motionless, now bounded up with a fierce roar that echoed wildly through the surrounding rocks, in its rush tearing up one of the stakes which secured the trap, and with desperate energy flung itself from side to side to wrench clear of the snare. I sprang forward, and covering the animal as best as I could (rather a ticklish matter by the uncertain light) fired, with the only effect seemingly of increasing its fury.

"At this critical moment, the Kafir who bore the lantern dropped it in a fright, and fled precipitately to his fellows, who had retreated without the walls. The light was extinguished by the fall, and we were left in darkness with the fierce creature. After repeated objurgations from us both, one of the Zulus took heart of grace, and procuring a larger lantern, passed it over the wall of the enclosure on the end of a whip-stick.

"We now both advanced, and Neil, raising his gun, pulled the trigger. I saw the flash, I heard the report, and I can now recall the wild roar of mingled fury and triumph with which the tiger, freeing itself by a last desperate effort, flashed past me and sprang upon Neil.

"In the fitful light I could for an instant make out the old man, as with his gun clubbed, he endeavoured to keep off the savage brute; the next they were lost in the gloom. Again they struggled into the narrow focus of the lantern, then disappeared as they rolled together on the floor of the kraal. I scarcely dared to fire, as the least mistake on my part might be fatal to my comrade; yet quick, immediate action was needful, for the old man's strength was ebbing fast. So bearing the lamp high aloft, and holding my gun pistol-wise, I approached the combatants. A chance movement of the leopard, as he gained the ascendency, exposed his body; I drew the trigger; the charge, a heavy one of slugs, passed through his loins, and with a growl he loosened his hold and slunk away into the darkness.

"With the assistance of the Kafirs (who, assured of the discomfiture of the foe, had ventured forth) I carried Neil to the house, and though severely scratched and torn in the contest, he was soon in a fair way to recovery.

"The leopard was found dead hard by in the morning, and I think that the old man almost forgot his wounds in the pleasure of contemplating its handsome skin, which now hangs beside his many other hunting trophies; though, indeed, it was claimed in the first place by—now just guess who? Why the rascally Kafir who had dropped the light, on the plea that he had first discovered the tiger in the trap!"

—*Cape Magazine.*

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A GLIMPSE OF CONSTANTINOPLE.

By Oscar Frederick Taylor.

CONSTANTINOPLE has been called the most beautiful city in existence; but this claims rather too much for the Turkish capital. Its natural position, however, may be said to be one of the finest in the world. With the tourist its popularity is steadily increasing, and during "the season" Pera, the foreign section, is as cosmopolitan as Paris. April, May, September and October are the favourite months for visitors, who flock in hundreds to pay their respects to St. Sophia, and enjoy the cool breezes from the Bosphorus and Sea of Marmora.

Unlike any other city in the world, Constantinople is built on two continents; for, of its three sections: Stambul, Galata-Pera and Skutari, the first two are on the European side, divided by the Golden Horn; and the last is on the Asiatic side, with the Bosphorus between it and Europe. The city is certainly not cramped for want of room in which to expand. Its area is something over half that of New York city, and its population about eight hundred thousand (canine population the same), although the absence of an official census makes it largely guesswork.

There is a rather odd method in vogue for taking the census in some of the small Turkish towns, but which is not practised in Constantinople. When the Turk wishes to determine the number of his unspeakable brethren, the following plan is adopted: officials are sent out to the various bakeries, and the total output of bread, for a certain day, is ascertained. Two loaves are then allowed per diem for each person, and the population is thereby fairly estimated. This system appears very primitive at first; but after all, appetite is the most dependable feature of some people.

From Constantinople many delightful trips may be made to the Black Sea, Princes Islands, Sweet Waters of Asia, etc., and the visitor who is fond of the water may gratify his taste quite as well as he who prefers to spend his time exploring the innumerable mosques, fountains and tombs in which this city is so rich.

Its situation and environs attract the majority of tourists rather than the city itself; for the view of Constantinople from the Sea of Marmora is one of the most imposing sights imaginable, suggesting some phantom city of the Arabian Nights rather than a nineteenth century port. The slender minarets give the mosques a very graceful appearance and relieve the heaviness of the bulging cupolas. From a balcony on these minarets the Muezzin calls the people to prayer five times a day.

St. Sophia is certainly the most famous mosque in Constantinople, although most visitors are at first disappointed in this venerable piece of architecture. It is the same old story of over-anticipation. They have formed a shadowy ideal of gorgeousness, and find nothing of the sort. St. Sophia is not highly decorated, and the mosaics and other embellishments that it possessed, when a Christian Church, have been painted over and otherwise marred by its Mohammedan owners. The crosses have been skilfully turned into tridents, to remove all traces of Christianity, and the addition of minarets, and other changes, have altered the appearance of the outside past recognition. It is by its sheer immensity and nobility of design that St. Sophia demands our admiration.

Everything in this city of wonders is on a large scale except the streets; and the maze of little lanes and alleys that make up the Grand Bazaar, is one of the most interesting features of Constantinople. The tourist will be sure to make an early visit

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CONSTANTINOPLE—VIEW FROM STAMBOUL.

to it, if he is under the guidance of a dragoman.

The Bazaar consists of a number of streets, roofed in, with stalls and booths arranged down either side. Here the Turk exhibits his goods for sale, and such noise and general excitement prevails that the visitor soon exhausts

CONSTANTINOPLE—DANCING DERVISHES.

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his supply of adjectives (and change).

The Turks are peculiarly suited to bazaars—to anything, in fact, that does not involve more than sitting still. They are fatalists, and apply their golden text, Kismet dir (It is fate), to all events, good or bad—especially bad; for it is human nature to feel personally responsible for the good ones.

In this Bazaar may be found anything that man could wish—or woman either, for that matter; but the women in Turkey are supposed to wish for very little in this world, and, as they are believed to be without souls, they certainly cannot be expected to get much in the next.

Whenever the visitor enters a store he is offered a cup of Turkish coffee, which acts, presumably like the fabled sleep potions, and deadens his perception of the amount to which he is being swindled. The experienced purchaser usually offers from a quarter to a half of the price asked, and is then probably paying too much. It is not what the *goods* are worth that determine their price, but more often what the Turk considers his *customer to be worth.*

The howling and dancing Dervishes have their headquarters at Constantinople, and always attract crowds of visitors. The air of mystery surrounding their religion, and its manifestation, is a continual source of interest to foreigners and of revenue to themselves. The revolving motion of the dancing, or whirling, Dervish—in imitation of the solar system—is supposed to have some connection with the Hindoo mysteries. The howling ones are the more weird of the two, as they accompany their motions with unearthly yells and grunts. They work themselves into a kind of religious frenzy by this long-continued devotion, and are frequently quite overcome by their excitement. At the close of the demonstration children are brought in and

CONSTANTINOPLE—ST. SOPHIA MOSQUE.

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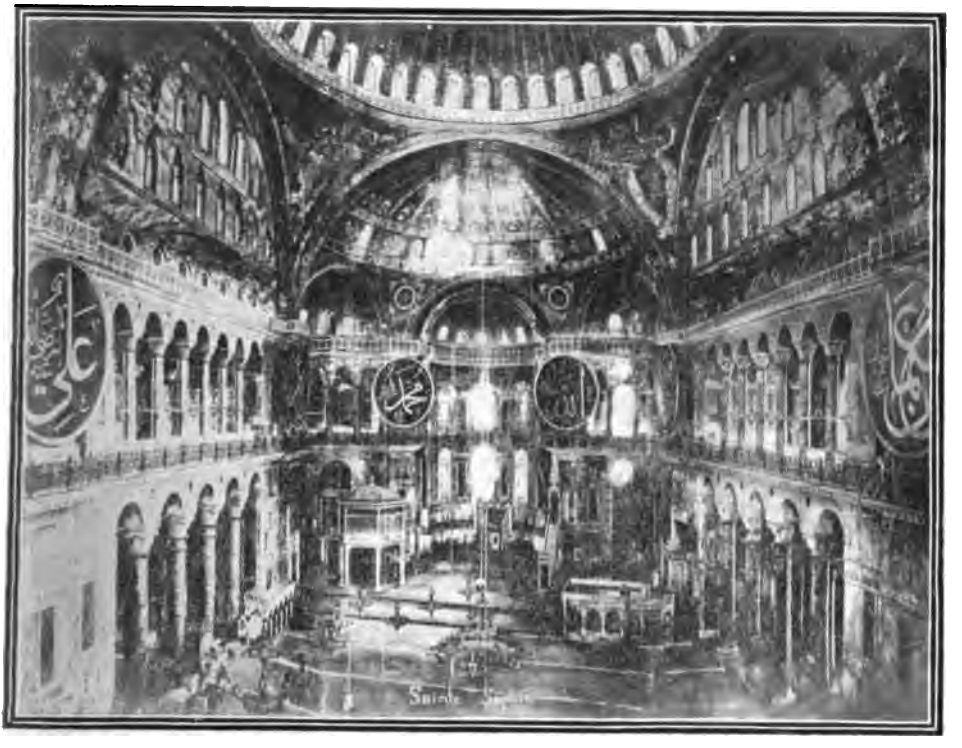
made to lie down, while the head Dervish walks over them, thereby making them proof against all disease. The performances are usually given on Friday, which is the Turkish Sabbath.

Friday is also the day of the "Selamlik," or procession of the Sultan to his private mosque; as it is about the only opportunity of seeing His Majesty, it is always well attended by tourists. Visitors obtain cards of admission from their ambassadors, and have a special pavilion at their disposal in the grounds of Yildiz Palace, from which they can get an excellent view of the whole function. All foreigners feel grateful to His "Sultanic" Majesty for the comfortable quarters provided them, as well as for the dainty cups of tea that are handed round at lunch time. The ceremony commences at one o'clock, but to get a good seat it is necessary to be there an hour or so beforehand. The clock opposite the visitors' pavilion always mystifies strangers a good deal, as it appears to be some four or five hours fast. The reason for this is that the Turkish day begins at sunset, so that the time varies throughout the year, always keeping from four to seven hours ahead of European time.

At about noon the interest commences, when numerous little carts arrive, filled with sand which is spread on the road between the palace and the mosque. Gorgeous officials keep coming on horseback and in carriages, while everybody offers an opinion as to who they are. The military begins to assemble—Albanians in their shining white uniforms, and Arabs in brilliant blue. The cavalry form a semi-circle outside the gate, while the infantry line the roads and surround the mosque. About seven thousand men are present.

Shortly before one o'clock the Muezzin recites the Mahommedan creed, be-



CONSTANTINOPLE—INTERIOR OF ST. SOPHIA.

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ginning Allah Akber! Allah Akber! which is the exhortation to prayer. Then follows a stately procession of carriages, containing some of the favourite wives; then come the Pashas, then Princes, and then the Sultan himself. As he passes down the line, each soldier salaams, while this plain little middle-aged gentleman in the carriage nods graciously to his officers and men. The few stray nods in the direction of the visitors' pavilion are eagerly claimed, and each spectator feels deep down in his heart that it was to him that the Sultan smiled. His Majesty enters the mosque, and the carriages of wives are rowed up outside, as women are not allowed in. The Selamlik has an important bearing on the Sultan's policy, for it seals a connection between the Church and the Army, so necessary to his power.

The Sultan is very conservative with regard to modern improvements, and will allow only one telephone in the whole city. This one is in connection with the Constantinople fire brigade—an organization as interesting as it is primitive.

There are two large fire-towers in different parts of the city, from the top of which men with telescopes keep a lookout for fires. If a fire is discovered they communicate with a gang of men stationed at the foot of the tower, and these run in all directions announcing the fact. They carry large canes, which they strike on the ground to attract attention and then deliver their news. Meanwhile a telephone message is sent to the head fire station, and about two hundred men and half a dozen reels are quickly turned out. The men run in a body, pushing the reels along, some carrying lanterns, and create tremendous excitement among the admiring Orientals. The fire-towers afford the visitor a very fine view of the city and suburbs, and so serve a double purpose.

A pleasant way to get a good general idea of Constantinople is to hire

CONSTANTINOPLE—MOSQUE OF SULTAN AHMED.

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one of the smart carriages, stationed by the Municipal Gardens in Pera, and drive to the Old Walls. This takes the tourist through some of the most interesting parts of Stambul, where the streets are so narrow that the carriage almost rubs the houses on either side, and where the roads are rough enough to severely test the carriage-springs, but this is a "typical" eastern drive, and shows the visitor features of Turkish life that he would otherwise overlook.

CONSTANTINOPLE—GALATA FIRE-TOWER.

The Walls themselves are massive ruins about five miles in length, stretching along the land side of Stambul; they are flanked by a large number of towers, and must have been a most powerful defence when intact. The earthquakes that Constantinople is subject to, have been the main cause of their destruction, and are indeed responsible for a great deal of damage done to mosques and other buildings throughout the city.

Who has not heard of the dogs of Constantinople? They are certainly among its most noted features, and are not long in bringing themselves before the visitor's notice. They seem to have absorbed the fatalistic principles of the people among whom they live, and lie about in the streets with the most resigned expression, as though they would rather be stepped on than get up. If a man advertised for a dog in Constantinople it would certainly stop all traffic on his street when the applications began to arrive. Dogs take the place of sparrows in this city, and are held in a kind of reverence by the Turks, although the Sultan has several times tried to lessen their number by exiling large batches to a suburb. They always manage to find their way back, though, and seem benefited by their outing, and better able to carry on their good work at night. They are not at all vicious; in fact they have not energy enough to be vicious; they do not fight, except when some stranger from another quarter of the city intrudes upon their possessions, but when this does occur, the sleeper within ten blocks of the spot is soon cognizant of the fact.

The dogs are most numerous in Stambul, which is the truly Turkish quarter; in Pera, things have a much more western appearance, and the hotels, Municipal Gardens, and French shops make it the favourite rendezvous of those visitors who prefer to remain in a more modern atmosphere. Italian opera can be heard almost every night in the Municipal Gardens, where many a pleasant hour may be spent among the shady walks and olive foliage.

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The water also affords amusement for this class of visitors; an excursion up the Golden Horn in a "caique"—a quaint little Turkish craft—has usually a place on the tourist's programme; or, for those who do not care to trust themselves to so primitive a boat, a trip up the Bosphorus is an enjoyable way of spending the afternoon. The scenery on both sides, as far as Yeni Mahalleh, is charming, and the scattered villages and white palaces, with their background of dark green foliage, keep the spectator's eyes and imagination busy. A good view may be had of Yildiz Kiosk, where the present Sultan Abd-ul-Hamid Khan II. resides; below this, on the water's edge, stands Cheraghan Palace, where ex-Sultan Murat is kept in confinement. This palace was built by the famous Abd-ul-Aziz, who, after his death, was referred to by the London *Times* as Sultan Aziz as was. The Bosphorus trip takes about four hours.

The Princes Islands also claim a day of the visitor's time, for from the lofty crags of Prinkipo—one of the group—a most impressive view of Constantinople may be had, which is alone well worth the trip.

Altogether, Constantinople is a most interesting city to visit, and when at last the tourist must bend his course towards the matter-of-fact West, it is with a feeling of deep regret; the minarets fade away in the distance as the steamer swings into the blue expanse of the Sea of Marmora, and only a memory remains of the imperial city of Constantine.

THE ANEMONE.

THERE is a spot of the dim forest deep,
Sacred by edict of chaste Artemis;
Here may the unmolested wild-deer sleep,
Dreaming of browsings and its dearest bliss;
The light of day is filtered thro' the trees,
And drops like honey on one wood-flower lone.
This is the place where blows th' anemone,
Kissed by the sylvan breeze,
And sheltered by a bank and cool mossed stone,
And watched by many shadows tremblingly.

John Stuart Thomson

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BY C. A. BRAMBLE

III.—WAPITI AND ANTELOPE.*

THE elk or wapiti (Cervus Canadensis) was once widely distributed far to the south of its present habitat. It is such a noble beast that men were keen to kill it, so that it was an object of persecution in season and out of season, until our American cousins have made almost as effectual a clearance of their "elk" as they have done of their buffalo. Moreover, we Canadians are following their example, and except in the devil's club-protected forests of Vancover Island I cannot see much hope for the few thousand wapiti yet left alive.

Leaving out of consideration a few scattered animals in northwestern Quebec, whose presence so far east of the range of the species was unsuspected until quite recently, and is as yet unexplained, wapiti are not known to occur east of the swamp region bordering the western limits of Ontario. Manitoba, Saskatchewan and Alberta have probably a monopoly of our remaining wapiti, excepting, of course, the claims of the island territory already mentioned. But in Manitoba, at least, they will soon be cleared off, in spite of admirable laws. The animals are found in such easy ground that they may, and frequently are, killed by mounted men, who either shoot them from the saddle or ride them down and slaughter them at leisure. Wherever there are "bluffs" or patches of timber in southeastern, southwestern, and western Manitoba, you may find a few elk. These so-called bluffs are really very insignificant affairs, being often but a long gentle slope to the east, with a level stretch of table land to the west; in fact, are usually merely parts of the old shore line of Lake Agassiz, which geologists tell us once occupied the greater part of Manitoba, the present lakes, Manitoba, Winnipegosis, etc., being the shruken remains of what was then a sheet of water, perhaps the equal in size of Superior. As long as the elk remain in the broken ground they may only be shot after a careful stalk or still hunt, but when, as is often the case, they may be forced to take to the open to escape a mounted man, they are easily run down. The wapiti has a long tireless trot, but if pressed by a good pony is soon blown, and may be roped or dropped by a shot from a six-shooter.

Wherever you find the name "red deer" on a map of the Northwest it means the elk. There are several so-called Red Deer rivers, all of which are, or were, part of the elk range. Wapiti are found in a broad, segmental belt, extending from Lake Dauphin to the foot of the Rockies in Southern Alberta. The southern limits of this belt are the great plains, while the northern border is somewhere between the Saskatchewan and Athabaska lake, probably about the height of land. In the foothills wapiti have been met with certainly as far as Little Slave Lake, and all the way down to the International boundary line they may be shot in a narrow belt of country bounded by the bunch grass plains and the main chain of the range.

* With the sixth article in this series will be given a large coloured game map of Canada.

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DRAWN BY ARTHUR HEMING.

THE WAPITI (ELK).

Strangely enough, they are not known to occur in British Columbia except on Vancouver Island, though their bones and shed antlers are found on many of the interior mountains. The Indians say they were destroyed by an exceptionally severe winter, with terrific snowfall, many years ago, but this is not a satisfactory explanation, and may only serve until a better is forthcoming. But the fact remains that they are unknown as soon as the main range of the Rockies is crossed to the westward.

Every old hide hunter in the American Rockies has his tales of 1,000-pound wapiti, with horns, which if placed points down, would form an arch under which a six-footer could pass without stooping or touching. Canadians have not that rank, luxuriant fancy which permits elk to grow after death to so royal a size. Perhaps our wapiti, after all, are inferior in stature to those that erstwhile whistled in brown October on the mountains of Colorado and Wyoming. Certainly a set of antlers measuring sixty inches along the beam is about as good as Canada affords, and allowing for curvature such a head would hardly make an arch under which one of Stanley's African pigmies could pass upright. A fairly good Manitoba head measured last year was under forty-seven inches, but of course many animals fall to the rifle each season whose heads are better than this by several inches.

As to weight, I have been told by men who hunted elk in Wyoming twenty years ago that they had shot animals weighing 1,200. Unfortun-

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ately the weight was invariably guessed at, steelyards and Fairbanks scales being absent, and I think it very possible they were mistaken. Without going into any argument upon this subject let us agree that an 800-pound stag makes a very pretty reward for a forenoon's stalk, and one with which any sportsman may rest content. I refrained from writing "true sportsman" advisedly, because he, poor fellow, seems never to kill anything, and must be left out. As far as my limited opportunities for sizing him up go, the true sportsman is a man whose mission in life is to keep the gundealers and outfitters busy supplying his imaginary wants, and whom they in return gratefully depict in impossible attitudes, killing animals of colossal size and undetermined species, on each sixteen-colour covered price list and catalogue issued by the firm.

The wapiti of the American continent is very similar to the red deer of Europe, and still nearer the large Bara Singa, or stag of Cashmere, I believe It seems probable that at some remote period the red deer and the wapiti sprung from the same stock, but if so the superior pasturage and wider range has given the American animal the advantage. These causes have had a similar effect in other cases, and acting during a long period would possibly be quite capable of producing the variation now found between the two animals.

The wapiti stag is a mormon among beasts. His harem is regulated by his ability to whip all rivals. A royal stag after driving away less vigorous males, appropriates their female following during the rutting season. This period begins as soon as his horns have been rubbed clear of velvet and are in a condition to be used as weapons. During September and October the weirdly beautiful bugling of the wapiti stags could be heard from every hill when they abounded. It is the most thrilling sound a hunter may listen to. After hearing it once all other animal calls seem tame. Not only is the game a regal prize, but it is followed amid such romantic surroundings that it gains greatly in interest through its setting. During the summer the wapiti remain in the high ranges, in heavy timber, but on the approach of autumn they begin to work down the mountain sides and during the rut are found where alternate belts of aspen and pine relieve the brown bunch grass of the uplands. I do not think the wapiti as graceful as the red deer of Europe, nor does he carry his head with the same proud grace, but then the Canadian is twice the size of the Scotch stag and bears an infinitely finer set of antlers.

The cow wapiti are decidedly plain. They have a mulish carriage, big ears, and a tucked-up movement far from attractive. However, cow-meat is very welcome in camp, while no one but a true sportsman would care to eat the flesh of an old bull, shot during the height of the rutting season, and he only eats it in theory, as we all know.

The wapiti found on Vancouver Island are becoming differentiated from the normal type in a few minor respects. They do not carry as good heads as the animals found on the open flanks of the Rockies. The island is covered with a tremendous growth of timber, the underbrush especially being incredibly dense. A few animals have been shot, but not many, though there may be quite large bands in the north end of the island. Those who have shot Vancouver elk, generally found them in the Salmon River country. The odds are very much against the hunter, as the forest may hardly be penetrated, except by following up some stream, and a single jump will too often take the game out of sight. As may be readily imagined, hunting under such circumstances is not particularly satisfactory, and but few men trouble the wapiti of the island—at least a second time. Long after the last of the elk of the Northwest Territories shall have been exterminated, wapiti will sneak, like gigantic rabbits, through the almost impenetrable jungles at the head of Salmon River.

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When the west was first settled, wapiti used to be seen in bands numbering thousands; now there are few parts of Canada where the bands number more than a few head. These large bands were formed by all the animals in a range massing together when about to seek the lower grounds. The same thing happens to-day in the north with the caribou. In northern British Columbia, the caribou seek the higher ranges in summer, keeping near the snow-line while the flies are troublesome, large bands being rare at that season, but by the close of August they round up and travel down the different passes in long strings numbering thousands. Well, so far as the wapiti is concerned, those halycon days are over.

An animal that is the complement of the wapiti, replacing it, and the other forest-loving creatures, where the trees end and the brown, sun-dried plain begins, is the American antelope. It is not a true antelope, any more than the buffalo is a buffalo, or the robin a robin, or the various American partridges true partridges, but it comes nearer to being an antelope than anything else, excepting a goat—wherefor the wise men of the museums call it a goat-antelope.

This graceful creature is perhaps better known to the travelling public than any other species of Canadian big game, because after leaving Medicine Hat, the main line of the C.P.R. passes through the heart of the antelope country for several hundred miles, and about Swift Current, especially in winter, bands may usually be seen from the train. In the winter of 1895 the antelope drifted down before the biting north wind in bands numbering hundreds. For some weeks they could not gather courage to cross the track, but at length managed to hop across the dreaded steel bands, when they soon disappeared, finding shelter and food in the snug valleys of the Cypress Hills. One band was not so fortunate, however, for a night express ran into it, killing twenty-seven.

Antelope meat is never out of season. When all other animals are poor, in spring and summer, the ranchmen still find antelope meat is not only good, but eatable. Of course, at that time of the year no one shoots antelope unless actually hard pressed for meat, but it is not an unusual event to find a ranch depending entirely for fresh meat on the rifle and gun. Only as a last resource is a steer sacrificed.

Antelope are very good runners, and before the plainsmen had thoroughbred deer hounds, were, no doubt, too swift for the mongrels attached to the ranches; but with a couple of Glengarry deerhounds, hard as nails, on at his heels, an antelope on favourable ground may generally be run down. This is as exciting sport as the west affords, and if your pony does not put his foot into a badger hole, you are sure to enjoy a morning gallop after antelope in Assiniboia.

Antelope are wary, but as curious as women. They may often be shot by a hunter who lays on his back and kicks his heels in the air—such a peculiar proceeding being so irresistible that they have to investigate it. Sometimes a band will stand still, as though carved from wood, on some slight rise in the plain, just out of range; but do not for one moment suppose they have lost their cunning, get off your horse making a pretence of stalking them, and you shall be taught differently. The first depression which hides you is a hint to them to scamper off like the wind, and when you climb the next rise they are 500 yards away, rigid as plaster images once more, with their telescopic eyes fixed intently upon something in your direction. Should you be a tenderfoot, they will be quite willing to play at this game of hide-and-seek with you all day long.

Although exceedingly swift of hoof, the antelope either cannot or dare not attempt a leap over a fence three feet high. A broad jump they will negotiate with wonderful ease, but the least obstacle having vertical height is too much for them. It is instructive to note the difference in this respect between themselves and the bighorn or

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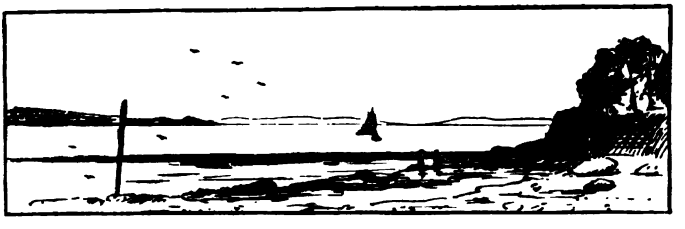
mountain sheep. The latter—I have seen them do this in captivity—will jump to the top of a five-foot fence made of inch boards, and remain poised thereon in great content, but in horizontal distance I do not think they could get over half the space an antelope would clear with hardly an effort.

In no form of sport is one of the new long range, smokeless powder, rifles more useful. When they become generally distributed through the West the antelope will join the buffalo in the happy hunting grounds. These beautiful plains-animals manage to keep out of the way of the old style of bullet in a majority of cases; but given a first-rate shot and judge of distance, and antelope in bands will be wiped out at ranges between 400 and 800 yards. I have seen one dropped at the longer range by a shot from a Winchester 30-40 smokeless.

A long and bitter controversy raged in the sporting press a few years ago on the question of antelope shedding their horns. The pronghorn differs from deer in this respect, as he does not cast his horns in the spring and regrow them by the succeeding autumn. This would never do, because the horns are not intended by nature to settle differences with rival males, as is the case with deer, so much as a defence against the miserable cayote, ever on the prowl for a dinner. So Dame Nature arranges that the antelope shall carry his horns continuously, the new one growing up inside the old, until, in the end, the latter is levered off and falls to the ground as a shell, the new one being hard and fit for business almost immediately.

The Rockies, in Canada at least, form a barrier through which the pronghorn never penetrates. These notes are being written from a shack in southern British Columbia, and in sight of the cabin-door is as fine a range of prairie land as an antelope could wish for, but they have never found their way through the passes, being as fond of the open plains as their fellow-partner of the wastes, the Blackfoot. An incident showing the fondness of the latter for the open, and his dread of the mountain, may be permitted, although it is not connected with the natural history of the pronghorn. A few months ago a Blackfoot committed a murder, and the Mounted Police camped upon his trail. For many weeks they could not catch him, but although he could have escaped with the greatest ease by taking to the mountains and crossing into the States or British Columbia, they spent no time in looking for him beyond the foothills, knowing he would never face the dread spirits of the range. And they were right; he was eventually captured far out on the plain, and has since paid the penalty of his crime. The Mountain Stony, on the other hand, would sooner go to live in Texas than leave his beloved mountains.

To be Continued.



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EDITORIAL COMMENT

THE Christmas Number of this Magazine was well received and the large edition exhausted at an early date. During 1900 we hope to send out several numbers fully equal to last month's issue and to complete the year with a Christmas Number which will make a new record in Canadian publishing.

✱

The political feature of December has been the election in Manitoba, in which the Premier, the Hon. Thomas Greenway, has suffered a reverse. To his credit let it be said, that he has accepted his defeat gracefully, and will continue to serve his province in the equally important position of Leader of the Opposition. The February number will contain an article on the election, by the editor of the Winnipeg *Tribune*, with photographs of the old and the new Ministers and other leading members of the new legislature.

✱

The New Year is upon us, the last of the century. It is difficult to write buoyantly of it or of its possibilities while this heart-rending struggle is proceeding in South Africa. Let us as Britishers and Canadians enter upon the new year with determination, but without boasting. British pluck and brains and skill are on trial to-day before all the world. This may mean many things to us before the closing days of 1900 dawn upon us. Therefore it is well that we relegate our enthusiasm and our exuberance of hope to the rear seat, and that we should bring forward that which is the heritage of our race—the determination to dare and do the right no matter what the cost.

✱

Certain pessimistic persons in this country are feeling very much worried just now over the revival of the military spirit which was so noticeable amongst us at the time of the Trent Affair and the North-West Rebellion. They have not yet recovered from the jealousy engendered in their souls when they witnessed the outburst of liberality and enthusiasm which marked the departure of the Canadian contingent for South Africa. They are afraid that Canada will go much farther towards creating what they describe as "a dominant military class," and that the people will begin to spend more than 34 cents per head annually on defence.

✱

Why these blue-spectacled citizens should fear the dominance of a military class is hard to see. At present we are dominated by politicians and railway-bonus seekers, and it is an open question whether a "dominant military class" would be any more expensive or any less beneficial. It is also an open question whether we would be any less efficient socially, industrially and commercially if we were more military in spirit. The people of Great Britain and of Germany are not being left behind by the rest of the world in industrial and intellectual achievements because of their marked military spirit.

✱

We have developed in this country during the past few months an increased interest in things military. The presence of the people in front of newspaper bulletin boards, the increased ease with which city regiments are securing recruits, the large number of young men applying for non-commissioned officers' certificates, and for commissions, and the increased sale of military pictures prove this.

If Major-General Hutton, backed up by His Excellency the Governor-Gen-

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eral, is seeking to take advantage of this for the benefit and extension of Canada's military forces, he should be praised rather than criticized. He is an able, efficient and energetic officer, and is but pursuing a plan which he began to develop last year. If he does not overstep the bounds of his position, he can accomplish much for the best interests of Canadian national development and at the same time add lustre to his already notable career. The great difficulty with previous commanding officers has been that they tried to control Canada's military affairs as the Shah does the army in Persia; but Major-General Hutton is too politic a soldier to overlook any of the limitations of his office.

✱

A very impressive ceremony was witnessed in the Armouries at Toronto on Sunday, December 10th, when His Excellency the Governor-General unveiled a bronze tablet to the memory and glory of those of the Battleford column who died or were wounded in the campaign of 1885. It was fitting that this ceremony should be performed by a Governor-General who, while he was military secretary to a former Governor-General, served on General Middleton's staff in that campaign. His Excellency was known then as Lord Melgund, eldest son of the Earl of Minto.

It is also worthy of note, as His Excellency pointed out, that the gallant leader of the Battleford column, whose exploits have been commemorated in the erection of the tablet, is now in South Africa in command of Canada's contingent. If by any process of spirit telegraphy the existence and nature of the ceremony was conveyed to Col. Otter, at Orange River, his mind must have been filled with touching memories of that anxious day at Cut Knife River, when with 325 men, a gatling gun and two old seven-pounders, he held a horde of red-skins at bay for several hours with a loss of eight men killed and fourteen wounded.

One of the wounded was a Lieutenant named Pelletier, attached to the 9th Battalion Quebec Voltigeurs. This brave soldier is now junior major in the force under Col. Otter's command in South Africa. He was shot through the thigh in the first charge made by the Indians upon the seven-pounders in the early part of the long-drawn-out engagement.

The chaplain to take the chief part in the ceremony was Captain the Rev. G. E. Lloyd, Honorary Chaplain to the Queen's Own Rifles. He was wounded at Cut Knife under circumstances which seem to have almost entitled him to a Victoria Cross. He and a companion by the name of Acheson, of the Queen's Own, remained behind in a retirement to assist two others who were in a trying position. Both the men were disabled, nevertheless Lloyd and Acheson endeavoured to carry them off the field. Lloyd protected his companion as the latter retreated with one of the bodies and saved his chum's life. In retiring himself, he was shot in the shoulder. He recovered from his wound, but the two men whom he and Acheson endeavoured so gallantly to save died on the field.

The unveiling ceremony was attended by Major-General Hutton, a number of prominent militia officers, the Battleford Column Association, the Queen's Own ex-members' Association, the Queen's Own Rifles in uniform, and a large body of citizens. There were about three thousand persons present.

✱

On the day previous there were two events in Toronto which indicate the military spirit of these days in Canada.

Mrs. Hutton, wife of the general officer commanding, formed a Toronto Branch of the Soldiers' Wives' League. The General himself addressed a mass meeting of students at the University of Toronto, and asked them to renew their military connection, which was broken some seven years ago by the removal of the company of the Queen's Own, which had its headquarters at that institution. He explained that he desired the Canadian colleges to con-

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tribute a bearer corps, a field hospital corps, and an engineering corps, and he met with a hearty reception and a promise of all he desired. It is proposed to form another engineering corps at McGill.

*

Notwithstanding these numerous military events, the increased interest in military affairs and the growing activity of the military authorities, there is little fear—to come back to where we started—of the creation in this country of a spirit of militarism which would be dangerous or of a military class which would be dominant. Canada must realize, what even the delegates to the Hague Peace Conference were forced to recognize, that the day of war has not yet passed, and that a knowledge of the art of self-defence is an absolute necessity to a free people. Canadians desire to remain free and independent, therefore we must have an army, and every citizen between twenty-one and twenty-five years of age should be trained every year for a definite period. We must have an efficient organization of all the departments,—hospital, transport, intelligence, commissariat, cavalry, artillery, infantry and everything which forms a part of the modern army. To neglect this duty to our country and to those who are unable to defend themselves would be little short of criminal.

*

At the time of writing this, it seems that more soldiers will be required in South Africa. In the event of a second Canadian contingent being asked for, it is to be hoped that it will be given freely and quickly.

Parliament should have been consulted immediately after the first contingent was sent in order to provide against emergencies. This has not been done, and the spirit of the constitution will again be violated by the sending of a second contingent without parliamentary sanction. Nevertheless, the peculiar circumstances of the case and the delicate position in which the Empire finds itself, are ample justification for a second infringement of the constitution and the immediate despatch of a second contingent.

Only let us remember that such infringement of the safeguards of the people's right to sanction all expenditures beforehand, is an infringement. Do not let us for a moment overlook the point; and when parliament is called together the facts of the case must be carefully recorded "lest we forget."

*

This is a season of the year for charities, and Canadians are not niggardly. Sometimes they give indiscriminately, but this is not so very harmful except when a church or an idle beggar is the recipient. Our churches—meaning thereby those who are the leaders in the churches—are handling more of the people's money than the House of Commons, and with less restrictions. These million dollar funds are an extravagance, and in booming them the leaders of the church are presuming too much on the religious generosity of our people.

There is one charity in Toronto, however, for which I would speak a good word. To John Ross Robertson, M.P., Ontario owes the best Sick Children's Hospital in the world. In February of last year we published an illustrated article showing the work this hospital has been doing during the past twenty-five years. The last $30,000 of the debt is now being liquidated, and donations may be sent to the *Evening Telegram* office, Toronto.

John A. Cooper.

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CURRENT EVENTS ABROAD
by W. Sanford Evans

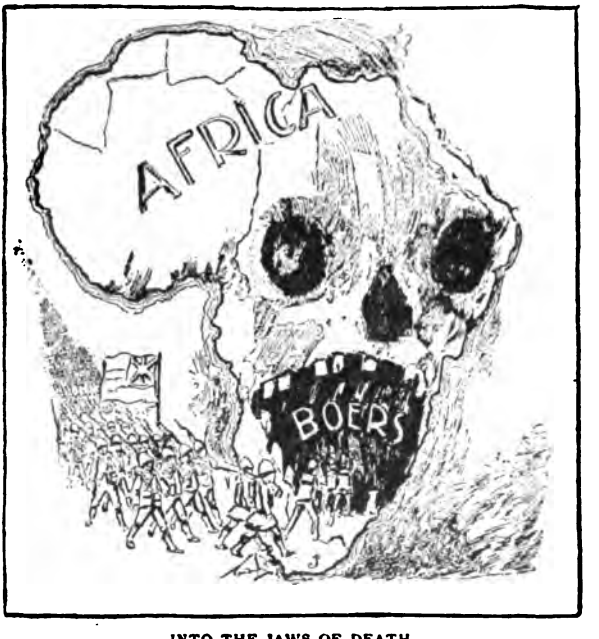
THE year 1899 will be a memorable year in history. Most of its problems, it is true, were already engaging public attention in 1898, but the developments have been of great importance, and at least one event of the first magnitude, which was not anticipated at the close of the previous year, appeared in the shape of a war between Britain and the South African Republics.

The Soudan campaign was an affair of 1898, but the work of freeing that country from Dervish rule was not completed until the autumn of 1899, when the Khalifa was finally vanquished and slain. In 1898 the United States defeated Spain and wrested from her the Philippines and her West Indian possessions. This indicated a change in the foreign policy of the United States; but it was not until in 1899 the United States waged war against the inhabitants of the Philippines to fully secure her own possession of those islands, that the radical nature of the change became apparent. The Dreyfus case was a legacy from former years, but it was disposed of in 1899 in a manner that aroused extraordinary indignation in other countries, although it has seemed to satisfy the conscience of France. That most interesting event, the Peace Conference, was the direct result of the Czar's disarmament proposals, handed by Count Muravieff to the foreign representatives in Russia on Aug. 24 of the previous year, and the good understanding between Britain, the United States and Germany, which has since been greatly strengthened, and has stood the test of a settlement of territorial claims in Samoa and the neighbouring islands, was already a matter of note and of congratulation at the close of 1898.

* *

But all events of the year are of quite secondary importance when compared with the South African war. On December 24, 1898, a meeting of 5,000 Uitlanders took place at Johannesburg to endorse a petition to the Queen, praying that she would see that the Transvaal Courts should fairly try a Transvaal policeman who had shot a British subject. This was almost the only hint of the coming trouble the year 1898 gave to the outside world, and

A UNITED STATES VIEW.



INTO THE JAWS OF DEATH.
—*The St. Louis Republic*

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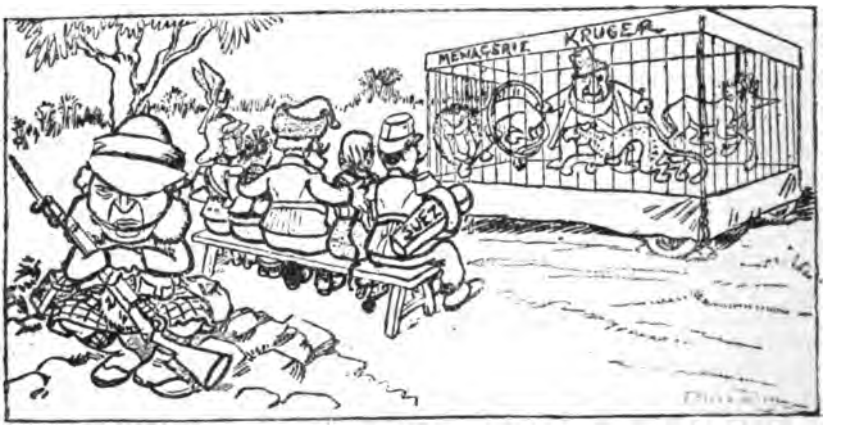
on it none was so rash as to predict war. And even when war had broken out, certainly no British subject believed that the last days of 1899 would see British power in South Africa seriously threatened. The present gravity of the situation is undeniable. The month of December opened with bright prospects for the British arms. In the west, Lord Methuen had begun his remarkable march on Kimberley, had fought three successful battles within six days, and had forced the passage of the Modder river, the only natural barrier in his way. On the southern border of the Free State, Generals Gatacre and French were advancing cautiously but steadily, and seemed certain to push the Boers back before them. In Natal the daring raid of the Boers toward Pietermaritzburg had been checked at the Mooi river, and their retreat across the Tugela had begun. There was confidence that the tide had turned. The first disturbing fact was the increasing disaffection of the Dutch in Cape Colony. Then came General Gatacre's repulse in his night attack on Stormberg. He had been misled by guides and was surprised, and his column suffered heavily. On the following day Lord Methuen tried to force the Boer position at Magersfontein, but failed, losing nearly one thousand men. Four days later General Buller, on whom British hopes were then centred, moved his whole relief army in Natal upon the fords of the Tugela river. He met with fierce resistance. The left brigade under General Hart was checked, the right brigade under General Hildyard occupied Colenso, and then two field batteries were unsuspectingly pushed right up to Boer rifle-pits, with the result that the horses were immediately shot, and after that neither horses nor men could live to withdraw the guns, eleven of which were left to the enemy, while the army retreated upon its camp, leaving behind it in dead, wounded and prisoners about eleven hundred men. The British public began to recognize the real nature of the task before it, and the British Government ordered to the front the two foremost generals, Lord Roberts and Lord Kitchener, and prepared to supply them with an overwhelming army.

A FRENCH VIEW OF THE WAR.



JOHN BULL: "I've such nightmares lately. Wonder whether I've eaten too much."
—*Figaro.*

* *

Of course, Britain can win if she will. There is no question about her resources nor about the fighting qualities of her men. The only question has been concerning the judgment of her

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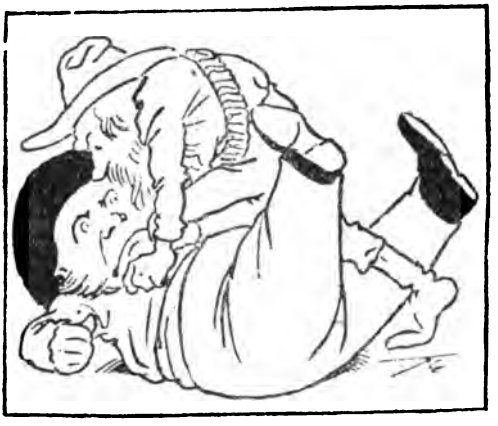
military leaders at home and on the field. The lessons of wisdom are being learned at terrible cost; but, once learned, there can be only one outcome, if the British people have the fortitude to bear up under the sacrifices and the determination to persevere until the end is accomplished. It is these qualities that are on trial before the world, and for this reason the war has ceased to be a question of obtaining rights for the Uitlanders or of adjusting local race ambitions in South Africa and has become the testing of an Empire. To say, therefore, that the year 1899 will be memorable chiefly because in it began the South African war, is not to put in the foreground an event which happens to loom large in the eyes of British subjects and is not in reality most important. At this stage in the world's affairs nothing could be of more moment than a decision upon the spirit and power of the British Empire. All the nations of the world are watching and will shape their policy according to the nature of that decision. In lesser ways also this war will have many important consequences. Military theories will undergo some revisions; in the British Empire more attention will be paid to the army; and perhaps the awakened public conscience of to-day may be moved by the pitiful destruction of brave lives to greater sensitiveness on the subject of war. And in the realm of politics the large problems of the co-relation of the various parts of the British Empire will be taken up more seriously and more practically than ever before.

AN AUSTRIAN VIEW.



JOHN BULL: "All right, old man; beat me as much as you please, but, d—n it, say I'm your Suzerain."
—*Der Floh, Vienna.*

In other respects than those already mentioned, the year 1899 has been marked rather by settled conditions and general prosperity than by striking events. The United States has been steadily prosecuting the war against Aguinaldo, which seems now nearing a close. Her sailors took part with those of Britain in some skirmishing in the Samoan Islands, and she joined with Britain and Germany in a territorial division to take the place of the old tripartite control of those islands. By this division she secured Pago-Pago, one of the finest harbours in the Southern Pacific. She also appears to have been active, diplomatically, in obtaining assurances for her commerce with China and the Far East generally For the rest, she has devoted her energies to trade and industry, and in politics has been pondering the decision she will next November be called upon to give on the questions of Imperialism, Sound Money and Trusts. In Europe, France has, despite the feverish Dreyfus trial, and the Royalist conspiracy, been in many ways more settled than is her wont. The explanation is to be found in the Exhibition to be held during the coming summer. For this Frenchmen have postponed, or completely laid aside, the factional struggles which must otherwise inevitably have taken place. Germany's progress has been without sensational features. The purchase from Spain of the Caroline, Ladrone and Pelew Islands, and the acquisition by treaty of the larger share of the Samoan Islands have been the chief incidents in the pursuance of her policy of colonial expansion. The understanding with Brit-

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ain and the United States has been the most important development in her foreign policy. At home, the Emperor has more than once come into conflict with his Parliament and his Cabinet, but without serious results. Austria-Hungary has enjoyed a period of comparative quiet. The race antagonisms seem to have subsided after the compromise on the ausgleich. Southern Russia afforded almost the only exception to the general prosperity, having suffered severely from famine. This famine, the imposition of a new constitution upon Finland, and the part taken by the Czar in bringing about the Peace Conference, have been almost the only events to attract the attention of the world to Russia. Statesmen have, however, been closely watching the gradual spread of her power in the Far East. Spain has so far been saved from the revolutions which seemed so probable after the close of the Spanish-American war. There are indications of better conditions for her, financially and politically. Italy has, for a change, been prosperous. The outlook in 1898 was gloomy and riots were frequent, but 1899 brought better days. The year has had its share of difficulties and disturbances, but it has had rather more than its share of prosperity.

BOOKS AND AUTHORS.

SOME one has remarked that history is "man-picturing," and Professor Goldwin Smith has shown us that in writing his political history of "The United Kingdom"* he believes man-picturing to be the best means to employ in revealing the spirit of a past age. Man-picturing is not always possible, especially when great movements are to be summarized; but if the man-pictures were taken out of the Professor's great work there would be little left. In support of this statement it would be interesting to quote the Professor's pen-picture of Gladstone. It is not to hand. The man-picturing stops with 1832. Of all the men that have lived since, the men whom the Professor has known well and intimately, he has written his estimate, but he is not yet ready to give it to the world. When the inexorable Third Fate shall have robbed us of his mighty intellect, his publishers will no doubt be permitted to give us that interesting third volume. In the meantime we must be content with the man-pictures of such as lived previous to 1832. His description of Canning may therefore be given as an example. (Vol. II., p. 316):

"At the head of the more Liberal section of the Cabinet was Canning, a brilliant son of Eton and Christchurch, the paragon of classical education, who having in his youth, it seems, shared the revolutionary fever, had been cured of it partly, like many others, by the excesses of the French revolutionists, and completely by an introduction to Pitt. To Pitt, who brought him into parliament and office, he was thenceforth devoted. He was a brilliant and effective speaker; but he served the Tory party hardly less by his wit as the writer of those pasquinades in the *Anti-Jacobin*, of which 'The Needy Knife-Grinder' was the most telling. Though bred at an aristocratic school, adopted by a wealthy uncle, and afterward married to a wealthy wife, he was called an adventurer; his parentage was unhappy, and his mother had been on the stage; but in those days every one was an adventurer who went into public life without belonging to the landed gentry, or at least to the class of realized wealth. With more reason he was regarded as an intriguer; he was at least restlessly ambitious and somewhat given to scheming. He had also the faults of a smart political writer. On his smartness in dealing with the Americans, whom, as a young nation, policy bade him treat with studious courtesy, rests partly the responsibility for the American War. The restlessness of his ambition it was that, making him an object of mistrust, had forced the brilliant

*"The United Kingdom," by Professor Goldwin Smith, D.C.L. Toronto: The Copp, Clark Co. Cloth, two volumes, $4.00.

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orator and man of genius to yield the Tory leadership first to the mediocrity of Percival, and then to so lame a speaker as Castlereagh. Having buried his political allegiance in the grave of Pitt, he regarded himself as free to take his own course, and he had begun to see that the times were changing, and to feel the rising gale of Liberalism in his sails. . . . It was in the field of foreign policy that Liberalism first showed its new life. Canning, thinking his game lost at home, had accepted the Governor-Generalship of India. He was at Liverpool, ready to embark. He had made a farewell display of his oratoric genius in the famous speech in which he describes the dormant power of England under the figure of one of her battleships sleeping on the water, with furled sails and silent thunders, till war gives the word. Suddenly he was recalled to power by the tragic death of his great rival, Castlereagh. He took Castlereagh's place as foreign minister with a more liberal policy of his own. . . . ."

What a story of influence in the making of a statesman! Aristocratic school, wealthy uncle, rich wife, Pitt's patronage, lack of class distinction, power to write and speak smartly, restless ambition, — these are the weights and balloons which made Canning what he was. And while the Professor describes the man, he gives us the flavour of the times—parliament controlled by the landed gentry, the lack of chances for a son of the people, the dislike of innovation and radical reform, the growing pride in England's position as an arbiter in the affairs of two continents—of the times which immediately preceded Catholic Emancipation, the abolition of excessive penalties for minor crimes, and the Reform Bill of 1832.

For forty years the writer of these two volumes—the most notable volumes ever written on Canadian soil—has been collecting material for this his greatest work. When attending Eton and Christchurch, the colleges where Canning and hundreds of other great Englishmen have been trained, he had his first glimpse of English history; but he had reached his thirty-fifth year before he was appointed Regius Professor of Modern History at Oxford. This chair he filled from 1858 to 1866. Two years later he began to lecture at Cornell University on English Constitutional History. In 1861 he published "Irish History and Irish Character," and "Lectures on Modern History." Six years later appeared his "Cromwell, Pitt and Pym," and, at intervals since, other important historical contributions. His history of the United States, published in 1893, was well received in both England and the United States.

Professor Smith's political views on Canadian subjects have not always been pleasing to the majority of people in this country, and he is not regarded as a national hero, although he has lived in Toronto for nearly thirty years. His cool, cynical views of Canadian national life have earned him many bitter enemies, at the same time that his scholarship, culture and his unusual literary excellencies have won him much honest admiration. Professor Smith's personality is of such a character that he may be appreciated only by those who agree with his political views, and those—a much larger class be it admitted—who disagree with his political views but admire his honesty of purpose, his frankness of judgment and his unswerving fidelity to what he considers truth. But whatever his position in Canada, it must be admitted that he has done this country an honour in making it the home of the greatest stylist and historian writing in the English language in the closing years of the nineteenth century.

It strikes one occasionally that it is good for Canadian writers to go abroad to earn their living. The benefit of travel, the experience of one civilization brought to bear in the judging of another, the greater incentive to make a success in life—all these combine to develop the young Canadian, increase his earnestness and develop his power. Of course, he must have some original moral earnestness, some native talent or the new influences will not be so beneficial. But the Northmen who go south usually have the necessary stamina,

> "Cubbed as they are in boreal cold
> And nursed in northern snow."

Bliss Carman, Charles G. D. Roberts,

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Peter McArthur, Frank Pollock and other sweet singers have gone south and achieved a measure of greatness. The latest addition to the ranks is Arthur J. Stringer, and his success is assured. His poem, "The Sons Beyond the Border," was one of the best things in the Christmas CANADIAN MAGAZINE, and is one of the strongest poems ever written by a Canadian. From Boston * comes his first volume of prose. The title of this collection of sketches of the children of the slums is "The Loom of Destiny," which is interpreted by the cover design. Each sketch fills a half dozen dainty pages, and is preceded by an appropriate stanza and a special illustration. The title of the first, which may be taken as an example, is "Premonitions." A child of four years of age, with bare legs and half-shod feet, stands outside a coal yard waiting for a chance to pick up a chunk of coal that may drop from a passing cart. He is not very successful. But a larger boy with a pretentious soap-box on wheels, has gathered a great deal.

"In the meantime the Child's gaze was fastened hungrily on the piece of coal in the soap-box. A green light came into his wondering baby eyes. His childish brow puckered up into a defiant, ominous, anarchistic frown. With twitching fingers he crept step by step nearer the soap-box and the precious coal chunk. The owner of the cart was still struggling with his cigar stub behind the telegraph pole. The Child put his hand tentatively on the soap-box, and let it rest there a moment with subtle nonchalance. Then he leaned over it. In another second the baby fingers had closed like talons on the coveted chunk of coal. Then he backed off, cautiously, slily, with his eyes ever on the threatening telegraph pole . . ."

But he is discovered, knocked down, kicked and abused by the larger boy, the coal king, and

"The Child's heart, of a sudden, seemed to wither up with an inexpressible, ominous, helpless hate!"

Such are the sketches into which Mr. Stringer has put so much of the soul of things, upon which he has lavished so much of the art of him, and from which the reader may draw renewed tenderness, sympathy and stimulation. The dainty touches, the gentle handling, the masterly turn in the phrases, the delicate perfume, make these little stories pieces of rare workmanship which one desires to put away in the china cabinet with the pieces of satsuma, cloisonee and Sèvres, to be admired only by the art lover.

* "The Loom of Destiny," by Arthur J. Stringer. Boston: Small, Maynard & Co. Cloth, $1.25.

And they have said in their hearts there is no romance in Canadian life outside of the districts of the habitant! And they are saying it yet. When an author gives us a tale of rural English-Canadian life, they say there is nothing in it, that it is a tale of the land of dry bones. But in good time they shall know that they were wrong, are wrong. They are scoffers, and they scoff at Canadian literature.

Last month Le Roy Hooker hurled at them "Baldoon." This month Ralph Connor hits them with "The Sky Pilot." The fight has begun in earnest, but the battle will be long and severe.

"The Sky Pilot" * is religious melodrama, but human melodrama. It is a tale of the foothills country.

"Beyond the great prairies, and in the shadow of the Rockies lie the Foothills. For nine hundred miles the prairies spread themselves out in vast level reaches, and then begin to climb over softly rounded mounds that ever grow higher and sharper till, here and there, they break into jagged points and at last rest upon the great bases of the mighty mountains. These rounded hills that join the prairies to the mountains form the Foothill country."

I have seen that beautiful country, but I would like to see it again since reading Ralph Connor's artistic descriptions of its hills, its canyons, its herds and its flowers—its sky "cloudless and blue, arching its great kindly roof from prairie to mountain peaks." As for the story, sweetly and simply told, it describes the life of a young preacher among the rough, uncouth, swearing cowboys, and how his manliness won

* "The Sky Pilot," by Ralph Connor. Toronto: The Westminster Co.

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their hearts. From a preacher they had expected chiefly pity, warning, rebuke. The Pilot gave them respect, admiration and open-hearted affection. His interest in them was genuine and not simply professional. He played on their baseball nine and told them the errors of their life. He slept in their shacks and ate off their tin plates ; and when he wanted a new church they gave him half the cost. And Gwen, darling little Gwen, whose mother slept on the hillside—she learned from him the way to light and the path to knowledge. She learned to curb her own imperiousness and self-will, as she had already learned to throw the lariat and rope a steer, and when an accident made her a cripple for life, she went down into the canyon with reproaches and anger ; but anon the canyon brought forth flowers whose fragrance was wafted through the whole settlement. The Duke and Bronco Bill and Lady Charlotte were all the better for the fragrance which was exhaled from the bed-side of the once-gay bird of the prairies.

It is a wonderful story, and brings Ralph Connor into the front rank of Canadian writers. Like the author of Baldoon, he is a minister of the gospel, and that is a handicap in the race for literary greatness. Even with that handicap, Ralph Connor has already achieved much, and his achievement is grea tenough to prevent any complaint that his two stories have been tinctured with a religious purpose.

"The Methodist Churches of Toronto" is the title of a new historical volume just issued from the press by Messrs. G. M. Rose & Sons, Toronto. The book traces the history of the Methodist body in Toronto from the time of Simcoe to the present date, and, as far as practicable, gives the name of every clergyman who has ever held a pastorate either in York or Toronto. The lives of many leading Methodist laymen are referred to, but the book aims more at describing the rise and progress of Toronto Methodism and the increase of its places of worship and clergy, than in canonizing past or present ministers or laymen. There is an excellent index, the half-tone illustrations could not be better, and the paper and binding are all that could be wished. The editor does not claim to have produced a perfect book, but he has produced a volume worthy of consideration.

One of the best folding maps of South Africa is that published by the famous Bacon, of London, England, as it shows the topography of the country. (William T. Lancefield, Hamilton, Canadian agent, one shilling). The best small book on the causes of the war is the pamphlet by E. B. Biggar, who has contributed several articles on the subject to THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE. (Toronto and Montreal News Co's. 10 cents).

"The Lotus-Eaters and other Talks" is the title of a small volume of sketches and essays, by Fred B. R. Hellems, a graduate of Toronto University, now on the staff of the University of Colorado. "Montreal By Way of Chazy," is a commonplace book which purposes to describe Montreal and the delights of a trip down the St. Lawrence to Quebec. As the author, Allan Eric, is neither a writer nor an artist, the tale is exceedingly flat, even though published in Boston. "Lyrical Echoes," is the title of a collection of poems, by Katherine A. Clarke, a Toronto lady, whose claim to fame is rather slim. Still it adds one more title to Mr. James' "Bibliography of Canadian Poetry," and that is something for which to be thankful.

"The Life of Rev. William Cochrane, D.D.," by R. N. Grant, is a very neatly bound book, which must be essentially pleasing to the late clergyman's friends, especially those whose letters of condolence and telegrams of sympathy are here reprinted. There could hardly be any other justification for the book, as it does not come up to

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the standards of real biography. (Toronto: William Briggs.)

The Christmas numbers of The *Globe*, the *Saturday Night* and the *Acta Victoriana*—all issued in Toronto—show the strength of Canadian literature, of Canadian printing art and of Canadian patriotism. Some of the other dailies and weeklies throughout the country have recently issued special illustrated holiday editions. Good luck to them all!

Lally Bernard has woven a halo of romance about the Doukhobor in her pamphlet entitled "The Canadian Doukhobor Settlements." Her writing has a flowing, easy style which makes it pleasing, and equal praise must be given to the apparent breadth and completeness of her information. (Toronto: William Briggs).

The University of Toronto continues its good work in publishing post-graduate essays. The latest issue is in Prof. Kerschmann's Psychological Series and contains two essays: A contribution to the Psychology of Tune, by M. A. Shaw and F. S. Wrinch; and Experiments on Tune Relations of Poetical Metres, by A. S. Hurst and John McKay. (Published by the Librarian; paper, 50 cents.)

The Life of Sir John Millais,* President of the Royal Academy, as presented in these two attractive volumes, is necessarily something more than the mere chronicle of a busy life. It is an intimate history of the time. It brings before us, not only the personality of the subject of the memoir, but many of those men and women who have helped to make the political, artistic, literary and social history of England during the past half century. Moreover, these volumes are, in a measure, a record of British art during Millais' life. The biographer had a vast mass of material to select from, and he has done his work well. Apart from the lavish illustrations which he has been enabled to give us, through the kindness of friends, owners of pictures, and owners of copyrights, we have in these volumes a number of the most interesting side-lights on the life of the time, such as cannot fail to be interesting to every intelligent reader. A few of the names of those who were touched by the Life of Millais may give some idea of this characteristic of these books. Thus, we have William Wordsworth, Holman Hunt, Rosetti, Ruskin, Thomas Carlyle, Max Nordau, Madox Brown, Charles Dickens, Thackeray, Rosa Bonheur, Leech, Wilkie Collins, Anthony Trollope, Charles Reade, Dr. Livingstone, Adelina Patti, Sir William Harcourt, Robert Browning, Sir Edwin Landseer, Lord Lytton, The Princess of Wales, Mr. Gladstone, John Bright, Her Majesty the Queen, Lord Tennyson, Cardinal Newman, Sir John Astley, Marie Corelli, George Du Maurier, Professor Herkmer, Lord Leighton and many others.

The illustrations in these charming volumes cannot fail to interest all art lovers and students, reproducing for us, as they do, the pictures painted by Millais during his long and busy life. Many of these works, indeed most of them, have become historical, and it is a privilege to have them reproduced in so perfect a style as they are in these pages. In many cases not only is the finished picture shown, but the various steps by which the final result was arrived at.

While most of the illustrations are half-tone engravings, they include nine photogravures of remarkable beauty. The paper on which the work is printed is the finest English coated, presenting a beautiful surface, on which every line of the engravings is distinctly brought out. Taken as a whole, the work is one which will be an acquisition to any household aspiring to culture and intelligence.

* "The Life and Letters of Sir John Everett Millais, President of the Royal Academy," by his son, John Guille Millais. Two vols., cloth, $9.00. Toronto, George N. Morang & Company, Limited.

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HOW SADIE KEPT CAMP.

"NOW, are you *perfectly* sure, dear, that you will not be afraid to stay alone? If so, say so, and one of us will *willingly* stay with you."

There was just sufficient lack of heartiness in that one word "willingly," as pronounced by the chaperone of the party, to convey to the quick intelligence of the girl that none of the party *would* be willing to stay behind.

The expedition had been arranged, and eagerly looked forward to, by the whole "camp" for a week past, by none more than by Sadie herself. But, feeling slightly indisposed, she had decided to remain behind.

"A person," she declared, "suffering from a combination of headache and influenza has no business to mar the harmony of a pleasure party by looking doleful, and sneezing at inopportune moments."

And so she stayed behind; and, standing on the little toy-like pier, watched the last boat as it disappeared round the rocky headland, its occupants turning and waving her a laughing adieu before they were lost to sight. Then she turned, and walked slowly back to the small cottage which the ladies of the party occupied, the men preferring to sleep in tents which were picturesquely pitched at convenient distances around it. Left alone to "keep camp," Sadie occupied herself well enough for an hour or so, tidying up the cottage, and performing a score of little household duties in which women delight, but which to men are inexplicable mysteries. Her work being finished, Sadie began to consider how she should amuse herself for the five hours or so during which the rest of the party would be absent, and it must be confessed that she experienced a slight depression of spirits.

The island on which they were camped was lonely, and out of the track of passing boats. The end of it on which the house stood was well cleared and cheerful, but the remainder, about four acres in extent, was covered with a thick undergrowth, through which, here and there, a tall pine tree reared its dark form. There were gruesome stories, too, about this part of the island. The body of a drowned man had recently been found near it; some Indians were said to be buried there; and, in addition to this, Sadie and the other ladies of the party had decided in their own minds that it was the abode of innumerable snakes of the most objectionable variety. Consequently, although inviting paths had been cut in various directions through it, they avoided the place. And so, armed with a novel, the lonely girl betook herself to the extreme opposite end of the island, and seating herself upon a mossy stone under the shade of a spreading oak, commenced to read. But, try as she might, she was unable to concentrate her attention upon the book. She let the volume fall, and fell into a reverie. Unfortunately, her thoughts turned upon the conversation which had been held around the camp fire on the preceding night. It had been chiefly on spiritualism and uncanny apparitions, and she remembered with a shudder, how the professor, an ardent spiritualist, had described a ghostly visitation which had occurred

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to a friend of his, *in broad daylight*, and not at the canonical hour of midnight.

Now, Sadie was not a nervous girl, but she possessed a vivid imagination, and her loneliness, combined perhaps with her indisposition, caused her to give it free play. She found herself thinking of what *might* happen, of what ghastly vision *might* appear emerging from the dark background of thick brushwood.

However, being a plucky, sensible girl, she exerted her will power to throw off these unpleasant conjectures.

Looking at her watch, she found it was almost one o'clock, and time for the midday meal, and although not hungry, she fancied that a cup of strong tea would brace her up and do her good, so she blithely set to work to build a fire and boil her kettle. Active employment soon drove away her gloomy thoughts, and long before her simple meal was ready she was singing like a bird and thinking only of her lover, Jack, who was to join the party as soon as he could get away from "that odious office," and might be with them almost any day, now. She lingered over her meal, and the subsequent "clearing up," and then returned again to her seat under the oak, where she was soon deeply interested in her book.

Now, unfortunately the story, like many of the present day, was one which dealt largely in the supernatural and occult, and Sadie's mind began again to turn upon those gruesome stories which the professor had related. Determined not to give way a second time to such thoughts, she closed her book and, returning to the house, set about about preparing the evening meal for the rest of the party, who, she thought, would soon return.

Actively employed though she was, she could not entirely divest her mind of the inexplicable terror which possessed her, and so when, amid the clatter of her cooking utensils, she heard a step outside the little kitchen in which she was working, and, looking up, beheld the vision of a man, bareheaded, and dripping with water and slime, and with tangled water weeds hanging from his person, her thoughts flew to the man who had been found drowned at the other side of the island, and with a gasping cry she fell fainting to the floor.

* * * * *

When she recovered her senses she found herself in a strong, damp embrace. Strong, wet arms were about her; a thick, moist moustache was pressed to her face; humid eyes met hers, and terms of endearment fell upon her ears, and she began to realize that the apparition, if unpleasantly moist, was at least solid flesh and blood.

"Jack!" she gasped, and then, quoting unconsciously from "The Ingoldsby Legends," added "How came you in such a mess?"

Explanation was easy. Jack had got away from the "odious office" sooner than he expected, and taking the first train to a point near, had hired a canoe and paddled to the camp. Trying to effect a landing on the wrong side of the island, where there was some floating driftwood, he had upset as he was endeavouring to force his way through. The rest of the party soon returned, and there was much laughter round the fire that night over Jack's ducking and Sadie's fright.

Curiously enough, before the camp was broken up, it was remarked that Sadie and Jack became fond of roaming about that portion of the island which the others avoided, having apparently no fear of either snakes or ghosts, or, in fact, of anything else, unless, indeed, it were of the intrusion of that frequently unwelcome individual, the third party.

Sparham Sheldrake.

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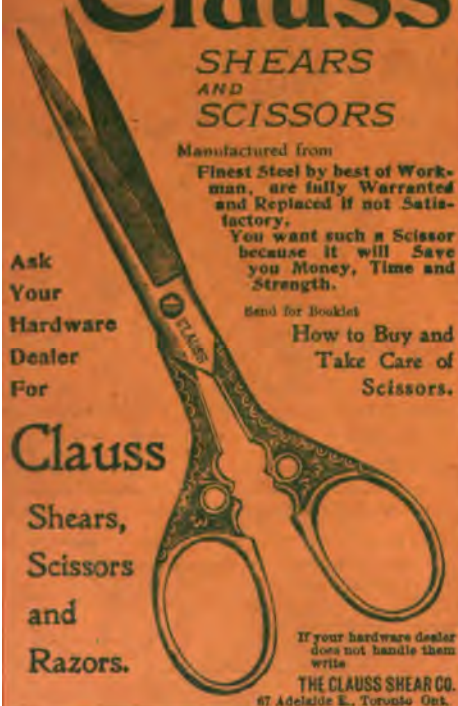

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THE RIDERS OF THE PLAINS.

A MORNING DRILL OF THE NORTH-WEST MOUNTED POLICE, AT REGINA, N.W.T.

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THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE

VOL. XIV FEBRUARY, 1900 No. 4

DAILY LIFE OF A PRIVATE SOLDIER.

PART I.—AT ALDERSHOT.

By Phil Wales.

IT was with somewhat trembling steps that I walked from the soldiers' institute, at Aldershot, to be examined in order to see if I was fit to serve in Her Majesty's army.

The ordeal of appearing before the doctor was not pleasant, but no doubt a necessary evil. Waiting in an anteroom, wearing *nothing* but a troubled look, on a somewhat cold day, does not tend to make one look forward to the future with much pleasure. All my friends had given their opinion and advice freely, and one old lady had begged of me, with tears in her eyes, not to forget, night and morning, to brush my teeth, afterwards adding, "You know, my dear boy, you have very nice teeth, and it would be such a pity if you did not attend to them, for I hear that soldiers never do." Poor old dear, she was very much shocked when I told her that I knew for a fact that, though Tommies did not actually *brush* their teeth, still they sand-papered them, once a week.

After going through the farce of testing my eyesight, and measuring my chest, the doctor described me in the register, and pronounced me more or less sane, and sound in wind and limb. I was then led off to the orderly room to be sworn in. It is all very well to say "Britons never shall be slaves," but when once you have taken the oath, and find it cannot be broken for seven years, without severe imprisonment, and nothing short of good hard cash will free you, you wonder if after all Britons are as free as they think themselves. However, I was determined to go through the whole routine, and gave my name, number of my brothers and sisters, ages of each, and all other necessary information.

WHERE HE LIVED.

My first test in the way of discipline was meeting the sergeant-major, to whom I had to say "sir." On seeing me come out of the orderly room, he advanced with military swagger, and asked me a question, no doubt to see how it would be answered; but I had been too well drilled before, and said "Yes sir." Even though there was a little pause between the two words, and I gave a little gulp at the "sir," still I said it.

The first thing that struck me on entering the barrack room was the abundance of fresh air blowing in, the beds arranged on each side, neatly made up, with the mattresses rolled, the sheets and brown blankets arranged with military precision, the former in the centre, folded in little oblong packets and bordered by the blankets, looking like large pieces of chocolate cream.

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One pair of boots, blacking brushes, one tin of blacking and another of pipe-clay were neatly placed under each bed, the clothes arranged with great exactness on the shelf above, straps and accoutrements hung on the string placed against the wall at the head of the bed, and the rifle placed in the rack. All this struck me with awe, for as I had not been very tidy in my room as a civilian, I foresaw discipline of a stern kind before me.

IN THE AWKWARD SQUAD.

During the first few days I had to wear my mufti and drill in it, feeling, of course, quite a mark for the other Tommies. Everything was done by clockwork. Reveille, known amongst Tommies as "revullee," sounded at six a.m.; all hands rose up, made beds, and then rushed for the washhouse, after which the toilet was completed, and early parade and drill followed at seven. After falling in and "dressed by the right," names were called over, "duty men" were dismissed, and the recruits marched off in different "squads," according to the stage of drill they were in, and put through the various exercises for expanding the chest and lengthening the legs. Being quite raw, I had my full benefit of the goose step, and soon got decidedly sick of balancing myself on one leg, after which, lowering my foot to the ground, I had to go through the same performance with the other. It was very much like what I have seen half-fledged cocks do in a farm yard, only not nearly so graceful. If it were not that I held a certificate, signed by the doctor, guaranteeing my sanity, I should certainly have had doubts on the point.

The sergeant was most irritating; he would shout out, "Now then you man, you there," pointing at me with scorn, "lift your leg 'igher, car'nt yer?" As my foot was at that moment almost raking the sky, and I was making wild clutches at the men on each side of me to keep myself from falling backwards, I do not see how I could have possibly lifted my leg any "'igher." Next came a series of exercises, where we were made to stand with our legs well apart, and knees bent, one arm revolving like the sails of a wind-mill, and the other moving as if in a boxing match; this was by way of teaching us independence of spirit, also developing our muscles, curing indigestion, coughs, colds and bronchitis; and giving us an appetite for breakfast, which was served at eight.

BREAKFAST.

Drill over, we hurried off to the barrack room, and fared sumptuously on a piece of bread and a bowl of tea. One could buy anything extra, for there were always plenty of people selling mysterious looking pats of butter, on the tops and sides of which could be read the news of the day, the impression left by sundry pieces of newspaper in which the butter had been wrapped. I always took great care to tear up all my letters, for fear they might be found, and so used. I did not like the idea of having my domestic affairs served on butter for the benefit of the British army.

"Peas all 'ot," chickens boiled and served in the shell, liver and bacon, and all manner of such like delicacies were brought to tempt the appetite and tickle the palate of the English Tommy.

Breakfast over, the orderly man for the day had to wash up and tidy the barrack room; each individual man, however, was responsible for the tidiness of his own corner, and immediately under his bed.

Great preparations were then made for the commanding officer's parade. I, not having any uniform yet, was able to look on and learn; the "old soldier" is quite a character, and worth keeping in with, for though each barrack room is in charge of a corporal or sergeant, he is often much more respected, though only a private.

Little rag bags were produced (veritable bags of mysteries), full of all sorts of odds and ends of rag, string, small bottles of acid, boxes of paste, and brushes, all to be used in cleaning the buttons and accoutrements, in or-

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der that Tommy might shine at the parade.

There is quite an art in mixing pipeclay, and that done by an old soldier always turns out the whitest belts, just as "elbow grease" always produces the best polish.

The parade was at eleven, and everybody had to look his best, or woe betide him; after all had been inspected, the unfortunate recruit was marched off for two more hours' drill and "physical exercise," then at one o'clock dismissed for dinner.

DINNER.

Meat, roast or stewed, was divided into equal portions, each man taking care that his neighbour should not have a particle more than himself.

Sometimes the menu was varied by soup, and on Sundays a pudding; *such* a pudding! My mouth still waters when I think of it! Rice, currants and sugar boiled in the same pot as the potatoes, the latter being taken out and eaten with the meat; what was left of the other ingredients was served as pudding, and much appreciated by the men. As the currants and rice were never washed the colouring and the flavour were peculiar.

Every day, except Saturday and Sunday, recruits drilled again at three o'clock; tea at four, the same food as at breakfast, and then liberty till nine, when the roll call was gone through, and any absentee promptly "crimed," and had up before orderly room next day. Standing passes were given out to the men with a good conduct badge, which could only be obtained after two years' service, and also to lance corporals and all non-commissioned officers, entitling them to be out till twelve.

HIS OUTFIT.

After a few days I was marched off to get my outfit, which consisted of one suit blue serge, known as "blue bottles," one red serge, and trousers with stripe, two pairs ammunition boots, one comb, one razor (made of hoop iron blunted for the occasion), one piece of soap, which had to be renewed at the Tommy's own expense, but never a tooth brush! The sandpaper had to be supplied by the men themselves!! Once a Tommy came to me for the loan of a tooth brush, as he was suffering from what he called "the teeth ache;" luckily I had an old one, which I had used for smoothing the blacking on my boots, which he accepted and used!

The first day I put my uniform on I naturally felt very self-conscious. That feeling soon wore off, and I was able to swagger down town with white cotton gloves and cane, feeling equal to anybody from the general downwards.

AS ORDERLY MAN.

In due time it came to my turn to be orderly man, and there were several little domestic duties which it would be quite unnecessary for me to mention here. I was responsible for the meals, seeing that those on guard had theirs regularly; also had to look after the barrack room, and report myself at the end of the day, giving over charge to the next man on the list. Drawing rations was quite a business, falling in in line, carrying a large pan, into which the meat, after it was weighed accurately, was placed and handed over to the cook. Bread and potatoes were issued in a similar manner.

Some of the "fatigues" I found most entertaining; "canteen fatigue" consisted in going to that favourite resort and mopping up all traces of the night's revelry, washing the pewter mugs and doing odd jobs. "Sergeant's mess fatigue;" sweeping out the mess, peeling potatoes, scouring saucepans, running errands for the cook, and finally being rewarded with a dinner given on the sly, consisting of meat cut in slices instead of blocks, and eaten with a four-pronged plated fork, and knife with a bone handle. "Coal fatigue" I found more arduous; it meant carrying buckets of coal backwards and forwards all the afternoon, and was a little monotonous; however, it had to be done, so it was of no use "growsing," that being Tommy's term for grumbling, and also one of his great

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privileges, in fact. If there were more men than they wanted for carrying the coals, the rest of us were put to sweep gutters—I became quite an expert.

HIS STRAW PILLOW.

The fatigue, par excellence, which I found most entertaining, was bed filling; there is so much variety and exercise about it. Chasing a runaway pillow case is really excellent sport. The first thing in the morning the mattress and pillows you had slept on had to be taken to the straw yard and emptied, the cases afterwards brought back to the room; after breakfast each man was made to carry as many soiled pillow cases and mattress covers as he could to the store. When a pillow has been used by a Tommy for three months without being changed, it is high time he had a new one; and I fully appreciated that fact when I came to carry my bundle. As it was very heavy, and I was not able to hold it at arm's length, I found that the simplest, and certainly the pleasantest way, was to tie a piece of string around it and lead it to the store where it was left, and firmly secured, preparatory to being boiled and washed. Clean cases were given in exchange, and filled with nice new straw, then taken back, the ends stitched up, and used for another three months. Next day all hands turned out with buckets and brooms to sweep up the straw which had been dropped the day before, and left by the sparrows. The work was hardly dignified, but no doubt excellent discipline.

Drills, fatigues, and various duties, made the time pass rapidly away, and in due time I was promoted to a rifle and "side arms." At first I found them both very awkward, the rifle seemed heavy, and the difficulties of shouldering it insurmountable. As for the bayonet, it was the plague of my life; in church I invariably sat on it, and on parade, more often than not, stuck it through the case instead of into it.

AS LANCE-CORPORAL.

After a few months I was made lance-corporal. I marched about feeling very proud, and duly weighed down by the weight of the little white stripe on my right arm. I had not yet, and in fact never did acquire, the Tommy Atkins favourite style of swagger costume known as a "square pushing" toilet. Trousers cut very tight at the knee and loose at the foot, cap cut down to a couple of inches, with a very high satin band and very long tails to it, ornamented with little holes of various shapes and sizes, looking as if the tails had been laid aside and become moth-eaten. Of course this was all strictly against regulations, and great were the battles fought on the subject of the length of the cap tails, a sergeant being posted where he could stop the men on their way to the town, and with a pair of scissors snip off two or more feet of superfluous tail. The length of the men's back hair was also a thing which had to be watched and checked.

In honour of my stripe I took a man down town and stood him a meal, during which he favoured me with a little lecture on etiquette. He told me that I should find myself getting very rough. That before he enlisted he was a blacksmith, and in consequence of the high circles of society he moved in (due to his position), his manners then were irreproachable, but that a few months after his enlistment, on one occasion whilst having tea with a lady friend of his, to his horror he found himself doing all sorts of things not recognized in good society. He gave me an illustration of his lecture by occasionally holding his knife by the centre of the blade, and picking his back teeth with the point. I never was an expert in using edged tools, consequently, however my manners had degenerated, I have never yet succeeded in operating on my teeth with a knife, though there is no knowing what I may yet be able to do with a little practice.

NEW DUTIES.

The duties of an orderly corporal consist in being at everybody's beck and call, from the colonel down to the

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last joined recruit, and then getting slanged afterwards for your pains. Many of the men refused to accept the stripe, whilst others resigned it shortly after receiving it, and certainly I didn't blame them. Confined to barracks for one week and responsible for every single thing connected with the company, first up in the morning and last to bed at night. If a man thought he had one potato or "spud" less than another, the wretched orderly corporal was at once hauled over the coals.

On one occasion, being positively distracted by the work, I quite forgot to take up some clothes to some one who was coming out of the hospital. Of course the wretched man could not come out without his trousers, so he complained, and I was at once "crimed," my friend the sergeant-major being delighted at the opportunity of doing so, for we did not love one another. Any one in the company wishing to "go sick," the orderly corporal was at once got hold of to march the victim off to hospital, having previously filled in an elaborate report in which his number and description had to be written ; the ailment he was suffering from and the medicine given was filled in afterwards by the doctor, so that an accurate account should be kept.

TOMMY HAS "PAINS."

Once I had to warn one of the men for some fatigue ; he immediately discovered that he was ill, and I had to make out a sick report and march him off to hospital, there to receive "medicine and duty" or be admitted, as the case might be ; in some cases the verdict was "duty," that, however, being equivalent to saying that the man was shamming, in which case he was punished. It took my friend all his time on the way to hospital to decide what malady he would complain of. I suggested several, but being an old hand he had already used them up on previous occasions, and so as we entered the hospital gates he decided on "pains," and composed his face accordingly. "Pains" is a very popular ailment of the Tommy ; it may mean a great deal but very often nothing, and it is very difficult for the doctor to decide, especially in this case, which, judging from the man's account of it, was a very heart-rending one ! He had pains of all sorts in every part of his body, and several to spare ; shooting pains in his head, gnawing pains in his knees, and a stitch in his side (a couple in his tongue would have been very excellent indeed). The doctor examined him carefully and could find nothing wrong, whereupon the patient produced his trump card in the shape of a blister on his toe which he had quite forgotten about. The most hard-hearted doctor could not resist such an appeal, and "medicine and duty" was given him.

A good many of the men took the medicine, and after leaving the room spat it out. This, however, was suspected by the apothecary, who gave one of them a very large dose of black draught, and as he turned to leave the room with pursed-up lips and bulging cheeks, called him back and asked him a question ; the answer was preceded by a terrible grimace and gulp, as the victim had first to swallow the stuff before being able to speak.

The bugle sounds are very puzzling at first, as they all seem alike, except the dinner bugle, which is generally learnt at once. I began to pick them out by degrees, and soon got to understand them, it being a case of "needs must."

AT THE REGIMENTAL SCHOOL.

The great drawback to my promotion was having to attend school; each lance-corporal was obliged to obtain a second class certificate given by the regimental school. So every afternoon I had the pleasure of marching off with a lot of little drummer boys, to be taught how much two and two made, and how many blue beans made five. After three months' careful training the examination took place and I came out with flying colours. Some of the questions were quite startling—

(1) Spell cat, rat and rot.

(2) If Johnnie has two apples and

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his sister has two apples, what is the result if they are brought together? State your answer in words.

I could think of no other result but that Johnnie would punch his sister's head and eat her apples as well as his own. I got full marks! The geography was rather more difficult, no one being able to say what river Madagascar was on.

IN THE GYMNASIUM.

The course of gymnastics was very exciting; after having had half our clothes torn off in the attempt to put on a pair of gymnastic shoes in a crowded room, we were marched before a drill instructor in whose august presence we trembled, for he could make it very unpleasant for us if he liked; here our arms and legs were carefully measured with a yard measure and the dimensions put down. In my case the matter was not difficult. Size around forearm three inches, upper arm three and a half inches, legs six inches (same shape the whole way down). After the course was over we were once more measured and in my case no difference whatever noticed except in my head, which was covered with bumps, due to its coming in contact with the floor and wall on various occasions.

SMELLS POWDER.

By degrees we were promoted from one thing to another, until finally it was decided that we were fit to use the rifle, having been previously drilled into taking careful aim, and the "rotatory motion of the bullet as it travelled through the *hair*" explained to us by a drill instructor. Before we were allowed to fire ball cartridges, we had to aim with a blank cartridge at an empty cartridge case placed on a stick. The recruit took careful aim at the stick at three yards distance and fired!

As we now had displayed so much skill, and smelt powder, it was considered safe to allow us to fire real bullets at real targets. Great were the preparations made for the event, and all sorts of rags used to pad the right shoulder with, in order to protect it from injury from the kicking of the rifle. Some of the men had been volunteers and others even militiamen, so they were great in their own ideas and looked down on the others with contempt. One big fellow swaggered off and took careful aim at a hundred yards, and, what's more, succeeded in hitting the target, but had not taken proper precautions in holding his rifle firmly enough, so it recoiled and struck him on the nose. His return was not quite so successful as his start, and he presented a poor sight, carrying his rifle in one hand and his nose in the other. When it came to firing at eight hundred yards great skill was required, for the slightest drop of the beastly rifle would cause peculiar results. It was decidedly humiliating, after carefully aiming at the bull's-eye, to see the turf torn up three yards in front of you, or the dust fly fifty yards to the right or left of the target. The remarks of the officer in charge, on those occasions, were apt to be a little personal.

Out at the range nearly all day, the appetite became somewhat sharpened, and the presence of a certain old man selling jam tarts and "fizzers" was always most welcome. The former, enormous things made of and filled with very doubtful materials, were bought at a half-penny each, and many a one have I eaten and enjoyed. The "fizzer" is a beverage concocted of a minute portion of sherbet mixed with a large quantity of water and stirred with a tin spoon, the flavour depending entirely on what the spoon had been last used for.

FIELD DAYS.

Field days we had plenty of, and many were the forts taken and attacks made. We returned to camp from the Long Valley with eyes and ears full of sand and rifle ditto. The Tommy on those occasions comes out strong, and he expresses his opinion on the subject very freely and in good solid English.

During one of the field days, fifty of us were picked out to do "gun escort."

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It meant that we were expected to be always on the spot to defend the guns whilst they were being loaded and fired (more easily said than done). If a sudden order was given for the artillery to advance to a particular spot some little distance off, we had to follow them on foot, taking short cuts, but invariably arriving just in time to hear them receive another order to retire to some other spot, and this went on pretty well the whole morning. I found racing about the Long Valley, with a head dress like a coal-scuttle, rather hot work.

OFF DUTY.

Tommy getting himself up for an afternoon's walk is quite a sight; when it comes to doing his hair his whole attention is fixed. Having carefully covered it over with a good lather of soap, the hair is accurately parted and one side well brushed down; the cap then placed on the head one inch over the right eyebrow, and the other half of the hair brushed over the edge of it, thus forming what they call a "quiff."

When on guard it was often interesting to listen to the various experiences related whilst doing "sentry go," each one having some remarkable tale to tell. Quite the most ghastly amongst them I heard, was of one man who was doing sentry over a mortuary in India during a cholera epidemic. There happened to be a body in the mortuary at the time, and the sentry hearing a noise, looked round and saw what he thought to be the dead man struggling to get through the window; he at once deserted his post and rushed to the guard room, telling them what he had seen. On going to the place it was discovered that the man had been taken there whilst in the collapse which often follows cholera. Regaining consciousness in this awful place he called for help, and not being able to make himself heard, tried to get out with the result mentioned.

CORPORAL OF THE GUARD.

The corporal of the quarter guard generally had a pretty lively time of it, for besides having to post the sentry every two hours, if there were any prisoners in the guard room, they generally took it in turn to demand something, either a drink of water or anything, as long as it gave any annoyance or trouble to the wretched corporal. I certainly didn't blame them, for I would have done exactly the same thing if I had been a prisoner. On one occasion I was put in charge of a guard over the lunatics. Regimental lunatics are somewhat difficult to manage. Some of them were really mad and were waiting to be discharged; others again were only pretending and were invariably madder than the genuine ones.

The rules were, not to allow any one in the garden before ten, and to make them all come in by three; the result was that at *half-past nine* a free fight was going on between the guard and the lunatics, to prevent them from going out, and at a *quarter-past four*, another free fight was going on in the garden to make the men come in. One having climbed a tree, on being politely requested to come down, threatened to crush our brains out with the heel of his boot. Half my afternoon was spent in following one lunatic, who was trying his skill and my temper by racing up and down the garden attempting to catch sparrows; as he had not provided himself with any salt to put on their tails, he was not successful, and my anxiety was for fear that in the excitement of the chase he would suddenly climb over the hedge and disappear down the town. He had given grave doubts during the day as to the pureness of his insanity. At night I had to sleep in the ward with some of them and keep the key in my pocket—by no means a pleasant position to be in.

However, next morning the new guard relieved us and I was thankful to return to camp whole, and to know that portions of my brain were not adorning the heel of the man's boot.

HE MARCHES PAST.

The Duke of Cambridge announced his intention of holding an inspection, so great preparations were made and

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numerous drills gone through for the grand march past, which was to take place in the Long Valley. Unfortunately I was tall, and generally took the left of the company, thereby coming well under the colonel's eye when passing the saluting point. Whilst marching past during one of these rehearsals, with head erect and knees well stiffened, a huge fly came and settled right on the end of my nose; it was of no use trying to blow it off, it only held on all the tighter. Of course, under the circumstances I could not walk as straight as usual, and great was the colonel's wrath.

Judging distance was very difficult; we were made to judge by sound, sometimes. A rifle was fired off at a certain distance and the officer, having explained carefully the rate at which sound and sight travelled, told us to count the number of seconds between seeing the flash and hearing the report. All this was, of course, listened to very carefully, and sundry guesses made, varying from five hundred yards to three miles, the men generally very much surprised when they found that the distance was only a hundred yards.

THE COLONEL.

Our colonel was always spoken of as "Old Johnnie" and his wife known as "Julia"; one of the men in our company was a servant of "Old Johnnie's" and entertained us vastly with little accounts of the way he shaved in the mornings. The colonel's charger was known as "Blue Peter" and his antics in the Long Valley when, on Her Majesty's birthday, the *feu-de-joie* was fired, or "feejeewah" as the Tommies called it, caused a great deal of amusement.

They were much interested in my supposed history, one report being that I was a cashiered officer from some cavalry regiment (the sight of me on a horse would certainly have dispelled that illusion, unless my having been cashiered was due to my riding). Another report stated for a fact that I had a wife and large family, whilst one man recognized in me the near relative of a well-known shoemaker. Each one was positive of the truth of his own statement. On returning from a few days' pass one of the men, hearing that I had been staying with my sister, grew interested and was anxious to know what my sister was doing and whether she was "in service." I explained to him that though she had not a place yet there was no knowing what she might do.

DEAD DOG FATIGUE.

For the benefit of the uninitiated let me explain that when a fatigue party meets an officer it is the duty of the non-com. in charge to give the order, "Fatigue, eyes right," or left as the case may be, having previously called the men to attention, whilst he himself salutes with his hand.

A young newly-made lance-corporal was in charge of a party of men whose savory duty it was to remove the various drowned animals out of the canal before the bathing season began, and seeing two officers coming towards him, one on each side of the canal, got bewildered and somewhat startled the company by giving the order, "Dead dog fatigue, eyes outwards!"

Part II. will appear in March.

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FRENCH CANADA AND CANADA.*

By Errol Bouchette.

THIS paper, which may give rise to some interesting discussion, as it will be found out of harmony with the views of some writers, was suggested by a paragraph in the March number of the CANADIAN MAGAZINE, in which the following is quoted from Mr. Greenough's *Canadian Folk-Life and Folk-Lore*, as a description of the French Canadian:

"His wants are few and his tastes are of the simplest, so that he manages to feed his numerous children, pay his dues to Church and State, and have a decent suit of clothes for Sundays and holidays. He must be very poor indeed if he cannot make a respectable appearance at church. It is a matter of religion with him. He works less steadily and with less intelligence than the New Englander, but is twice as well satisfied with what he gets, and probably quite as happy and contented. He makes but little progress in any direction, but feels not the slightest uneasiness on that account."

It is not intended here to criticize Mr. Greenough's work. It was written among the primitive backwoodsmen of Portneuf, in whose midst he has resided quite a time and to whom he has shown much kindness and sympathy, but this particular paragraph appears to me to embody a fallacy which it is important to set right. It describes a quiet, law-abiding, but backward and even fossilized people, whose quaint manners and customs, for ages unchanged, are of special interest to the poet and writer of fiction, and whose dreamy existence reminds one of certain old towns of central Europe,

"Where brooding darkness spreads his jealous wings,"

and where it appears to the traveller that the world has stood still.

Many authors before Mr. Greenough have so described the French-Canadian people. These works, as a rule, are not devoid of a certain pastoral freshness which captivates the reader. But to the student of Canadian history, to the statesman who has been in touch with the different elements of our population, to the citizen who anxiously watches the development of our national life, it should be apparent that no such people as is above described exists in our country. Nor is it in the interest of Canada that the false impression that any such does exist should be allowed to take root.

The bulk of the population of Canada is derived from two elements; the United Empire Loyalists, who settled principally in Ontario, and the French Canadians, whose home is Quebec. It is to-day clearly established that as the former have sprung from the very best and purest British stock, so are the latter descended from the best and most honourable blood of France. We are not, thank God, the offsprings of indiscriminate immigration, and we are justly proud of our forefathers. But if it were true of *one half of the Canadian nation* "that they make but little progress in any direction, and feel not the slightest uneasiness on that account," the situation would indeed be serious, and our pride of origin, like that of the Spanish Dons, would only make our inevitable weakness and decay the more disgraceful.

Happily, however, such is far from being the case. Canada is vigorous and progressive; and, speaking more particularly of the French Canadians,

* This article was written and sent to THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE before the recent dicussions concerning the loyalty of the French Canadians.—EDITOR.

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it seems clear to me that very far from being dreamy and fossilized, no more active, vigorous, expansive and ambitious people have established themselves on the American continent. In them are to be found most of the sturdy qualities of the Anglo-Saxon, as described in Demolins' remarkable work on the superiority of the Anglo-Saxon race, and indeed they have done as Anglo-Saxons do. Scarce 60,000 at the beginning of the century, they number to-day over 2,000,000. They were then almost wholly illiterate, to-day they are an educated people, well to the front, as Sir John Bourinot remarks, in literature, art and professional pursuits. Their forefathers being for the most part soldiers* and mere improvised farmers, they were primitive in their agricultural methods, but they remained on the soil and to-day they are actually competing with the splendid agriculturists of Ontario. They knew nothing of commerce and possessed no capital, to-day they constitute an important factor in the commercial wealth of the country; as pioneers they are unrivalled. They have, moreover, proved that they can do their own thinking, and while sincerely attached to their religious convictions, do not bow blindly to the dictates of the Church. All these facts need no proof, because they exist before our eyes and are currently referred to as matters of course; and they indicate an active, vigorous and enlightened element, of which Canada has no cause to be ashamed.

But with all these qualities, were the French Canadians, as is so often taken for granted, on account of their language, *an alien race*, divided by their interests, institutions and aspirations, as by a gulf, from the rest of the people, they might still be considered as a source of serious weakness to this community. Such an idea would be entirely contrary to the real state of things. Without considering the mere blood affinities which must and which do exist between the descendants of two small groups who have grown up side by side and together become a nation, it will, it is thought, become apparent, to any one who studies the question, that British ideas and institutions, as they are understood and followed here, are the very essence of the life of French-Canada. Their whole history since one hundred years proves it; their position in the community proves it; and their manners and customs, in spite of the agreeable fictions of folk-lore authors, prove it also.

An alien race in a country may be described as one which, while residing in that country, refuses to harmonize and make common cause with the people thereof, rejects their manners and customs, and submits to their laws only under compulsion. The tribes of Israel in Assyrian bondage are a good example of an alien race. The Gypsies in Europe, the Jews in Russia, the Boers at the Cape, are instances in point. In the United States large portions of the population think and speak in German, others in French; a considerable proportion are Irish, and the love they profess for the home of their ancestors is certainly not unworthy of admiration, yet none of these can be considered as alien races. They may differ from the majority and among themselves in language and in blood, yet all are citizens of the United States, participants in the framing of its laws, upholders of its constitution and defenders of its soil.

On the other hand, men of the same race inhabiting different countries, may be alien to one another. The Celt of Great Britain and the Celt of France are aliens with respect to each other; but in Great Britain the Celt is not alien to the Saxon, nor are, in France, the Celt and Frank alien to the Latin, who inhabits the more southern part of that country. The Anglo-Saxons of England and those of the United States already form distinct ethnological groups. The reason of this is

* The original settlers were not soldiers from regular regiments, but peasants. They were, however, soldiers *de facto*, being constantly armed against the Indians and the American colonists, and incorporated in irregular militia corps.

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that, inhabiting different countries during several generations, their habits, modes of life, institutions and aspirations have become different.

Let us now examine whether the English and French people of Canada are alien or akin as regards their history, their interests, their national institutions and aspirations.

Nothing will be found more interesting to the student of ethnology than the history of the French-Canadians since two centuries, that is, from the time when they first became separated from the parent stock. It is a notable fact, historically established by Mr. Benjamin Sulte in the papers he is now publishing in England, under the auspices of the British Association, that almost from the inception they were considered in France as a separate people distinguished by the name of Canadians. At the conquest, the population of Lower Canada was slightly under 60,000 souls. It was not an immigrant population, but had settled in the country since at least a century. This we know because the people of Quebec are probably the only one in existence to-day possessing an authentic record of almost every family composing it. Abbé Tanguay's Dictionary is, I believe, in this respect unique. Mr. Sulte has proved that when French immigration to Canada ceased, about 1675, by order of the king, there were in the country, including men, women and children, not more than 6,000 souls. All the rest is natural increase.

This is how it happened, that while Wolfe had to contend against French regiments specially brought over for the war, Murray, the first British Governor, found a population distinct from that of France, having habits and modes of life suited to the country and of a remarkably hardy spirit, for, almost to a man, they had borne arms and fought for existence against the fierce Indian tribes, when not engaged in expeditions against the American colonies, not to mention their scarce less dangerous contests against the giants of the primeval forest. Beyond this rural population, and distinct, though sometimes recruited from it, were the *coureurs de bois*, hunters, pioneers and guides, more useful in troubled times than in peace, having, in the stronger frame of the white man, the restless spirit of the Indian.

I have said that at that period (1760) the people had already acquired the habits and modes of life suited to the climate of this country. These have become with us so much a matter of course that we can scarcely realize what a difficult problem was life in Canada to the first Europeans. If the sufferings of the first settlers in the more southern colonies were great, as we know they were, what must it have been with those who had to face unprepared the conditions of the Canadian winter! And indeed we find that the first who came from France to Canada, being men accustomed to live in cities, were totally unable to cope with the climate, and that the greater number of them actually died. The real pioneers and settlers were the sons of farmers from Picardy, Perche, Beauce and Normandy. They, and more especially the group from Perche, "came over married, bringing their farm implements, cattle, etc., and in less than two years after their arrival had conquered the soil . . " (*Sulte, Customs and Habits of the Earliest Settlers of Canada. Appendix II, Ethnological Survey of Canada.*) The British settlers who came to Canada after the conquest naturally adopted the habits and mode of life which had recommended themselves to their predecessors after the experience of a century. These British settlers rapidly identified themselves with their French fellow-countrymen, to-day many of their descendants speak nothing but French. (The most remarkable instance of this is the settlement of Murray Bay.) They taught them many things of which they were ignorant, to them is in a measure attributable the facility with which the "habitant" has always understood and

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practised constitutional government. They learnt from them on the other hand to brave the climate and face the snow-drift in winter, tap the sugar maple in the spring and haul out the timber on the snow. The national costume was adopted without distinction of race, so that the blanket coat and bright sash have become to us almost as the kilt and sporran to the Scot. When the United Empire Loyalists settled in Ontario (their first settlements were not, according to the authority I have before me, anterior to 1783), they found there a few older settlements which had extended there from the Lower Province, and naturally followed the example of the more experienced. By the gradual evolution promoted by all these circumstances, so many points of similarity have been established between the two main limbs of the national tree as to make them both distinctively Canadian, and impart even to the lesser branches something of the same characteristics.

We shall next see how the French Canadians behaved under British rule and how they appreciated British institutions.

The conquest was confirmed by treaty and Canada at length knew peace. French officialdom returned to France and was replaced by English officials scarce less objectionable, for Britain had not yet learned her great lesson in colonial policy, although it must be added that England's errors in this respect were never so gross as those of France and especially Spain. The people at first paid little attention to their new rulers. They did not regret French rule; on the contrary they were well pleased to be rid of the exactions of Bigot, who had disgraced the former regime and ruined the country. The long wars had well-nigh exhausted them, and while recruiting their strength and modest fortunes, they continued their peaceful conquest of the forest. Every step forward was marked by a church around which was grouped a village; so had it been before, so has it been from that time to this, so may it be for many generations to come. Patient, steady progress, individual initiative and self-reliance, such are the qualities which have distinguished the founders of the Canadian nation of one or the other race.

Fifteen years later broke out the American Revolution. In that war the people of Lower Canada took little part. Their sympathies were with the British, because the American colonies were old enemies, because they felt in their isolation that Britain was their true support, because they looked upon Sir Guy Carleton as a friend. It was he who said of them that they were a nation of gentlemen (*un peuple gentilhomme*); but their wounds were still unhealed. Their sailors, however, from the Lower St. Lawrence and Gulf, helped to man our warships on the river and the lakes. It was a Canadian boat's crew who rowed Carleton from Sorel to Quebec, running the gauntlet of the American army. Then took service Frederic Rolette, who fought at Trafalgar, one of the heroes of the Lakes whose statues must one day ornament the lake front of Toronto.

The people were spectators of the struggle, but the lesson of the war was not lost upon them, for from that period dates the long and ardent constitutional struggle which culminated in the upheaval of 1837 and the final granting of constitutional government to United Canada. It must not be forgotten that one of the direct consequences of the American Revolution was the formation of the province of Upper Canada through the influx of the United Empire Loyalists, who became, through force of circumstances and without any preconcerted understanding, the models and support of Lower Canada in the agitation for constitutional liberties.

It is especially this long agitation which shows how permeated are the people of Lower Canada with the ideas of British constitutional liberty. It is most curious to observe how the stead-

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fastness of purpose of so small a group forced conviction at length upon a great Empire and thus contributed to the framing of a policy of which we to-day behold the glorious results. On perusing the history of that period, it will be seen that the representatives of the people took their stand as British subjects pure and simple, and claimed the right of British subjects to tax themselves and dispose of their own revenues. Such was the sum and substance of their revendications. The same process of fermentation, if such an expression may be used, was, at the same time, in a different manner, but with similar results, going on in Upper Canada, so that the Canadian provinces seem, even at that early date, to have felt what Kipling has recently so beautifully expressed.

Once only was the agitation interrupted, and that by the war of 1812. As proof of the progress made, the whole nation turned out to defend the frontier. Those were memorable days for Canada. Britain could not help us as efficiently as would be possible to-day, yet, contending against great odds, Canadians, among whom stand out prominent the names of Brock and De Salaberry, everywhere repulsed the invader.

Then came the events of 1837, which are not yet very far from us. They have been so diversely judged that they are evidently not yet properly understood, and that page of our history will, I believe, have to be re-written. Whatever may be our opinion concerning them, the historical fact remains that they were immediately followed by a change in the colonial policy of Great Britain, its first effect being the granting to this country of responsible government, which was the goal that Canadians desired to reach, and of which we trust not to have proved unworthy.

What has been the history of the Lower Canadian group since it has attained a political status favourable to national development? Numerical increase is of little import, if not accompanied by notable progress in other respects; civilization and wealth are more necessary to nations than numbers. The foundation of civilization and wealth is in agriculture and education. We must, therefore, see what French Canadians have done for the cultivation of their soil and of their minds. It does not come within the limits of this article to find out that they are more or less progressive than their neighbours, but merely to state facts tending to prove that they are in the race, competing with and emulating other Canadians, in which case they may sometimes be behind and sometimes ahead.

In 1840, they had not penetrated as yet very far into the interior of the country, colonization was slow, and appeared so especially when the progress made was traced on a map of the Province. In order to promote more rapid colonization of the northern lands, the following plan was carried out by the Provincial Government:— The construction of three parallel railway lines to the north of the St. Lawrence; the first extending along the river bank, from Quebec to Ottawa; the second running through the fertile belt beyond the Laurentides; the third connecting Lake Temiscamingue with Lake St. John. The first, built by the Provincial Government, was called the North Shore Railway, and now forms part of the Canadian Pacific system, having been purchased by the Company; the second, built by two companies and with Government subsidies, is known as the Lower Laurentian and Great Northern, and being connected with Parry Sound will also be of importance for purposes of transcontinental transportation; the third trunk line is surveyed and located, but not yet built. These lines are connected by a number of other lines gradually extending north as the work of settlement progresses. These are already completed from Quebec to Lake St. John, and from Ottawa to Lake Temiscamingue. Between these two points many other railways are gradually forging

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their way northward over mountain and through forest. All along this network permanent establishments are founded of sufficient importance to furnish paying traffic, and settlement has extended into northern Ontario, in the west, and beyond the Upper Saguenay in the east. It has been discovered that the intervening mountains, so long an impediment to colonization, contained in their innumerable water-power a source of wealth far more important than that of the Klondike. This century is the age of steam, but the 20th century will be the age of electricity, and nowhere can it be generated with more power and less cost than in the Laurentian water-sheds. Already the mountains are dotted with electrical factories, chiefly pulp so far. Villages have grown there, and one two-year-old town, Grand-mere, has a population of over three thousand souls. So that the efforts made by French Canada for the sole purpose of promoting agriculture will bring industrial prosperity as well. In all the other accessible portions of the Province of Quebec the same work is in progress, although not on a scale quite so extensive. It is in this way that the Gaspé peninsula has been opened to settlers, also the valley of the Chaudiere, and many parts of the eastern townships. All the leading minds of the Province have helped and encouraged the movement, and foremost among them may be mentioned Curé Labelle, called the Apostle of Colonization.

A glance at the agricultural statistics of the Province will show that the work has been fruitful. Let us take as an instance the Dairying Industry, which scarcely existed in the Province some twenty years ago. The Commissioner of Agriculture, in his Report for 1897, gives the following information :—

CENSUS RETURNS.

		Butter.		Cheese.	
		No. of Factories.	Yield.	No. of Factories.	Yield.
1880	Ontario	23	$212,480	551	$4,668,078
	Quebec	22	124,698	140	739,105
1890	Ontario	45	$300,113	893	$7,269,225
	Quebec	111	555,932	617	2,362,595

"Since that date," continues the Commissioner, "we have no official figures to guide us exactly; but the enormous increase in the number of our factories, as stated by the Dairymen's Association in 1895, namely, a total of 307 creameries and 1,469 cheeseries, leads me to believe that as regards butter, we make now three times as much as Ontario produces, and almost as much cheese." It need not be stated here that a flourishing dairy industry means general agricultural prosperity.

Evidence of progress is also to be found in the statistics of education, which is equal in importance to agriculture. There were, in 1896, according to the report of the Superintendent of Public Instruction, in the primary and model schools and academies, 297,328 pupils, showing an increase of nearly 60,000 in fifteen years. It is interesting to note that of these, 59,000 children whose mother tongue is French, are learning English; while 22,000 English-speaking children are learning French. There were 18 Roman Catholic colleges for boys, with a student population of 5,399, of whom 2,411 were following a classical course and the remainder a commercial course; 3 Protestant colleges with a student population of 99; four universities, including McGill; schools of art and design, polytechnic and dairying schools, all well attended.

The forward movement of French Canada is now apparent in every walk of life, in many of which they are paying Ontario the compliment implied by imitation, thus attesting their anxiety to emulate their Anglo-Saxon fellow-countrymen in those qualities of commercial activity which have caused the race to overrun the world. There are no terse figures to support this, although with time and study conclusive statistics could, I am convinced, be obtained; but the truth of the observation will be borne out by the experience of all business men who have come in contact with the French-Canadian element. By all these it will be

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conceded that French Canada has been making good use of the time since Confederation and that its future possibilities are great.

The question may now be asked, is there no feeling of antagonism between the two grown-up groups? Of course there is, and there must be; but that they are not inimical to each other, that they feel that they are one nation to-day, is proved by their relations with each other. It is significant that everything tending to a rapprochement between the two groups has succeeded and become permanent, while all attempts to array race against race have utterly failed. Representatives of both groups have settled down side by side in very many parts of Canada, and in every case have become friends. The notorious failure of those men, both in Ontario and Quebec, who have attempted success by appeals to race and religion, is present to all minds. Either they found no following, or a moment of apparent success was followed by a startling downfall. These men, as is well known, were not mere mischief-makers. Most of them, however mistaken, were no doubt sincere, many of them were highly gifted. But the Canadian people refused to follow them.

The events connected with the North-West Rebellion give a good insight into the temper of the Canadian people. This was really a race and religion question, and there was the greatest divergency of opinion in the two large provinces over it. In Ontario, the half-breeds were regarded as dangerous rebels, unworthy of mercy; in Quebec they were held to be victims struggling for their rights. Yet Quebec felt so strongly that, right or wrong, the rebellion must be nipped in the bud, that, when the French Canadian regiments were called to the front, the recruiting stations were besieged by men anxious to enrol and encouraged to do so by their fathers, who were none the less determined to agitate in favour of those whom their sons were marching to suppress. And when, subsequently, the execution of Riel, the Jesuits' Estates and other vexed questions, which happened to crop up just at that time, created what appeared to be a dangerous agitation in Ontario and Quebec, a man raised his voice and spoke words of peace in both provinces. He was not in political life, he bore a French name. He was much respected, and he placed reliance in the common sense of his fellow-countrymen. He was listened to with attention, his words carried conviction, and the agitation died out. But he could not have accomplished what he did had the hearts of the people been in the strife.

When we come to the personal relations of man to man, I do not think there can be pointed out any instance of serious friction between Anglo-Saxon and French Canadian since Confederation. Our Irish fellow-citizens, reminiscent of the glorious days of Donnybrook Fair, have occasionally flourished the shillalah with too much energy, but that has nothing to do with the relations of the two large groups. Sir George Cartier said of the French Canadians that they are Englishmen speaking French. It would be more correct to say that they are *Britishers* speaking French. Of late years they have grown more cosmopolitan, being more in touch with the outside world, and also more intensely Canadian, because the more they see the more they appreciate their own country. They love the art and literature of France, but have no love for French methods or government nor for Frenchmen individually. French mannerisms grate upon their nerves. Proud as they are of their French origin, they object to be referred to as "French," especially when the term is used by a certain portion of the press that devotes more time than it should to the business of pin pricking; they feel that they are not French, but Canadian. They can stand criticism and of course frequently deserve it, but they resent that style of criticism which affects to set them apart from the rest of the people. All these traits which distin-

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guish the French Canadian of to-day, are indicative of a national spirit which never yet existed in an alien or an unprogressive race.

These remarks, incomplete and cursory as they necessarily must be, will yet, it is hoped, be sufficient for the object in view, which is to prove that there is no curious phenomenon of fossilization in any portion of the Canadian population, and that there is no alien race amongst us. I may add here my conviction that if every historical event of the last hundred years were taken up and studied separately, it would strengthen the position I have taken. We are really one people composed of two elements, who share the same interests and aspirations, whose existence side by side gives our nation its chief and most attractive characteristic, whose dissimilarities are a source not of weakness but of strength, because they agree in all fundamental principles of government and social life, while affording every opportunity for healthy emulation. It seems to me that every page of our common history points to this conclusion, and that it is one which every Canadian should endeavour to promote and foster.

WINONA.

HERE, by the margin of Winona Lake,
(Still, haunted lake,)
Sad spirits weave their languorous spells,
Their fitful spells,
And melancholy music make.

The winds that blow upon Winona crest,
(Scarred, riven crest,)
Float hither in soft murmurous sighs,
In sobs and sighs,
Then slowly sink to rest.

Glorious doth rise and set Winona's sun,
(Red, lurid sun !)
Beauteous her glades, and sweet the song of birds,
The twittering birds,
From dawn till day is done.

But fearsome shades enswathe Winona's cave ;
(The Dead Man's cave.)
A few white bones, and a rusty knife,
A blood-stained knife,—
No epitaph, nor grave.

And men fear to tread by Winona's shore,
(Fair, desolate shore !)
By day 'tis Night, by night 'tis Hell,
Dreadful as Hell !
Curséd for evermore !

R. Stanley Weir.

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MILITARY PICTURE SERIES.

MILITARY PICTURE SERIES, NO. 8.—MAJOR GIROUARD, THE CANADIAN ENGINEER WHO WON FAME IN EGYPT AND WAS MADE DIRECTOR-GENERAL OF ALL THE EGYPTIAN RAILWAYS. HE IS NOW IN SOUTH AFRICA WITH GENERAL BULLER'S STAFF.

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MILITARY PICTURE SERIES, NO. 9.—LORD KITCHENER OF KHARTOUM, WHO HAS JUST ARRIVED IN SOUTH AFRICA AS CHIEF OF STAFF TO LORD ROBERTS.

From "Present Day Egypt," by permission of "The Century Co."

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THE PHOTOGRAPHS FROM WHICH THE NINE FOLLOWING DRAWINGS WERE MADE, WERE TAKEN BY MR. SIMONSKI, SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT FOR THE MONTREAL HERALD. THE FIRST SHOWS MAJOR DRUMMOND AS HE APPEARED WHILE INSPECTING THE FIRST PARADE WITH ARMS. THE SECOND IS THE ARMORER'S SHOP WITH THE GRINDSTONES FOR SHARPENING BAYONETS.

THE SOLDIERS TAKING THEIR MORNING BATH IN THE TROPICS.

THE DECK WAS THE BATH-TUB AND THE WATER WAS SUPPLIED THROUGH A HOSE.

MILITARY PICTURE SERIES, NO. 10.—WITH THE FIRST CANADIAN CONTINGENT ON BOARD THE SARDINIAN.

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LAYING OUT THE DAY'S WORK.

(a) COLONEL OTTER AND OTHER OFFICERS.

(b) TRIAL OF THE STEWARD WHO WAS FOUND GUILTY OF PURLOINING REGIMENTAL STORES AND SELLING THEM BY COLONEL OTTER.

(c) EXERCISING OFFICERS' HORSES.

MILITARY PICTURE SERIES, NO. 11 —ON BOARD THE SARDINIAN.

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A DECK SCENE—THE FOUR NURSES MAKING HOSPITAL BANDAGES TO PROTECT THE VACCINATION ON THE MEN'S ARMS.

MAJOR ROGERS TAKES A LESSON FROM MISS POPE.

COLONEL LESSARD AND MAJOR CARTWRIGHT ON THE TOP OF THE WHEEL-HOUSE.

MILITARY PICTURE SERIES, NO. 12.—WITH THE CANADIAN CONTINGENT ON BOARD THE SARDINIAN.

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MILITARY PICTURE SERIES NO. 13.—THE COOLIE STALLS, MARSHALL SQUARE, JOHANNESBURG.

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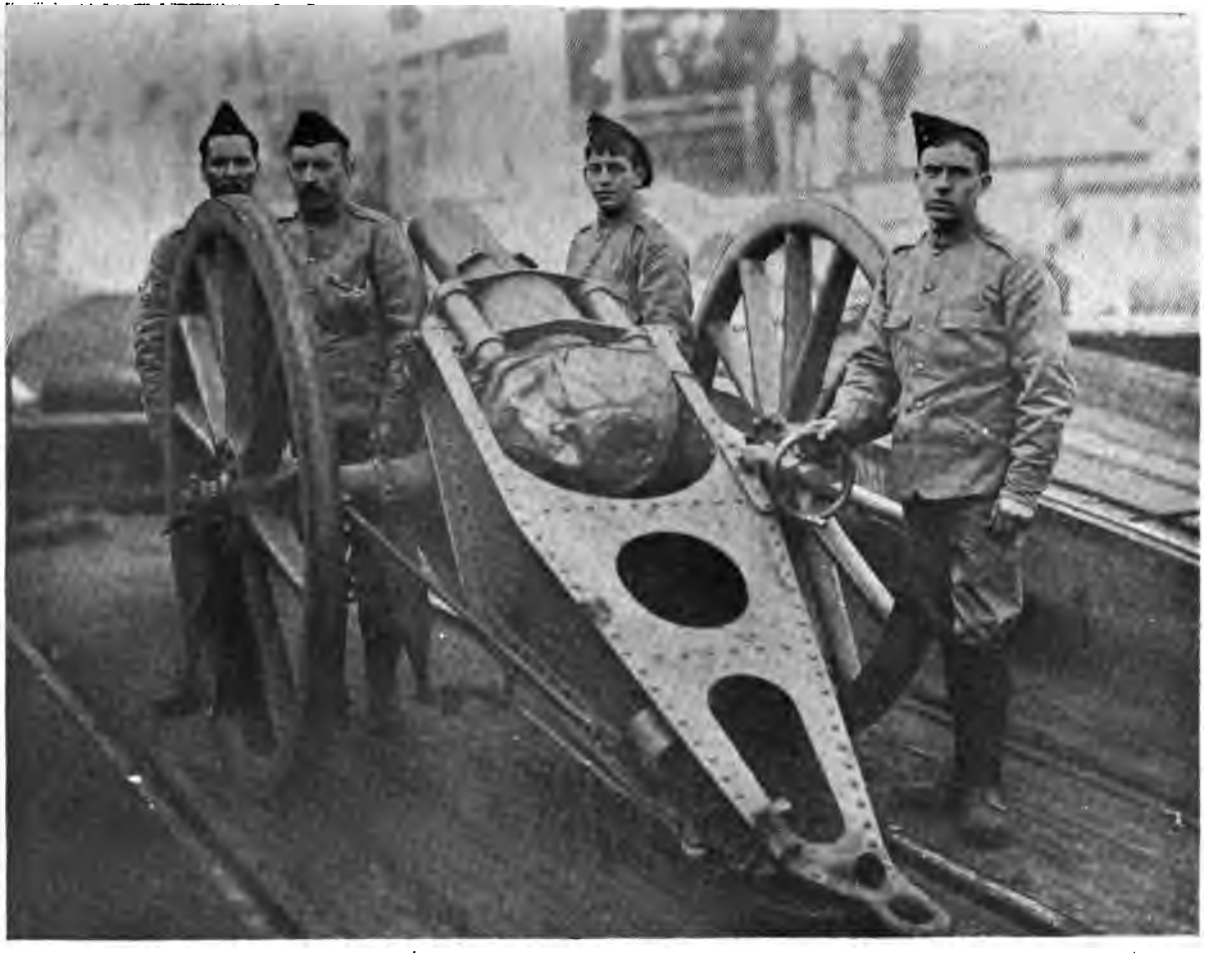

MILITARY PICTURE SERIES, NO. 14.—A HOWITZER GUN.

These excellent guns are now arriving in South Africa.—There are none of them in Canada so far as is known.

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FROM A RECENT PHOTOGRAPH.

FIELD-MARSHALL LORD ROBERTS.

LORD ROBERTS OF KANDAHAR.

By T. E. C.

"The beau-ideal of a soldier, cool to conceive, brave to dare, and strong to do.

THE sentence just quoted is the opening portion of the epitaph inscribed upon the stone marking the last resting-place of Lieutenant-Colonel Fred Mackeson, who met his death in India more than forty-six years ago, from a wound inflicted by a religious fanatic.

It was a just tribute to a gallant soldier, and true as it was of Mackeson, it is equally true of Frederick Sleigh, Baron Roberts of Kandahar and Wa-

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terford, who has just assumed the post of Commander-in-Chief of the British forces in the Transvaal.

Lord Roberts is the distinguished son of an almost equally distinguished father, namely, General Sir Abraham Roberts, G.C.B. The last named was a son of the Rev. John Roberts, of Waterford, Ireland, and grandson of John Roberts, who, in his day, attained great celebrity as an architect. Sir Abraham was born in Ireland, April 11th, 1784, and in 1801, at the age of seventeen, entered the Waterford militia. In 1803 he was gazetted to an ensigncy in the 48th Foot, and was transferred to the service of the Honourable East India Company in 1804. He served under Lord Lake in his Indian campaign in 1805, and again under Sir William Richards in 1814-15, and was Brigadier-General in the first Afghan war of 1838-42. He was repeatedly mentioned in despatches, and was noted not only for his calm and steadfast courage in the field, but for his sagacity and ever-ready watchfulness to guard against difficulties and surmount them when they occurred. He was created K.C.B. in 1865, and G.C.B. in 1873. He died at Clifton, near Bristol, in December, 1873.

THE LATE GENERAL SIR ABRAHAM ROBERTS, G.C.B.
From a Photograph loaned by Dr. R. A. Pyne, M.PP., Toronto.

Another son of John Roberts, a brother of Sir Abraham, was Admiral Sir Samuel Roberts, who has a direct connection with Canadian history and the War of 1812. When war was declared by the United States against Great Britain, Captain Roberts, as he was then, was stationed at Isle St. Joseph on the Upper Lakes. He was ordered by General Brock to organize an expedition against Fort Mackinac, then in possession of the United States. In accordance with orders, Captain Roberts, with about one hundred and seventy voyageurs, and some fifty soldiers of the 41st Regiment, proceeded by batteaux through Lake Huron, to the Straits of Mackinac. When he arrived before the Fort he summoned its occupants to surrender, and they, seeing the utter futility of resistance, did so without striking a blow, or the loss of a single life.

Captain Samuel Roberts subsequently rose to become an Admiral, and for his many services to his country, received the honour of knighthood. He was born in July, 1785, and died in December, 1848.

Lord Roberts of Kandahar, the son and nephew of the gallant soldier and the sailor just spoken of, was born September 30, 1832, in Cawnpore, India, and when about three years of age was sent home to England for his education.

He was educated first at Eton,

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then at the Royal Military College, Sandhurst, and, finally at Addiscombe, that once famous training school for youths whose destination was India. Young Roberts entered the military service of the H.E.I.C. as a subaltern in the Bengal Artillery in 1851, and was for some time employed in addition to his regimental duties, as A.D.C. to his father, Sir Abraham Roberts, then commanding the Peshawar division of the Indian Army.

When the Indian Mutiny broke out Lieutenant Roberts was appointed *D.A.Q.M.G. of Artillery, and was present at the siege and finally the capture of Delhi on September 20th, 1857. On July 14th previously, during the continuance of the siege, Roberts was wounded, and on September 14th he had his horse shot under him. At the fight which took place at Bolundshur he again had his horse shot, and yet again during the action at Kunoj did he lose his horse, it being sabred as he rode, by a mutineer.

It was on January 2nd, 1858, that Roberts won the most coveted of all military distinctions, that "For Valour," the Victoria Cross. It was thus: the battle of Khotagunge had been fought and victory rested with the British. Roberts saw in the distance two Sepoys going away with a standard. The dashing young subaltern, as he then still was, put spurs to his horse and rode after the men, coming up to them just as they were about to enter a village. They turned round and presented their muskets at Roberts, and one of them attempted to fire, but the cap failed to explode. Immediately he was cut down by Roberts and the standard recovered. Later in the same day Roberts saw a Sepoy resisting a *sowar who was trying to disarm him. The Sepoy had a loaded rifle with the bayonet fixed, and it would have gone hard with the sowar but for the prompt assistance rendered him by Roberts, who, going to his aid, cut down the Sepoy and rescued the former.

LORD ROBERTS.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN WHEN HE WAS GENERAL SIR FREDERICK ROBERTS, BART.

From a photograph loaned by S. Price, Peterborough.

For his services during the mutiny Roberts received the medal with three clasps, in addition to the V.C. Having attained his captaincy, he was, on the day following his being gazetted to that rank, promoted to a brevet majority, and in addition to these honourable distinctions was thanked by Lord Canning, the Governor-General of India.

At the close of the mutiny Major Roberts returned to England on leave, and whilst at home married, on May 17th, 1859, Miss Nora Henrietta Bews, a daughter of Captain John Bews, formerly of H.M. 73rd Regiment. Returning to India almost immediately after his marriage, Roberts was there when the Chinese war broke out in the early days of 1860, and hoped to have been appointed to a position on the staff of Sir Hope Grant, who

*Deputy Assistant Quartermaster-General. *Native cavalryman.

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was in command of the troops sent from India. In this expectation, though, he was disappointed, as Lord Clyde, then Commander-in-Chief in India, did not recommend him to Sir Hope Grant, thinking that, as Major and Mrs. Roberts were recently wedded, the latter would prefer her husband to remain with her.

A few days later, and when the list of officers for the Chinese staff had been fully settled, Lord Clyde met Mrs. Roberts at a dinner party, in fact actually taking her in to dinner. During the meal the gallant old hero told Mrs. Roberts of what he had done, thinking to please her. To his amazement the Field Marshal was curtly told by his fair partner that she thought "that his having deprived her husband of the chance of further service was the very thing that might possibly cause him to regret his marriage." Lord Clyde angrily retorted, "There is no knowing how to deal with you women." Eventually, though, Lord Clyde and Mrs. Roberts became close friends.

LORD ROBERTS, MOUNTED.
By kindness of "Literary Digest."

This paper is reaching a length not intended when the writer commenced its preparation, and yet some words more about the "Hero of Kandahar" must be said. We can do no more than refer to the Abyssinian campaign, where for his zeal and energy as A.Q.-M.G. with the Bengal Brigade, Roberts earned the brevet rank of Lieutenant-Colonel and was specially mentioned in despatches by Sir Robert Napier, subsequently Lord Napier of Magdala, who was the Commander-in-Chief.

Subsequently Colonel Roberts served with the Cachar column in the Looshai Expedition of 1871-72, where for his gallantry and devotion to duty he was on the close of hostilities, created C.B.

The last Afghan War broke out in 1878, and then Roberts with the local rank of Major-General was in command of the Koorum Field Force, and was present at the attack upon and capture of the Peiwar Kotal and witnessed the retreat and pursuit of the Afghan forces to the Shutargardan. For his conspicuous services at this trying period Roberts was created K.C.B. and received the thanks of both the House of Lords and Commons.

But Roberts, greatly as he had already distinguished himself, was to win still greater fame in his famous march from Cabul to Kandahar, through practically a trackless, mountainous wilderness.

Cabul had fallen and General Roberts was in command there when news reached him of the defeat of General Burrows at Maiwand by Ayoob Khan. Burrows had to be relieved and General Roberts immediately started to effect that purpose. Taking with him 9,600 men he marched upon Kandahar and then for three weeks nothing was heard of him. Anxiety in England, throughout India, indeed throughout the world was intense; people feared they knew not what; they watched and waited.

Then at the end of three weeks came the intelligence direct from the General himself that the British arms were suc-

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cessful and that the flag of England flew from the walls of Kandahar.

Soon after this splendid achievement General Roberts visited England where he was received with every possible mark of honour. He had immediately after the campaign been created a baronet, a G.C.B., and awarded the thanks of both Houses of Parliament.

Sir Frederick Roberts subsequently went to South Africa, succeeding Sir George Pomeroy Colley after the death of the latter at Majuba Hill. Peace though had been concluded with the Boers before Sir Frederick reached the Cape.

The later services of Lord Roberts included the Burmese expedition of 1886, which was a small affair in comparison with former scenes in his famous military career.

Succeeding Sir Donald Stewart as Commander-in-Chief in India in 1887, he held that post until April 1893, having been raised to the Peerage a year earlier. He left India to the universal regret of both military and official circles in April, 1893. His father and he had in their joint lives spent nearly 90 years, that is almost the entire century, in that country.

That England's honour in the Transvaal is safe in the hands of the kindly and gallant veteran no one doubts. "He will do his duty."

LULLABY.

SLEEP, my darling, sleep,
Upon the distant deep
Thy father toils for thee,
And prays that o'er thy bed
May guardian angels spread
Their white wings lovingly.

Rest, my loved one, rest,
By angels fair caressed,
Come rosy dreams to thee;
By gleam of star-shine pale
I sight thy father's sail
Across the shimmering sea.

Dream, my treasure, dream,
I pray the waking seem
As bright as they to thee;
So sleep and dream, my own,
Though winds and waves may moan,
In dreams unheard they'll be.

Sleep, my loved one, sleep,
Across the distant deep
Thy father comes to thee,
And soon his treasure prest
Upon his heart will rest,
While sobs the lonely sea.

Charlottetown, P.E.I. *May Carroll.*

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THE MANITOBA ELECTIONS.

DESCRIBING THE CONTEST FOR THE CONTROL OF THE PROVINCIAL LEGISLATURE BETWEEN THE LIBERALS, LED BY THE HON. MR. GREENWAY, AND THE CONSERVATIVES, LED BY MR. HUGH JOHN MACDONALD.

By Kenneth Fessenden.

TO interpret correctly the recent vote in Manitoba, it must be borne in mind that, so far as the resources of practical politics are concerned, the advantage lay decidedly with the adherents of Mr. Greenway's Government. There were the party in office both in the Province and in the Dominion, and anyone acquainted with the actual work of electioneering will understand for how much that counts in a dozen different ways. They had, apparently, the quiet friendship of the great railway corporations. They had a complete organization well manned with experienced workers; and they had certain railway magnates as their allies. All of these things are important aids to the running of an election; but it has been made plain that they are not everything, and that the politician who underestimates the importance of less material, though no less real elements of strength, neither understands politics, nor, whatever he may think himself to be, is in truth practical.

Unfortunately, it has also been made clear that without expensive organization and the use of a good deal of money it is almost hopeless, under present conditions, to put candidates in the field. If the Conservatives had not had a complete organization, both at the time of compiling the voters' lists and during the campaign, a majority of their candidates would hardly have been elected. Even allowing for much service given free, thorough organization and electioneering work costs money. So, too, does the maintenance of a party press that covers the whole field. It is plain that for legitimate expenses alone a heavy outlay must be incurred. Cynics may go farther and question whether any party can permit all the purchasable vote to be captured by the other side.

To realize how large a part was played by political forces other than those of "practical politics," it is only necessary to look back on the records of former elections. When the Greenway Government, in 1888, first went to the country, it had to encounter the hostility of the Canadian Pacific Railway Company and of the Dominion Government; but the Conservative opposition was almost obliterated. In 1892 the Opposition was signally defeated. In 1896 it was again almost obliterated. But in 1899 it has carried the Province by a majority of 23 to 17. The contrast is apparent enough even from this bare statement, but if we go a little further into detail it will become still more striking. Leaving out the four French constituencies, which have a sort of politics of their own, we find that in 1896 there were elected 33 Government candidates, two Independent and one Opposition. To-day they stand 14 Government to 22 Opposition. Again, taking the nine local constituencies included in the territory of the Dominion riding represented by Mr. Sifton, we find that in 1896 not one of them elected a Conservative candidate; while in six out of the nine they have now given Conservative majorities. Turning to Winnipeg, the south riding, which in 1896 returned the Attorney-General by acclamation, has now elected the Conservative leader. North Winnipeg then gave a Government majority of more than 200; this time there is a similar majority on

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THE LEGISLATURE THAT WAS DISSOLVED.

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the other side. In Centre Winnipeg in 1892, the Opposition candidate lost his deposit; in 1896 no Opposition candidate was nominated; in 1899 the Opposition candidate was defeated, but with great difficulty, by a majority of 115.

From the results of former elections, it is plain that the Greenway Government received the votes of many independent Conservatives as well as of independent Liberals and non-partizans. From the result of the present election it is clear that it has lost a large number of those votes—whether deservedly or not is another question upon which I am not to touch. The electors who have thus turned the the day are not necessarily men who obtrude themselves on the notice of office-holders, neither are they necessarily very much more numerous in any constituency than is required to turn the scale. That is why politicians are likely to lose sight of them. But to cause a landslide at a general election they must exist in sufficient numbers throughout the Province, and must be influenced not by local considerations, but by Provincial or national issues. In 1892 and 1896 it was because of the School Question that they supported the Government. In 1899 they voted against it because of the railway question.

There were, of course, the usual number of minor issues and minor influences, but, as Mr. Frank Oliver has said, had it not been for the railway question Mr. Greenway might have gone to sleep during the campaign, to wake up on the day after the election with a strong majority at his back.

The Opposition were fortunate in the accession of Mr. Hugh John Macdonald to the party leadership. Mr. Macdonald is endowed with tact and energy, and the son of "the old man" could not but awaken interest and enthusiasm in the Conservative ranks. Moreover, he had never been concerned in any questionable transactions, and had not been identified with former Conservative legislation objectionable to the people of Manitoba.

Mr. Greenway's leadership of the Liberals had also much weight. But for the Mackenzie and Mann legislation, his personal following would have been not only very numerous, but very sure that they were right, and very full of work. The history of the Greenway Government had been marked by the ending of disallowance, the breaking of the C.P.R. monopoly south of the Main Line, the introduction of the Northern Pacific, increased school grants, decreased administrative expenditure, the abolition of the dual language system, the abolition of Separate Schools, and the successful fight against the Remedial Bill. Mr. Greenway, as the head of the Government during this time, had come to be regarded by his followers as a man who would stand by the common good against corporations and special interests of all sorts. Liberals, especially in the rural districts, had great faith in his public spirit. This confidence, however, whether justly or not, was shaken during the last year or two. Here, again, the recent railway legislation made itself felt. Not only did many of his old supporters leave him, but the faith and confidence of those who remained in the cause for which they were fighting was seriously lessened.

The stand taken on the railway question by the former supporters of Mr. Greenway may be indicated without dealing with it in full. They blamed the Government for not doing what they said it should have done, as well as for doing what they said it ought not to have done. They held, for instance, that it should have either built a government line or extended the Northern Pacific into certain important territory, instead of allowing the C.P.R. to occupy that territory unconditionally. They held that it should have protested at Ottawa against Mr. Sifton's railway land grant policy, especially in connection with the Northwest Central branch of the C.P.R.; also that it should have protested against the terms of the Rainy River Railway Bill and should have endeavoured to secure the construction of the Lake Superior

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THE NEW PREMIER AND HIS CHIEF SUPPORTERS.

Premier and Attorney-General—Mr. Hugh John Macdonald; Provincial Treasurer and Minister of Agriculture—Mr. John A. Davidson; Provincial Secretary and Minister of Public Works—Dr. McFadden; Ministers without portfolio—Colin H. Campbell and James Johnson.

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railway under better conditions, preferably as a Government line.

A passage from the *Tribune*, the chief exponent of dissatisfied Liberal opinion, will show the main reasons urged against the course followed in connection with railway land grants:

"An area equal in extent to fifteen times the cultivated land of Manitoba, or in other words equal to the combined area of Scotland and Ireland, has been given in Western Canada to railway companies. As a result, while there is any amount of vacant land adjacent to the railways, the homesteader must go beyond the boundaries of Manitoba into some region not yet supplied with railway facilities. The settlement of the country is thus terribly retarded. Eastern men who have visited the west and seen from the train a vast amount of unoccupied land, applaud the Doukhobor and Galician immigration, because, they say, 'we want to get settlers on the vacant lands we have seen.' These guileless statesmen are apparently unaware that the Doukhobors and Galicians do not settle on the vacant lands they have seen from their car windows. Neither the Doukhobors and Galicians nor anyone else is permitted to settle on those lands, till them and make them of some use to the country, unless he pays the proprietor of the land the price fixed upon it. Even when payment is spread over several years, it will be evident that the existence of land grants does not conduce to the rapid settlement of the country or to the prosperity of its settlers.

"The evils of the land grant system are greatly intensified by the allotment of the lands, not in solid blocks but in 'alternate sections,' like the black squares on a chess board. What would the people of Toronto think if the proprietors of half or one-fourth of the city were exempted from taxation for twenty or thirty years, so that the municipality was deprived of revenue and extra taxation fell on the remainder of the citizens? While the struggling settlers are improving the value of the vacant railway land, making roads, digging ditches, providing schools, they must pay not only their own taxes, but also those of millionaire railway magnates who toll their produce on its way to market.

"Yet what have we seen during the last year or so under a government put in power to reform this evil policy? We have seen another four thousand square miles—the lapsed grant of the G.N.W.C.—voted to the C.P.R. And we have found the Minister of the Interior, the representative of the west, supporting the C.P.R. in a dishonest manœuvre by which it aims to extend the tax-exemption of its land grant for another twenty years. We of the west should like to see a halt called. Have we not a right to call for this? Is it not in the interest of Canada's development and prosperity?"

The position taken on the Lake Superior Railway is thus set forth by the same journal:

There being then this apparent lack of understanding in other provinces of the causes of the extreme dissatisfaction with the policy at present followed by the Ottawa government, let us say at the outset that the people of the west do not desire that for their benefit, one dollar or one cent should be added to the taxes collected from the people of any other part of the Dominion. They do not desire that the Dominion government should grant any bonuses whatever, to any railway or other corporation in Western Canada. They do not desire that in Western Canada the Dominion government should construct any public work that will not pay its way; that is, that will not yield a yearly profit amply sufficient to meet interest charges. What we ask is that the Dominion government shall not hand over our public franchises and our natural resources to private individuals or corporations; that it shall not assist such individuals or corporations to levy tribute upon us; and that, so far as is possible, it shall undo the injury done in this way to the west by the former Dominion government.

The railway policy which was followed by the Conservative governments resulted in the creation of a great corporation which is able to levy tribute upon us whenever we go to or from market, in addition to a fair price for the services it has rendered. It has created a tremendous political power which is inspired by other aims than a regard for the welfare of the people, which is a source of widespread corruption and demoralization in our public life, and which goes a long way towards converting into a baleful comedy the operations of legislatures which are supposed to govern according to the will of the people, for the good of the people. That policy in its main features is continued in the Mackenzie and Mann legislation. The building of the new Lake Superior road and its western connections in Manitoba and the Territories, gave a magnificent opportunity for freeing the west from the industrial despotism of the C.P.R. Built as a government road its construction would not have added one dollar to the taxes of the people. As a government system the new lines would have been of incalculable benefit to the prosperity and development of the Dominion. Even if given to a private corporation, a clause providing that the Dominion might take over the road at its cost to the company, would have left a door open for the future, and would have provided the most effective check possible on extortionate charges and over-capitalization. What was done was to add immensely to the gigantic railway corporation power which threatens our political life, to give millions from the public treasury, to allow over-capitalization to the extent of fifteen or twenty million dollars, and thus to promote the imposition of unnecessarily

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high rates on the new railway and the maintenance of such rates on the existing C.P.R. lines.

The main question with the electorate was whether the policy of the past was to be continued in future. What the electorate desired was a policy of government ownership. To again quote from the Winnipeg Journal:

"Brief as was the campaign, a still more brief interval of time was required for every candidate in the province to discover that it was the leading issue, the question of questions, with the people. The somewhat indefinite declaration of the Conservative platform for government ownership was supplemented by much stronger, more definite and more pronounced pledges from Conservative candidates in all parts of the province, and there are few Liberal candidates who have not spoken in similar terms, though they were somewhat handicapped by the record of recent railway legislation. As each succeeding day went by, as the strength of public opinion was discovered by platform speakers and canvassers, party leaders made one declaration after another, to meet the demand of the electorate, until before the end of the campaign we had the Premier's statement of the benefits that could be obtained by construction of railways under public ownership, Mr. McMillan's promise to support government purchase of the Northern Pacific lines if that railway sells out, and Mr. Macdonald's endorsement of a thorough-going policy of government ownership."

Issues to which significance was lent by the railway question were the practice of rushing through legislation without first affording time for public examination and the expression of public opinion, "campaign funds" for preventing the fair expression at the polls of the will of the electorate, the Galician immigration and the proposal to require a knowledge of the English language from illiterate immigrants unaccustomed to free institutions before granting them the franchise. Alarm was felt at the political influence of great corporations, and at the power they may exercise in the election of legislatures by supplying their political instruments with the support of purchased journals and with funds for corrupt or fraudulent electioneering work. The giving of the franchise to thousands of immigrants, alleged to be of low intellectual capacity, and ignorant of the English language, would tend, it was feared, to increase political corruption and the influence, in our politics, of funds supplied by great corporations desirous of securing legislation contrary to the public good. The Conservative franchise policy was, undoubtedly, very popular. So, too, was their objection to a large volume of Galician immigration, which, they held, would seriously deteriorate the level of quality of the population of Canada, and against which, they declared, the Government of Manitoba should protest. The admission, in great numbers, of immigrants which might prove to be of a radically alien and inferior ethnological type, was imputed to a desire to increase the earnings of railway companies, rather than to serve the interests of Canada's future, or to consider the welfare of the western settler. It was replied that the Galicians would, beyond doubt, develop into desirable members of the community, that they were placed chiefly on lands other settlers would not occupy, that they would supply a market for wholesale houses, and that the proposal to require a knowledge of English before enfranchising them was contrary to British principles of government. But apparently this defence did not quite satisfy popular opinion.

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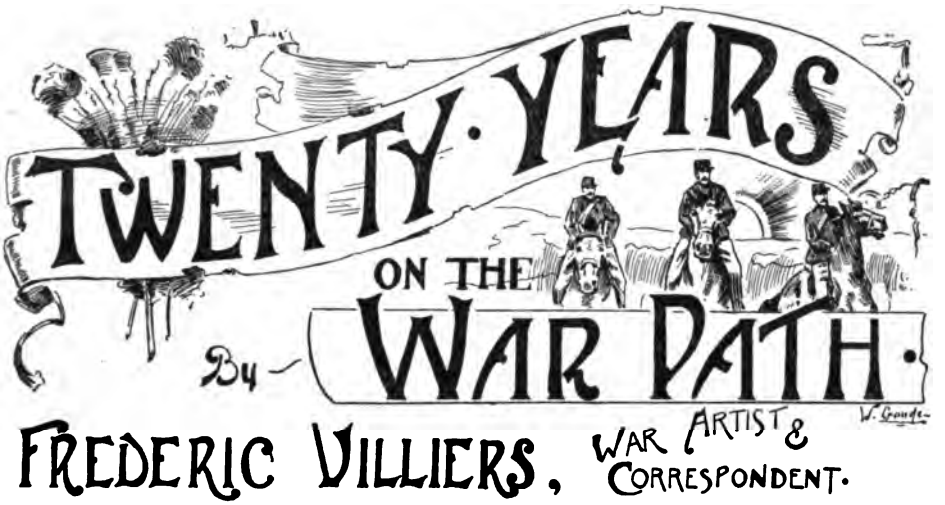

IV.—THE DEATH TRAMP OF THE THE PLEVNA PRISONERS.

A BATTLEFIELD is a scene sad enough after the heat and excitement of the fray is over, but the saddest sight I think I have ever witnessed during my twenty years' campaigning career was the march of the Turkish prisoners, in the winter of 1877-8, through Roumania to their captivity in Russia, after their long stubborn defence of the Plevna position.

Not one-third of those brave men, who for so many months had held the huge masses of Russian soldiers at bay, ever returned to their native lands.

Where cruel war has devastated towns, wrecked homes and laid the land bare by invading hosts, nature seems to revel in the misery of her sons, and launches upon them the cruellest winter or a scorching, waterless summer, as the case may be. Great wars are curiously marked by phenomenally bitter winters; for instance, the winter of 1877-8, as regarded the bitterness of its weather, vied with the winter of 1870-1, when France and Germany were at war.

In this, probably, cruellest winter Roumania had known for years, I travelled from Fratisti—the then terminus of the rail from Bucharest—down towards the Danube.

Dr. Humphrey Sandwith, C.B., who had been with General Fenwick Williams during the siege of Kars in 1855-6, was my companion. He was engaged in distributing money collected by one of many philanthropic societies in England for the alleviation of the distressed sick and wounded of the war—both Russians and Turks.

On arriving at the terminus of the railway, we secured a sleigh, and were soon stowed away in a sort of hen-coop minus the top-bars, with our baggage in the straw to serve as a seat. The mercury had fallen to some 15 degrees below zero the night before, and our road, therefore, was too slippery to be the most desirable surface for sleighing.

The result was that our conveyances would occasionally, to our consternation, run away with the horses whenever we came to a slant to left or right of the road, causing us to be always on the look-out for a collision with one of the many uncanny heaps of carrion by the roadside, on which hungry dogs were feeding.

Dead horses and dying oxen now strewed our route, signs that we must be in the wake of some munitions train. Presently we came up with a long line of waggons and sleighs loaded with shot and shell.

The morning was bitterly cold. Before us lay a vast plain of snow, only broken by the bleak telegraph poles,

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which for miles traced our road through many a drift. The dead stillness of the plain under its white mantle was occasionally disturbed by the dull beating of the wings of the carrion crows and foul vultures, as the birds lazily settled on their prey. Soon they increased in number, making almost black the leaden sky. Then afar off, breaking the horizon, a long, dark line came slowly moving in caterpillar fashion over the snow towards us. It was a column of men marching. No Russian or Roumanian troops constituted it, or ere this we should have heard some cheerful song borne over the plain.

I aroused Sandwith, who had settled down in his furs and had fallen fast asleep.

"Look! what do you make of those fellows?" said I. "Surely they must be Turkish prisoners. See the plumes of the Dorobantz guards waving as they advance!"

"Yes," cried Sandwith, now thoroughly aroused and peering through his binocular. "I can discern along with the escort Turkish officers, some on ponies, others on foot."

Behind the officers were the men who had so long kept the Muscovites at bay round Plevna.

How spiritless and broken they now looked as they trudged wearily along the road to their captivity! Half starved, almost dead with fatigue and the cruel cold, many with fever burning in their eyes, mere stalking bones and foul rags, came the brave troops who had made the fame of Osman Pasha.

Sandwith, with the keen scent of the medical practitioner, sniffed the taint of smallpox and typhus lingering around them in the frosty air.

"For our lives, Villiers, we must get to windward of these poor creatures!" exclaimed Sandwith, and we drove our sleigh to the left flank of the approaching column. Many of these wretched creatures were even now falling out of the ranks and lying down to die. One poor fellow had just thrown himself in the snow by the roadside; he could go no farther. A comrade, loth to leave him, followed, and tried to persuade him to struggle once more to join the line.

There was no answer; he had swooned or was dead.

The ghastly line of living phantoms was trudging wearily forward. A soldier of the rear guard now came up; with the butt end of his musket he roughly pushed the living man back into the ranks; then, with a brutal kick, turned the head of the fallen Turk over in the snow. A wild, fixed stare met his gaze; the Turk was dead. The soldier hastily shouldered his rifle and rejoined the guard.

Thousands and thousands of birds of prey whirled around, settling in front and rear of this sad procession, like sharks round a doomed ship. A few yards further on, lying half-covered with snow, was the nude body of a dead Turk, who had been stripped by his companions, for the sake of the little warmth of the fœtid rags he had worn on his gaunt limbs. A carrion crow had just settled on his clenched hand, and the foul dogs were hurrying up to their loathsome repast. A short distance to the right lay another body with upturned face staring on the heavens through the slowly falling snow. He was not quite dead, for the flakes were thawing on his fixed eye-balls. Dogs and swine, from the village near by, were quarreling for their share of the coming feast.

It was the village of Putenin, hardly discernible in its shroud of snow and ice. Forbes and I were here in the summer in search of General Drogomaroff, who was about to attempt the passage of the Danube.

We were then suffering from the intense heat and blinding dust. I was now shivering in my furs. Putenin I found to be the resting-place for Russian sick and wounded *en route* to the base hospital in Bucharest. When last I was here these very wounded, hale and hearty, were gaily marching with martial song and blare of bugles to the front, with all the pride, pomp and circumstance of glorious war.

Where was the glory now? Swath-

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ed in bloody rags, lying crippled and fever-stricken on litters of rank straw, were the victors; and the vanquished, frost-bitten and famished, were hobbling past them, wretched prisoners of war.

In the village a large lazaretto had been formed by the Russians. A considerable number of the Red Cross attendants lived in the houses of the village. In one large building which had once been a schoolhouse, resided a Russian nobleman, who was the chief of the ambulance.

Hearing of our arrival he kindly invited us to stay a day or two. We gladly accepted the Prince's hospitality, for we knew there was scant comfort at Tornu Magurelli, the little Danube town for which we were making. The ice was still on the move on the river, and no communication with the opposite shore could be made till the floes were packed.

Here there was certainly comfort, if not luxury. We slept in one common room, in which a German stove burnt night and day, and we fed on biscuits and canned goods, generally with Russian tea for a beverage. There was plenty of tobacco, in the shape of cigarettes. Our Russian host would say, as he whiffed at his jewelled amber mouthpiece: "Pah! One cannot eat sucking-pig and caviare when these poor devils are starving," alluding to the Turkish prisoners arriving daily, "but we can smoke and be not ashamed, and this tobacco is priceless."

A curious character was our host, good-hearted, sympathetic, and full of sincere commiseration for the terrible suffering around. He would come in after his morning duties in billeting the prisoners, and shout for Carlos, his valet, to come and fumigate him. He would strip by the stove, and while his servant sprayed him with violet de Parme, he would sponge his beard in a kerosene tin, which served as a basin, and comb his hair in a jewelled mirror, which came from his gold and turquoise dressing-case, a glittering souvenir of the favour of his august Sovereign the Czar. This he never travelled without, and it was a token of the luxurious side of his character, which he would always tell you he strove hard to hide from the misery around him. Nevertheless, he was to be seen everywhere administering to the wants of the starving, frost-bitten sufferers, in rich sables and with his gold-mounted cane.

The prisoners were passing through Putenin in thousands daily, and during the night were billeted on the inhabitants, who were almost as poverty-stricken as their wretched guests, choking up their little hovels and breeding vermin and pestilence wherever they went. Mothers must protect their young ones from contagion, so when night set in those Turks too weak to resist were thrown out into the cold, which meant certain death, for the thermometer registered far below zero. The result was that the little dead-house opposite our lodgment would soon fill up with stark and frozen Turks.

The following morning the arabas, or clumsy peasants' carts, would clear the improvised morgue for the day. The ground being too hard and frost-bound, and labour being at a premium for digging graves, the grain-pits outside the village, long since depleted of corn by the hungry hosts which had swept the country bare for the last six months, were now used for the last resting-place of these poor, weary wrecks of humanity. Pell-mell the emaciated ragged corpses were thrown into the carts. Legs and arms sticking through the hen-coop side of the waggons would catch between the spokes of the rough wheels and crack and snap in concert with the creak of the crazy carts as the black buffaloes slowly dragged their ghastly loads to the grain-pits. Sometimes softly borne over the snow came the body of an officer; out of respect for his rank he was carried by some of the men he had so valiantly led against the hated Moscovite and interred in some special burying-plot—the shallow trench having been scouped out of the ice-bound soil by the hands of his faithful followers.

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Every morning the pure white mantle of snow in and around Putenin was blotted and polluted with the stark bodies of the fever-stricken "miserables," who had dropped exhausted by the way, and had perished in the icy breath of the night. These poor creatures were collected by fatigue parties of their wretched brethren, who dragged them to the charnel-house, where they were counted by their guards and placed ready for the death carts.

Sandwith and I visited this charnel-house. In one of the rooms we found a few poor creatures who had sought shelter from the bitterness of the night. They had cleared a space in the centre of the room by piling the dead in a circle, and with scraps of rags from the bodies and some straw, were seated shoulder to shoulder around this fœtid fuel, trying to ignite it with flint and steel. At last it smoked and smouldered.

One wretched Turk we had reckoned as dead crawled from the ghastly ring of dead towards the weird group, and, feebly struggling for a place near the burning rags, was thrown back by his luckier comrades on to the pile of corpses. We remonstrated against this rough treatment, but his companions in misery sullenly replied: "Why should we waste warmth on him? He will be dead in a few minutes."

Sandwith, who spoke Turkish fluently, insisted on the poor fellow being allowed to huddle in with the rest round the cheerless fire. The Turk we had befriended could not speak his thanks for palsy, which had just seized him. Big tears stood in his eyes and rolled down his frost-bitten cheeks, as he crawled up to the doctor, and out of gratitude kissed his boots.

Many of these shuddering wrecks of humanity had not eaten for days but of the carrion by the roadside.

We were lingering, loth to go, but knowing not what to do to alleviate their misery. We had money, gold in plenty, but of what use was gold when there was nothing to buy.

Like a gleam of sunshine piercing the ghastly gloom of the place a little Russian red-cross Sister presented herself, smiling at the door, in white cap, black waterproof apron, with a flaming red cross on her breast. I had met this lady before, and had had many arguments with her. She hated the horrible blood-thirsty Turks, and for that the English, too, for their sympathy with those barbarians, as she was pleased to call them, but yet she tolerated me and we were the best of friends.

"Here you are again," she said, "still interested in these miserable creatures. Ugh! I loathe them!" But at the same time she swiftly passed round the group huddled by the fire, and in another moment the majority were smoking cigarettes, and some were trying to kiss her feet in the fervour of their happiness.

I have seen this little lady, though always railing at the horrible Turk, go into the most foul fever dens to administer comfort to the miserable prisoners. She was the life and soul of the lazarette, and many a Turk with his eyes glazing in death would turn to her sweet face and try to utter a blessing on her for her devotion to the sick and dying.

This little lady I took great interest in, for she deplored my ignorance of the Russian tongue, and straightway set herself to work in teaching me when her hospital duties allowed her a short spell of freedom.

Her little hut overlooking the dreary plain was the neatest in the place, and there she would repair during the afternoon, and stir up the charcoal in the simovar when the bright metal urn would hiss, bubble, and steam away as she brewed her ration of tea. Then she would seat herself on the corner of her little truckle-bed, hand me a glass of the amber-coloured liquid, light a cigarette, and lead me through the Russian numerals till a summons from the lazarette called her once more to her duty.

The last day I spent in Putenin was probably the coldest of this exceptionally cold winter. The telegraph wires running along the roadside were en-

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cased in more than an inch of frost. The hospital with its incrustations of frosted ice and snow glittered a ruby tint in the last rays of the blood-red sun sinking below the horizon. The little red-cross Sister had just returned to her hut from some act of mercy in the village. I was standing on the threshold, having called to say good-bye. As she drew my attention to the lovely evening—for a star and crescent moon were now the only signs in the clear sky—she touched my arm and pointed over the plain. Ah! there was the long black line winding over the snow—more Turkish prisoners! when was all this misery to end? On they tramped, sore and weary, with their cadaverous faces and ice-laden beards. Some trudged along on their heels, their toes having sloughed away in the biting frost, and many half-naked, the rotten rags having dropped from their limbs, exposed great pale blotches of frost-bitten flesh.

We walked together towards the wooden bridge spanning the narrow ice-bound river. Here the long black line came to a halt for a time, and a ration of bread was served out to each prisoner of war. Some dropped the bread, their hands too stiffened with frost to hold it, when a free fight would take place among the ravenous wretches for the dropped morsel, till the guard with the butt end of their rifles restored order. Some squatted on the snow and strove to moisten the food in the puddles thawed by the warmth of their bodies, while others knelt and, turning their weary heads towards the East, fervently prayed after their fashion.

I looked at the little Sister. She was trembling with emotions; tears stood in her eyes. "Ah," she said, as she wished me good-bye, "I begin to love these wretched Turks. This misery atones for their many sins. God help them, for how little we can do!" I walked away and lit one of the Prince's cigarettes. As the fragrant smoke curled into the frosty air I could not refrain from thinking that the little lady with the black apron and flaming cross on her breast, was one of God's helping hands, and a sweet one, too.

To be Continued.

THE SNOWSHOER.

UNDER the moon and the stars,
And over the round, white hill,
The snowshoer, singing, strides,
And the heart of the world lies still.

The north-lights flash in the north
Like Olaf's cloak, tossed red;
The drifts are moulded and white
Like the grave-clothes of the dead.

But the trapper, Pierre Letonne,
Sings, as he hurries along;
And a little wind in the spruces
Mimics his lilted song.

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"Eyes like the heart of the sea,
Hands like the foam on the shore—
Oh, sweet, my queen, Vivette,
Do you wait for me at the door?"

A cry comes out of the stillness,
But the lover gives no heed.
"Vivette, the trail is merry,
For I follow where kisses lead!

"The miles slip by, forgotten,
For you, and the town are there;
The warmth of the high, red windows—
The warmth of your golden hair."

A cry comes out of the forest.
The snowshoer turns his head.
He sees the long, white drifts
Like the grave-clothes of the dead;

And he hears, at the edge of the wood,
Mingled, and mad, and shrill,
The cry of the great gray wolves—
The wolves who gather to kill.

The snowshoer bends and runs
And his brave lips shape a prayer.
He thinks of the warm, red windows,
And the sheen of her regal hair.

He prays for her dear, white hands,
And her eyes, like the heart of the sea.
The gray wolves leap, and leap
And the north-lights clash in their glee!

Under the moon and the stars
His brave song rings no more;
The lights at the windows are dead
And a shadow comes to the door.

Theodore Roberts.

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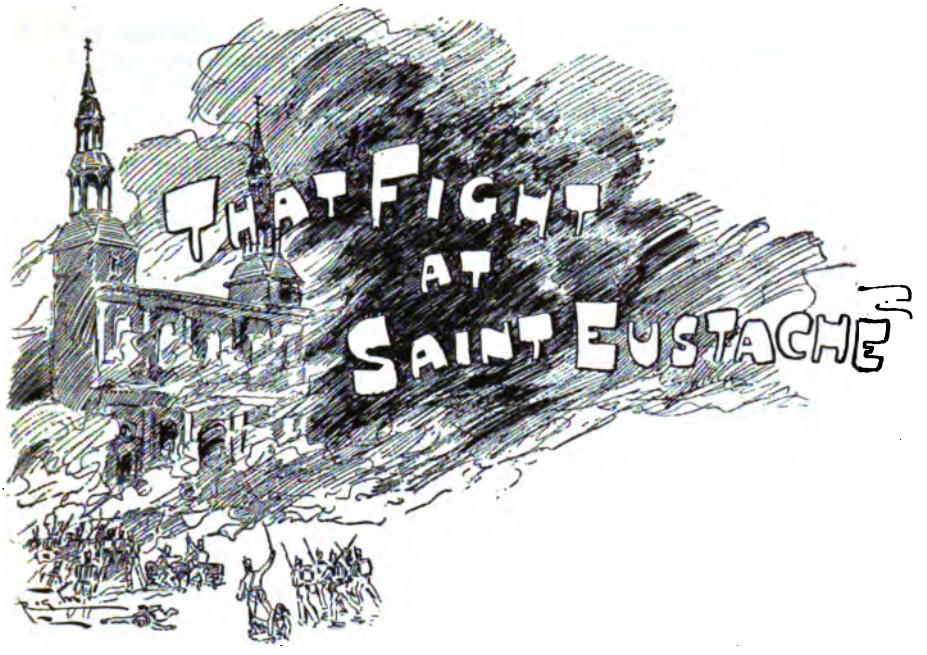

BEING THE PERSONAL NARRATIVE OF A FRENCH-CANADIAN PATRIOT OF '37.

By C. Frederick Paul.

I NEVER knew where that precious rascal Girard came from, or where he went to for that matter. I only know that but for him the fight might never have been, and many a *habitant* would have died peacefully in his bed in place of being burned to death or shot to pieces in that battle at St. Eustache.

You must know the place over there in the Lake of the Two Mountains country? But you should have seen the village before the English burned it back in the winter of '37.

After the French Canadians lost the fights at St. Ours and St. Charles, the English General said that he would come after those rebels at St. Eustache; and *mon Dieu*, he did, and that day will never be forgotten.

Many times I have seen the church where that brave man Chenier fell, and after all these years it has changed but little. There is the front with the tall flanking towers, which even this day show the marks of rifle and cannon balls. Ah! they built well in those times. Then there was that statue of St. Eustache which was saved by a miracle, but my narrative is beginning at the wrong end. I lived this story, or a greater part of it, and this may be some excuse for my telling of matters as they come into my mind, and as suits me best.

A Swiss, Girard called himself—perhaps he was, I do not know. I only know that he was not a Frenchman, nor yet an Englishman, though he spoke each language like a native tongue. It was in the autumn of '37 when I first saw him at the country inn, not far from St. Eustache. He was dressed *en grand seigneur*, and rode his fine horse in splendid fashion. He stood on the door-step and told the *habitants* how easy it would be to whip the English troops, and when the *habitants* shrugged their shoulders and said they were not so sure, he stamped his feet till the big spurs on his boot-heels rang, and then he said things in a language we could not understand.

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Such was Girard when first I saw him. He had come into the country much as the ducks and geese do in the spring. He had landed, goodness knows from where and how. He was, however, soon as much at home in the village as the water-fowl on the lake a mile away. At that time Girard had no fine clothes, though he had fine airs and manners; there never was a lack of those, and even the *Seigneur* himself treated him differently from what he did other men. But no one complained, for Girard was different. In the first place he knew everything, or at least we thought he did, and that answered just as well. He knew the care of flowers and plants, and could do what he called landscape gardening, which meant in the main that he had the grounds about the *Seigneur's* house roughed up where it had been smooth, and smoothed out where it had been roughed up.

There was no doubt that Girard had travelled much, and that he had learned a great deal—perhaps he was of even better education than the *Curé* of St. Benoit himself—I do not know. The Father was a better hand at politics and Latin prayers, and Girard knew more of war, and as both were for having the French-Canadians free from English rule, the two got along splendidly.

It was at the *Curé's* house at St. Benoit that the plans were laid. Girard was to take command, Chenier was to be his Major, and the *Curé* was to do what he could to help the cause.

This is the way the matter stood in the early winter. The *habitants* wondered and asked questions. They wanted to know who Girard was, and why he wished to fight against the English. But, *mon Dieu*, asking questions did them little good, for General Girard, as he was then called, answered when he liked, which was not often, and what he liked, which was little indeed. He had been an officer in the Swiss army, and it was he who drilled Prince Leopold, who married Princess Charlotte, you remember. And he told the *Curé* of St. Benoit many interesting things of his life at Court and his adventures in Mexico and other places. How much more he told the Father we people never knew.

But whatever he had been he was a soldier, there was no two ways about that; and he did what he could to make soldiers of the *habitants*. How well he succeeded I will tell you later on.

The *habitants* were not all of one mind. There were some who still talked of the fights of St. Ours and St. Charles, where matters went very badly indeed for the French, but there were others who told over and over of how the English troops were beaten off with heavy loss at the battle of St. Denis.

There was Father Paquin, the *Curé* of St. Eustache, who stood on the side of the good Bishop in the matter, and never will I forget the scene the day General Girard and Dr. Chenier called upon him. Ah, how hard they tried to win the Father over to their side in the matter.

As Girard strode into the *Curé's* study I never remember having seen so handsome a man. Tall, slender, square shouldered, clean shaven, and hair just tinged with grey. But it was his manner after all. He was as elegant as a courtier of old France, and he had with it a force which was an intermingling of self-assertion, self-reliance and great boldness. One moment he urged the Rebellion, in the next he pleaded for it, and then in the next he swore. Ah! there were hot words between him and the *Curé* before that little talk was done with. Even the good Father himself became excited, and spoke quickly and thick.

"I charge you," he said, "before God and in the presence of your fellow-men, with the misfortunes which have already come upon us, and those which will surely follow."

"It is you, *Monsieur le Curé*," Girard retorted, "that I accuse. You have hindered us. You have shaken the resolution of our men. You should be at our head when we go into the field and give us absolution."

Then poor Chenier with tears in his

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eyes said that he would never yield,—that the *Curé* might just as well try to grasp the moon with his teeth as urge him to shake his resolution. And Chenier kept his word, but that comes later.

It was in this way that the people were divided. The *Seigneur* was for English rule, while his son was against it. The *Curé* of St. Benoit was a good patriot in spite of the Bishop's warning, and then there were others like the *Curé* of St. Eustache. So it was all through, and there is little wonder that arms and men were hard to get.

But Girard was not a man to be balked until the last ditch was fought for and some one was killed in the fighting. Those were the days in which no man's blood would run smoothly through his viens—it was all in his head one minute, and *mon Dieu*, it was all in his heart the next.

One does not forget easily the time that Girard took the fort at the Mission of the Lake, captured the arms, and urged the Indians to join him. There was just a bare chance of Girard being able to swell his ranks with the band of Iroquois, and he was not a man to let that chance go by. So one day he walked in there with a few men and said that the place was his—and it was, so long as he was there.

But urge as he would, the old chief would take no part in the fight that was to come. As a young buck, yes, and later as a chief, Running Wolf remembered the English soldiers all too plainly, and so Girard came away with the guns and powder and lead, but that was all.

* * * * * *

It was late on the evening of December 13, 1837, when word was brought into St. Eustache that the English troops, two thousand strong, with six pieces of cannon and a rocket battery, had started out from Montreal.

Never will I forget that night. First of all, General Girard ordered that the bell in the church sound the *tocsin* so as to collect the people from the country around. When Father Paquin heard the big gruff notes of the bell ring out on the cold night air—and they sounded it as it had never been sounded before—he ran out of the house without even his hat, and ordered the ringing stopped, and the men down out of the tower. Just at that moment Girard crossed the open space in front of the church, and he sent word to the men to go on ringing, and they did.

But the matter did not end there, for Father Paquin collected some men who believed as he did, and was about to lead them into the church and up into the tower, when Girard ordered that two of his good patriots arrest the *Curé*, and if he resisted they were to kill him. The good Father told the men that they stood for no authority which he respected, and they might kill him if they would. Old Perrault, one of the two, had his arm raised and was about to cut the priest down when Girard rushed in upon them and ordered that *Monsieur le Curé* be not touched if they wished to live till morning. Then Girard bowed low to the *Curé*, and begged to offer his excuses for the coarseness of his men, and ended by asking the Father if his health was good. And the strange part of it was that Father Paquin accepted Girard's apologies without question, though he must have known that the Swiss had given the order.

It was right after this that Girard called his men around him and warned them against using liquor too freely, and he told them also that they must suppress their habits of pillage. The odd part of it was that that very afternoon I myself saw the man enter the house of Morel *père*, who was a good royalist, and take from it a pair of fine pistols, which Girard said he could make better use of than the owner. A strange man was that Girard and a strange effect he had on other people.

All night long men came in from the country about St. Eustache, and all night long men and women and children were leaving also. There were many men whose stomachs did not crave a fight, though Girard did his best to keep

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them. He said that by morning the patriots would have at least two thousand men, and that the English did not number over half that,—a great liar was Girard. Some believed him and stayed and others doubted and left. So the night went on, and the morning found the English bayonets glistening within three miles of the village, and the patriots ready to give battle and stake the cause upon the fight.

There was the big church in the centre, with the convent upon one side and the *Seigneur's* mansion on the other, and it was between these three that Girard said he would make his stand. There were perhaps eight hundred men in all, and when the mansion and the convent had been garrisoned it left less than a hundred men for the church. All three buildings were of heavy stone and the walls were thick, and it was thought that even the cannon would have little effect, but the patriots forgot the wooden roofs and the big timbers—they forgot the fire,—oh, the fire, the heat and the smoke.

It was from the island opposite St. Eustache that the English cannon began the battle. A sharp man was that General, Sir John Colborne. He knew that the *habitants* could shoot, and he did not rush his men up into the ends of their rifles as Gore did at St. Denis. In place of this he kept on firing with his cannon and rocket guns and moved his men up slowly and from all sides, each man taking what shelter there was, and when well within range of the patriots' rifles they kept well covered.

It was not long before the roof of the *Seigneur's* mansion was in flames and the patriots driven out, and soon after the convent on the other side of the church caught fire, and the men had to leave there also.

Girard was first in one place and then in another telling the men to stay, and he seemed not to care in the least for the cannon balls, which splintered the stones about him and sent the roofs crashing in upon the people. But it was of no use, and by the time the English foot were well within gunshot the only thing left the patriots was the church.

When Girard saw how matters were going he ordered the doors of the church barricaded with benches and stoves; yes, and even the *Seigneur's* pew, which was all beautifully carved and which had come out from France with *Monsieur's* forefathers, was used in the defence. Then the patriots went up into the gallery of the church and cut away the stairs below them, for it was up there that they were to fight the battle out. For another hour the English trained the cannon on the church doors, but still they held, and all this time the patriots were shooting from the windows at the troops below. But the troops below were still two thousand, and the men up there in the church were now less than eighty, and besides there were not good guns enough to go around. It was Paquette *fils* who went to Girard and said that his rifle was broken and he could use it no longer, and Girard's answer was for him to keep quiet and lie still for a time—that before long that there would be more good rifles than men, and, *mon Dieu*, Girard was right. It was not long after that before the eighty men had become sixty, and even some of those were badly hurt.

The cannon balls were battering the doors, the rockets were falling on the roof, and the infantry was firing volleys into the windows. Soon the roof began to blaze, and the whole church was filled with thick, black smoke; but the patriots fought on. Then the English troops rushed the doors, and broke their way through into the church below. The cannon boomed, the rifles rattled and cracked, and the sound of the charge outside was like the voice of doom; but still the fight went on.

There was no longer words of command in that church. In the roar of the fire above and of the troops below, the patriots could hear nothing. They fought, each man for himself, and still not for themselves altogether, for they groped their way nearer the altar, and the statue of the blessed St. Eustache stood out there as plain and brilliant as it does even to this day.

The French fought on with the

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statue over their heads and the sacramental wafers strewing the floor at their feet. But it could not last, and one after another they dropped, either dead on the floor among the wafers or from the windows to the graveyard below—it made little difference.

Chenier, the man who urged them to fight to the death, was shot to pieces when he reached the ground, and how Girard escaped is not known even now. The last they saw of him in the church was when he aimed one of *Monsieur* Morel's pistols at the head of an English officer and brought him down. Next they saw him astride his fine horse out on the ice-covered river. He was a little way from the shore looking back at the blazing buildings, and a dozen rifles were aimed to bring him down. But nothing seemed to touch him. He just looked awhile, shrugged his shoulders, said something which we could not quite catch, and turning, put spurs to his horse and was gone.

The patriot cause was lost, and with it many a good patriot life. To this day it is forbidden to talk of the war at St. Eustache. The people there are cemented together with ties of blood, friendship and marriage, but they do not agree upon the Rebellion of '37. If they talked of this it would be a war of words, and the priests forbid it, and so they have all agreed not to speak of the past.

The statue of St. Eustache is still in the church there. The rain of bullets that December day failed to hurt it in the least. The fire did not touch it, nor the smoke blacken it. It stood as the four walls did, while all else was destroyed.

Who Girard was, or where he went to, I do not know for sure. Perhaps later he fought other people's battles in other lands—that I cannot say.

RALLYING SONG.

CANADA, Canada, offer your loveliest,—
Spirits out-flaming with patriot fire,
Brains that were winning fame,
Hopes no reverse could lame,
Dream-fed and love-led and strong to aspire.

Canada, Canada, cheer them to victory,
Let your love follow them, patient and strong,
Though your heart break for them,
Eyes weep and wake for them,
Trust them to God's care, and speed them with song!

Elizabeth Roberts MacDonald.

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SOME DISTINGUISHED CANADIAN SOLDIERS.

WITH SIX SPECIAL PORTRAITS.

By Thomas E. Champion.

IT is now considerably more than one hundred years since the Constitutional Act of 1791 was passed, whereby the Province of Upper Canada was created, and Lieutenant-General Simcoe appointed by King George III. its first Lieutenant-Governor.

At first Canada was but a Crown colony, dependent to a great extent on extraneous aid from the mother country for support of her public institutions, and all but entirely was she dependent on the parent land for her defence from foreign aggression. Notwithstanding this fact, in all the campaigns that Britain has been engaged in since the beginning of the present century, Canadians have ever been found taking their share either in the military or naval forces engaged in these campaigns.

The greatest of Britain's great wars since 1791 took place in the early years of the century, in her campaign against the aggressions of Napoleon in the Peninsula of Spain and Portugal. In the memorable series of conflicts between the French and English, known as the Peninsular War, extending from the year 1808-13, among the English King's soldiers, there was one native-born Canadian who acquitted himself nobly, and it is his story, and that of others who like him have served their country faithfully and nobly even unto death, that is sought to be told in these articles.

Alexander Macnab, the soldier spoken of, was, as far as can be ascertained, the first Canadian who received a commission in the Imperial service. He was at the time of his death a captain in the 2nd Battalion of the 30th, or Cambridgeshire Regiment.

Alexander Macnab was a son of Dr. James Macnab, of Norfolk County, in the State of Virginia. Dr. Macnab, when the thirteen colonies revolted, on the 4th July, 1776, and through their delegates signed the famous Declaration of Independence, remained true to His Majesty King George III, and heartily espoused the Loyalist cause in the North American colonies throughout the entire war. Dr. Macnab served throughout the campaign as an assistant surgeon to one of the Colonial corps, and with the capitulation of Cornwallis at Yorktown, came to Canada where he was the earliest representative of the Clan-an-aba, one of the most ancient of the Scottish clans.

The family of Macnab, like so many other Highland Scottish families, was of ecclesiastical origin; the very name of the clan Macnab is ecclesiastical, it signifying "Son of the Abbot." This particular Abbot hailed from Glen Dochart in the County of Perth and flourished about the year 1150, and his son was the first Macnab of whom there is any authentic record. It may be as well here to mention that at the period spoken of celibacy was not enjoined upon the priests of the Celtic Church.

Alexander Macnab, the subject of this sketch, entered the Canadian Civil Service in 1797, being sworn in as Confidential Clerk to the Executive Council of the Province of Upper Canada in that year. He entered upon his duties first at Newark, afterwards Niagara, and subsequently, when the seat of government was removed to York, he removed with it.

The dull routine, though, of a Government office was not congenial to the spirit of young Alexander Macnab. In their family, as in that of the Macdonells, there was always in each generation a son devoted either to the army

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or the Church. Accordingly, following family tradition, in the year 1800 young Alexander Macnab exchanged the pen for the sword, and through the influence of Lieut.-General Simcoe, who had then but recently been transferred from the office of Lieutenant-Governor of Upper Canada to another post, obtained a commission in the Imperial service and was duly gazetted as an Ensign in the Queen's Rangers, a colonial corps.

In the year 1803 Ensign Macnab was transferred to the 26th (Cameronians) Regiment, and in 1804 became lieutenant in the 30th Cambridgeshire Regiment, obtaining his captaincy five years later, in 1809.

Captain Macnab served throughout the Peninsula campaign, and was more than once conspicuous for the gallantry which he displayed when under fire.

After the return of Napoleon from Elba Captain Macnab was once more on active service, being on the Headquarters staff as A.D.C. to General Sir Thomas Picton, who was present at Quatre Bras. He met his death on the field of Waterloo, June 18th, 1815. As this gallant young Canadian lay dying on the field he left instructions with his orderly, who remained with him to the last, that his watch, ring, sword and regimental sash should be sent to his relatives in Scotland, and then committing his body to the earth and his soul to God who gave it, the gallant young soldier breathed his last.

The relics just spoken of ultimately passed into the possession of the Rev. Alexander Macnab, D.D., Rector of Darlington and Canon of St. James' Cathedral of Toronto. Subsequently the sword and watch, the latter being a very fine specimen of the military chronometer of that period, both come into the possession of his grandnephew, the Rev. Alexander Wellesley Macnab of Toronto, who also possesses a beautiful miniature on ivory of the young soldier who fell at Waterloo. The illustration contained in this article is a reproduction of that miniature.

In the year 1868 the late Canon Macnab, being in England, called at the War Office, and there, after making known his relation to the deceased officer, applied for the medal which would have been awarded to the latter in due course had he survived the battle of Waterloo. The authorities at the War Office recognized the claim, and the medal was duly presented to Canon Macnab at the War Office by His Royal Highness the Duke of Cambridge, Field Marshal, Commanding-in-Chief.

The correspondent of the writer of this article sends the following interesting note. After speaking of Captain Macnab and of his services, he says, "In addition to the favor of the Waterloo medal, the Chelsea Hospital Commissioners, consisting of certain members of the Cabinet, of veteran officers, finding a considerable sum of money lying to the credit of the deceased officer (though an act had been passed years before cancelling all claims for prize money) paid the amount over to his heir-at-law, Rev. Alexander Macnab."

Eight years later, in 1876, Canon Macnab and his son, the Rev. A. W. Macnab, being again in London, applied to the Dean and Chapter of St. Paul's Cathedral for permission to place in the crypt of that vast basilica a tablet to the memory of their gallant uncle. The Dean and Chapter heartily acceded to this request, and the result was that a plain but handsome monument was placed upon the walls of the crypt, near the tomb of Macnab's former chief and brother-in-arms, General Picton. This was the first instance of a monument being placed in St. Paul's Cathedral, the great Valhalla of the British Empire, to a Canadian. Some years later a bust of the famous Canadian statesman, Sir John A. Macdonald, was placed in the same part of the noble fane.

After the conclusion of the Waterloo campaign of 1815, and the banishment of Napoleon to St. Helena, there was a long period of peace, broken only by the troubles in India between 1840 and 1850, known as the Gwalior and Sutlej campaigns. In these two last named

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contests there is a record of one Canadian who did gallant service for his Queen and country, the famous Inglis, whose achievements will be fully referred to later on, when we come to speak of the Indian Mutiny and its events.

The Russian War broke out in the early spring of 1854, and by the following September the allied troops had landed in the Crimea, and in the commissioned ranks of the British soldiers were many Canadians to be found. Before, though, we refer to the career of those Canadians who took part in the Eastern campaign as officers either in the mounted or infantry branches of the service, it will be seemly to mention a well-known Canadian, a great part of whose military life was spent in Canada, where he faithfully and zealously performed the duties assigned to him, reflecting credit not only upon his country, but upon his profession, and earning for himself the approbation of his Sovereign.

The officer just spoken of was George, Baron De Rottenburg. He was the son of Major-General De Rottenburg, an officer in the Imperial service who was President of the Council of Upper Canada, succeeding Major-General Sir Roger Hales Sheaffe, from June 14th, 1813 to December 13th in the same year.

George De Rottenburg was born in Kingston in 1807, and in 1825, when eighteen years of age, entered the army as Ensign in Her Majesty's 81st Regiment. The 81st was, at the period when De Rottenburg joined it, stationed in Halifax, and one of the first duties which the young officer had assigned to him was that of receiving the regimental color of the corps when new standards were presented to them by the Lieutenant-Governor of the Colony. De Rottenburg served but a short period in the 81st Regiment, for he was soon transferred to the 60th Regiment of Rifles, and sometime later to the 49th Regiment, noted as being the corps which in the early days of the present century was commanded by Isaac Brock. The 49th was also celebrated for the gallant part which it took in the battle of Queenston Heights. In the year 1835 when the British Legion was raised in England by Lord John Hay to assist Queen Isabella of Spain to defend her crown against the Carlist insurgents, Captain De Rottenburg, as he had then become, being then on the unattached list, obtained permission from the Imperial authorities to volunteer for this service. He did so, and under General Sir De Lacy Evans served throughout the whole of the first Carlist war, which lasted rather more than twelve months.

After the cessation of hostilities in Spain, De Rottenburg returned to England, and the year 1837 found him once more in Canada serving upon the Headquarters staff. During the Rebellion of 1837-8 Captain De Rottenburg was in Lower Canada, now the Province of Quebec, where he was employed on what was officially described as "particular service." So assiduously did Captain De Rottenburg discharge his duties in that capacity that on the recommendation of Sir John Colborné, the then Governor-General, he, after the Rebellion was quelled, was given the brevet rank of Major. About 1840 Major De Rottenburg returned to England where he served in various capacities, coming back to Canada once more in 1854 as Adjutant-General of Militia for Upper Canada. He had in the meantime attained the rank of Lieutenant-Colonel and in 1857 was promoted Colonel.

In the early part of the year 1858 the Imperial authorities decided to raise a regiment of infantry in Canada, they having been assured by the Canadian Ministry of the day that there would be no difficulty to enlist a battalion of, at least, 1,200 men, and the result proved that this promise was amply justified. It would be as well to repeat here what has already been stated in former articles relating to the 100th, or Prince of Wales Royal Canadian Regiment, as the corps was called which was raised in Canada, and subsequently commanded by Colonel De Rottenburg.

It has been related by many writers that in the hour of Britain's need for

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troops during the Indian Mutiny Canada came forward and in the emergency raised a regiment of 1,200 men. This statement is both inaccurate and misleading. The 100th Regiment was raised in Canada, but not by Canadian money. It was paid for by the Imperial authorities, it was clothed and equipped by the Imperial authorities, and not one cent, not one fraction of pecuniary assistance was given directly or indirectly by the Canadian Government.

Colonel De Rottenburg assumed the command of the 100th Regiment in May, 1858, and as far as it is possible to ascertain it is believed that he was the first native-born Upper Canadian whoever commanded one of Her Majesty's regiments. Colonel De Rottenburg took his newly formed corps to England in June, 1858, and twelve months later sailed with them for Gibraltar. In 1861 Colonel De Rottenburg, after thirty-six years' service in the army, retired therefrom by the sale of his commission, and was succeeded in the command by another native-born Canadian, Alexander Roberts Dunn, who will be further referred to in this series of sketches.

After retiring from military life, Colonel De Rottenburg resided in different parts of England and Ireland, and about 1880 became a Military Knight of Windsor, and took up his abode in the quarters provided for the Military Knights in the precincts of the famous Royal residence, Windsor Castle. There, in his eighty-eighth year, he passed away in the latter days of 1894.

Reverting once more to the Crimean campaign, though during its continuance among the Queen's soldiers were many Canadians who did good service, some of whom, notably the gallant Maule, fell as they cheered on their troops to victory, it is especially of three of them of whom we intend to speak in this sketch. These were the gallant artilleryman so well known as General Williams of Kars, Alexander Roberts Dunn, of the 11th Hussars, and Frederick Wells, of Her Majesty's 1st or Royal Regiment.

CAPTAIN MACNAB, H.M. 30TH CAMBRIDGESHIRE REGIMENT —THE ONLY CANADIAN WHO WAS AT WATERLOO.

From a Painting in possession of Canon Macnab.

The first named of these, William Fenwick Williams, was born at Annapolis, Nova Scotia, December 4th, 1800, he being the younger son of Commissary-General Thomas Williams, who was also Barrackmaster at Halifax. At an early age young Williams was sent to England for his education, and entered at the Royal Mili-

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COL. BARON DE ROTTENBERG, C.B.—DIED FEBRUARY, 1894.
From Photo. lent by Capt. J. G. Ridout.

tary College, Woolwich, where he passed a creditable examination. He was gazetted to the Royal Artillery in 1825, as Second Lieutenant, and two years later, when stationed at Gibraltar, became First Lieutenant. In 1829 he was ordered to the East Indies, and stationed in Colombo, Ceylon; there he obtained an appointment in the department of the Surveyor-General, where he was instrumental in building several bridges and roads in the neighbourhood of that city, which is the capital of the island. From Ceylon, in 1835, he proceeded to Egypt, where he became known to the Viceroy, the notorious or famous, according to the divergent opinions held of him, Mehemet Ali. From Egypt he proceeded to Syria and Constantinople, and after a long sojourn in the Turkish capital in 1839, he once more found himself in England, and doing duty with his corps. In the next year, 1840, Williams received his captaincy. While in Constantinople he had been presented to Mahmoud II, the Sultan, whose authority the Viceroy of Egypt, Mehemet Ali, had almost succeeded in throwing off. Great Britain could not support Mehemet, and was prepared to give her support to the Sultan. While these preparations were being made, Lord Palmerston, who was Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, it is stated by Dent, "sent down to Woolwich a requisition for an energetic and capable artillery officer, who was to proceed to the Turkish capital and inspect the arsenals there. The object of such inspection was to remedy the numerous deficiencies which were believed to exist, and to put the Turkish country in an efficient state of defence. Captain Fenwick Williams was the officer selected for this important duty. He repaired to Constantinople and served in the arsenals there for three years. Towards the close of the year 1843 he received his majority, and immediately afterwards proceeded as British Commissioner to a conference held at Erzeroum, in Upper Armenia, with a view to a settlement of the boundary line between Persia and Turkey in Asia. The Commissioners were four in number, and represented Great Britain, Russia, Turkey and Persia. Their conference lasted about four years, and after the treaty was signed the Commissioners were detailed to see its more important provisions carried out."

In recognition of his services in negotiating the Treaty of Erzeroum, Ma-

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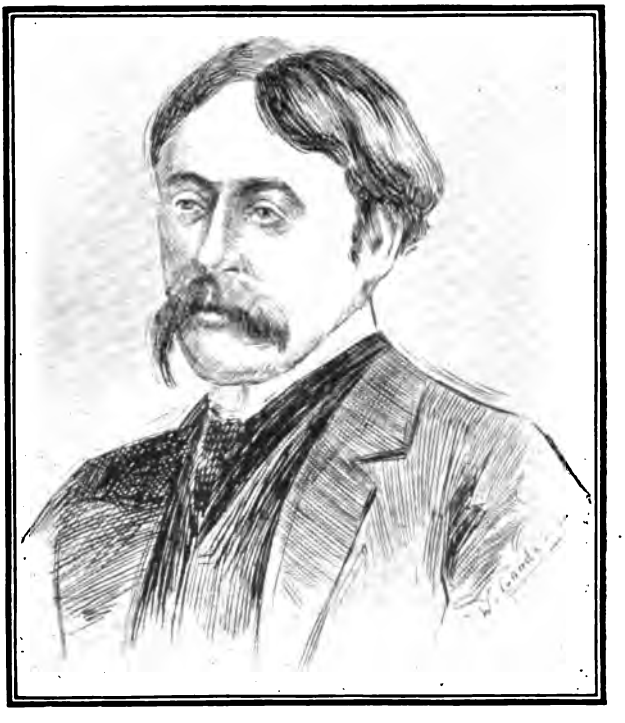
jor Williams, he having been advanced to the latter rank in 1843, was in 1848 promoted to a lieutenant-colonelcy. In 1854, Colonel Williams, on the breaking out of the Crimean War, was despatched to the scene of action as Her Majesty's Commissioner, his destination being the city of Kars, under the walls of which stronghold the Turkish forces had been driven by the Russians under Prince Bebutoff. It was in consequence of Colonel Williams' thorough familiarity with this part of Asia Minor, and of the high opinion the authorities at the War Office had of his abilities, that he was destined for this particular service. He reached the Turkish capital, August 14th, 1855, and at once reported himself to Lord Raglan, British officer commanding Her Majesty's forces, and to Lord Stratford de Redcliffe, the British Minister (armed with plenipotentiary powers), residing at Constantinople. On September 24th, Colonel Williams arrived at Kars, accompanied only by three men. They were Lieutenant Teesdale of the Royal Artillery, Lieutenant Churchill and Dr. Sandwith. The following graphic picture of the state of things which obtained at Kars when Colonel Williams arrived there, is given in his biography, already quoted. "He found that there had been gross peculation and mismanagement, and that the equipments and commissariat were in a wretched condition. The army was an unsightly rabble in rags and tatters, bearing, except in the matter of numbers, considerable resemblance to that famous regiment with which Sir John Falstaff refused to march through Coventry. The rations served out to the men were scanty and foul. The officers were shiftless and incompetent. The payment of the troops was more than twelve months—and in some cases more than twenty-two months—in arrear. As a result a state of insubordination prevailed. Drill was altogether neglected, and many of the troops were absolutely too lazy to take exercise. Such was the condition of things which prevailed when Colonel Williams arrived at Kars."

He at once set himself at work to remedy, or at least try to remedy the condition of things. He first of all sent a despatch to Lord Stratford de Redcliffe, the British Ambassador at Constantinople, telling him of the state of things which obtained at Kars, and asking him to obtain, if possible, remedial measures from the Turkish Government.

Instead of adopting a straightforward and enlightened policy, the Tur-



COLONEL ALEXANDER ROBERTS DUNN, V.C.—THE "YOUNGEST COLONEL IN THE SERVICE." DIED AT SENAFE.

From an old Painting.

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GENERAL SIR J. FENWICK WILLIAMS, OF KARS.

From Illustrated London News.

kish authorities, in reply to this request, sent a most incapable officer, one Shukri Pasha, who was, instead of a help to Colonel Williams, the greatest possible hindrance to him.

After many delays, Colonel Williams was appointed a Lieutenant-General in the service of the Sultan. In the commission appointing him to this rank he was styled "Williams Pasha," and this was the first instance of a Christian being appointed to high rank in the army of the Turkish Sultan, under his own proper name. Previously it had been the custom to bestow Moslem surnames upon foreign officers when promoting them to posts of distinction in the Turkish forces.

Lieutenant-General Williams in the following November went from Kars to Erzeroum, which he placed in as efficient a state of defence as was possible under the circumstances. He had left at Kars to maintain discipline his trusty A.D.C., Lieutenant Teesdale. In the spring of 1856 General Williams was reinforced by Colonel Lake and Captains Olpherts and Thompson, of the Indian army. The fortifications of Kars were not only strengthened, but to a great extent reconstructed, and provisions were stored up for a lengthy siege, as it was well known that a strong Russian force under General Mouravieff, would attempt to take the fortress, nor was it very long before the attempt was made.

"Never," says Kinglake, "had a man a more difficult task than that which fell to the lot of Williams. He had to contend against official stupidity, corruption, delay; he could get nothing done without having first to remove whole mountains of obstruction, and to quicken into life and movement an apathy which seemed like that of a paralyzed system. He concentrated his efforts at last upon the defence of Kars, and he held the place against overpowering Russian forces, and against an enemy far more appalling, starvation itself. With his little garrison he repelled a tremendous attack of the Russian army under General Mouravieff, in a battle that lasted nearly seven hours, and as a result of which the Russians left on the field more than five thousand dead. He had to surrender at last to famine, but the very articles of surrender to which the conqueror consented, became the trophy of Williams and his men. The garrison were allowed to leave the place with all the honours of war, and 'as a testimony to the valorous resistance made by the garrison of Kars the officers of all ranks are to keep their swords.' Williams and his English

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companions — Colonel Lake, Major Teesdale, Major Thompson and Dr. Sandwith—had done as much for the honour of their country at the close of the war as Butler and Nasmyth had done at its opening. The curtain of that great drama rose and fell upon a splendid scene of English heroism. The war was virtually over."

After the capitulation of Kars General Williams and his staff were taken as prisoners to St. Petersburg, where they were treated by the Russian authorities with all the consideration and deference due to distinguished soldiers, "foemen worthy of their steel."

Peace was concluded between Russia and England early in 1856, and in May of the same year General Williams and his companions landed in England, where they were received everywhere with the greatest possible enthusiasm. General Williams was created a baronet, and a pension of £1,000 per annum awarded him for life. He also had the honor of being created a K.C.B.

In addition to the honours heaped upon him by the British Government, the Sultan of Turkey conferred upon him the dignity of Pasha of the highest rank, together with the title of full general in the Ottoman army. Greatly as Williams prized the distinctions so freely bestowed upon him by the Imperial Government, none gave him greater pleasure than those which were conferred by his native place, the Province of Nova Scotia, and here it will not be inappropriate to again quote Dent, as it is understood that much of the biography of the hero of Kars, published by that distinguished writer, was personally dictated by General Williams himself. "How thankful I ought to be," writes the General under date of May 28th, 1856, to a friend in Halifax, "and indeed am, to God for having spared me through so many dangers, to serve the Queen in such a manner as to obtain her approbation, and the good will of all my country-men on both sides of the water. Of all the proofs which I have or shall receive of this all but general sentiment in my favour, a sword voted to me by the Nova Scotians is the most acceptable to my heart; and when I again come in sight of the shores of that land where I first drew my breath, I shall feel that I am a thousand times requited for all I have gone through during the eventful years of the last terrible struggle."

In 1859 General Williams was appointed to the command of the Imperial forces in British North America, and the first occasion when he made a conspicuously public appearance was at the inauguration of the present Brock's monument, on October 13th, 1859. Of the veterans of the war who stood by him on this occasion were Sir Allan

COLONEL FREDERICK WELLS—H.M. 1ST ROYALS.
From Photo. lent by Mrs. De Pencier

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COL. INGLIS—H.M. 23RD REGIMENT. HERO OF THE DEFENCE OF LUCKNOW.

From Illustrated London News.

Macnab, Sir John Beverley Robinson, Colonels Edward William Thomson, Clark, Henry Ruttan and several Indians.

General Williams remained in Canada until 1867, when he returned to England, and in 1869 was appointed Governor and Commander-in-Chief at Gibraltar, which post he held until 1875. Returning to England in the autumn of the last named year, he remained for some little time on the unemployed list, and in 1877 finally retired from the army. In 1881 he was appointed Constable of the Tower of London, a post, though, which he held only for a very brief period.

General Williams died July 27th, 1883, and leaving no children, his title became extinct.

Another Canadian who distinguished himself during the Crimean campaign was Alexander Roberts Dunn, son of the Hon. John Henry Dunn, sometime Receiver-General of Upper Canada, and also at one time a member of the Upper Canadian Parliament. Dunn was born in Toronto in the year 1833, and was educated first at Upper Canada College, and subsequently sent to England to continue his studies at Harrow. In 1852 he received his commission as cornet in the 11th Hussars, and in 1854 accompanied his regiment to the Crimea, he having then attained the rank of lieutenant. In the famous charge of the Six Hundred at the battle of Balaclava, Dunn was foremost in the fray, and distinguished himself above all others by his intrepidity, and for the daring by which he saved more than one man from death at the hands of the Russians. Very shortly after the battle of Balaclava, Dunn retired from the army into private life, nevertheless, when the Order of the Victoria Cross was instituted by Her Majesty, Dunn, though no longer wearing the Queen's uniform, was unanimously recommended by the officers of the Light Cavalry Brigade as being the man above all others upon whom this reward "for valour" should be bestowed. Dunn received the Cross from the hands of Her Majesty herself, and very shortly afterwards returned to his native place.

In 1858 the 100th, or Prince of Wales Royal Canadian Regiment, was formed, Dunn assisting by raising two hundred men, for which service he was rewarded by being appointed to the junior majority in the newly-formed corps. In 1861, on the retirement of Colonel De Rottenburg, Major Dunn succeeded to the command of the 100th Regiment, and in 1865 exchanged to the 33rd, Duke of Wellington's Regiment, accompanying the latter named corps in the Abyssinian expedition under Sir Robert Napier against King

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Theodore. Whilst out shooting, as the regiment was encamped during the march towards Magdala, Dunn was accidentally shot by the discharge of his own fowling-piece, and in a very brief period after the accident he breathed his last. He was buried at Senafé, the inscription on his tombstone recording that he was "the youngest colonel in the British service."

Yet another noticeable figure in the Crimean campaign was that of Frederick Wells, Captain and Brevet-Major in Her Majesty's 1st or Royal Regiment of Foot. Frederick Wells was the son of Lieutenant-Colonel Joseph Wells, who had served with distinction during the Peninsula War. Colonel Wells came to Canada about 1817, and settled in Toronto, where Frederick Wells, the subject of this sketch, was born about the year 1821. He was appointed Ensign in the 1st Foot, October 12th, 1841, Captain, November 6th, 1854, and subsequently became Lieutenant-Colonel. During the Russian campaign he was present at the battles of Alma and Inkerman, and was never absent from duty during the entire period of the siege of Sebastopol. On the conclusion of peace he had the honour of having conferred upon him by the Emperor of the French the Grand Cross of the Legion of Honour, and by the Sultan of Turkey the 5th Class of the Mejidie. Returning to Toronto on leave-of-absence in 1856, Major Wells was presented by the city with a sword of honour, and by the pupils and ex-pupils of Upper Canada College, at which institution he had been educated, was tendered a public reception at the St. Lawrence Hall.

Colonel Wells accompanied the 1st Royals to India, which was the first foreign service of that corps after they returned to England from the Crimean campaign. The Royals, though, were not present, and took no part in quelling the Indian Mutiny.

Colonel Wells retired from the army, and died in Leamington, Warwickshire, England, in 1877. "He was a gallant soldier, a true friend, a courteous gentleman."

Passing from the stirring events of the Crimean War to those of the Indian Mutiny in 1857-58, we come to another Canadian, whose name and reputation in the annals of the empire will never die. The soldier referred to is John Eardley Wilmot Inglis, born in Halifax, Nova Scotia, on Nov. 15th, 1814. The subject of this sketch was the son of Dr. John Inglis, the third Anglican bishop of Nova Scotia, his mother being a daughter of Mr. Thomas Cochrane, a member of the Executive Council of Nova Scotia.

Young Inglis received his first commission in the British service as an ensign in H. M. 32nd Regiment (Cornwall Light Infantry) on August 2nd, 1833, and until he was gazetted Major-General, in September, 1857, he served in no other regiment. Inglis became Lieutenant in 1839, and Captain in 1843. During the period covered between 1837 and 1843, Lieutenant Inglis was with his battalion in Canada, and did good service in the Canadian Rebellion of 1837-38, being present at the battles of St. Denis and St. Eustache, in Lower Canada, now the Province of Quebec.

In 1840, Inglis was stationed in Toronto, and was a member of the celebrated "Tandem Club," formed by the officers of the garrison in Toronto and the militia officers of the Province, for the purpose of sleigh-driving with horses driven tandem. The headquarters of this club was at Osgoode Hall, Toronto, and the only survivor of the club, which existed in 1840-41, is Major Heath, still living in Toronto.

To be concluded next month.

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CANADIAN CELEBRITIES.

NO. X.—J. STUART THOMSON.

ARTICLES in this Magazine have dealt with native-dwelling Canadians, the heads of great transportation systems. Across the border some of our young men promise to be highly successful in similar fields. Canadians are prominent in the Vanderbilt roads, the Queen and Crescent, and the Great Northern systems.

Hardly five years ago, J. Stuart Thomson left McGill University to accept the position of secretary to Morton F. Plant, the son of the founder of the extensive Plant System of steamships, railroads and hotels, a system covering steam-ship lines from Charlottetown to Boston, from New York to Savannah, Ga., and from Florida to Cuba and Jamaica, over three thousand miles of steamship mail service and rail lines of 2,000 miles through the South. Mr. Thomson has very recently been appointed Assistant to President Plant, of the Canada Atlantic and Plant Steamship Company, of Halifax, N.S., and Assistant Manager of the Plant Steamship Lines, of New York and Florida. There perhaps is hardly as young a man in similar responsibility in steamship circles; and it is a tribute, not only to the friendship of his superior, but to faithfulness, diligence, and enthusiasm in duties. In the exacting conditions of the time, the present is probably the young man's day. He is required to copy the judgment of his elders, and to be able to work unceasingly. In the long list of Canadians prominent in United States transportation companies, we find a tribute to the virility of our men, and the worth of our schools, not only schools of technic, but schools devoted to the training of our Canadian character in the qualities that go to make success, namely, rectitude and zeal.

Before going to McGill University, Mr. Thomson, for a time, had upbringing in that excellent railroad school, the Grand Trunk Railway, being a Junior Assistant in Sir Joseph Hickson's office. The same school and office gave the first training to the lately appointed President of the Vanderbilt railroad system.

Mr. Thomson is a "Point" boy, of Montreal, by birth, graduating at the Point School and the old Senior School. Latterly he was a student at McGill University and the Presbyterian College. He is of Scotch parentage on his father's side, and on his mother's, of old U. E. Loyalist stock. His maternal ancestors were originally settled in Central New York, but at the time of the Revolution, owing to Tory sympathies, were driven to Kingston, Upper Canada, and their lands confiscated. His great-great-grandfather, John Ryder, of Watertown, N.Y., was appointed Crown Surveyor of Frontenac County, and given grants of land at Kingston, part of which was the noted Cataraqui property. The family served in all the wars, from the Revolution to 1812, and later on in the Fenian Raid.

At college Mr. Thomson was considered one of the most marked of the speakers, being spirited and ornate, and he is sought after as a lecturer on literary subjects. He has an enthusiasm for the Greek idea of accomplishment in athletics, friendships, affairs and letters, in the order named. He is an enthusiastic Canadian, and counts among his friends our prominent official and literary Canadians. He is as well known in Ottawa and Montreal as in New York.

Perhaps his most interesting achievement, from a Canadian point of view, has been in literature. While at college he began contributing verse to the Toronto *Week*, and this has been fol-

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AT FOUR YEARS.

AT SEVENTEEN YEARS.

lowed by a volume, "Estabelle," which by Canadian, foreign and American critics placed him at once, as the Chicago *Dial* reviewer stated, in the group of distinctive Canadian poets, which includes Lampman, Scott, Carman, Roberts and Campbell. The CANADIAN MAGAZINE was of the first to support his metrical work, which has been remarked by the Edinburgh *Scotsman* "as characterized by a rich sensuousness of fancy akin to that of Keats." Of "Estabelle," the Boston *Transcript* said, "here is a bit of genuine inspiration; in its simple but harmonious movement, and sincerely intimate touch this poem almost vies with Wordsworth's 'Lucy.'" As compared with the strength of the other Canadian poets, Mr. Thomson's work, as the *Chap-Book* and the New York *Home Journal* remarked, is particularly distinguished by a delicacy of portraiture, as well as a strength of line; it is probable his forte is that of the lyrist. He believes in living a strong and varied life, but in singing a gentle one. This quality is marked in his work for the magazines, at home and abroad, since "Estabelle" was published a year ago. Mr. Thomson is also the author of a brochure, "Eulaline," and another volume of collected magazine verse will shortly be forthcoming. With a genius for activity, we may expect continued product from his pen. Mr. Thomson lives and works a stone's throw from Fifth Avenue and 23rd Street, New York City. His enthusiasms, are business, letters, patriotism and travel. He is a good example of our native education, taking no time for doubting or complaining. Paradoxically, while not an optimist in sentiment, he is in endeavour. It is the safe and sturdy spirit of the times.

FROM A RECENT PHOTOGRAPH.

JOHN STUART THOMSON.

D. T. McLaren.

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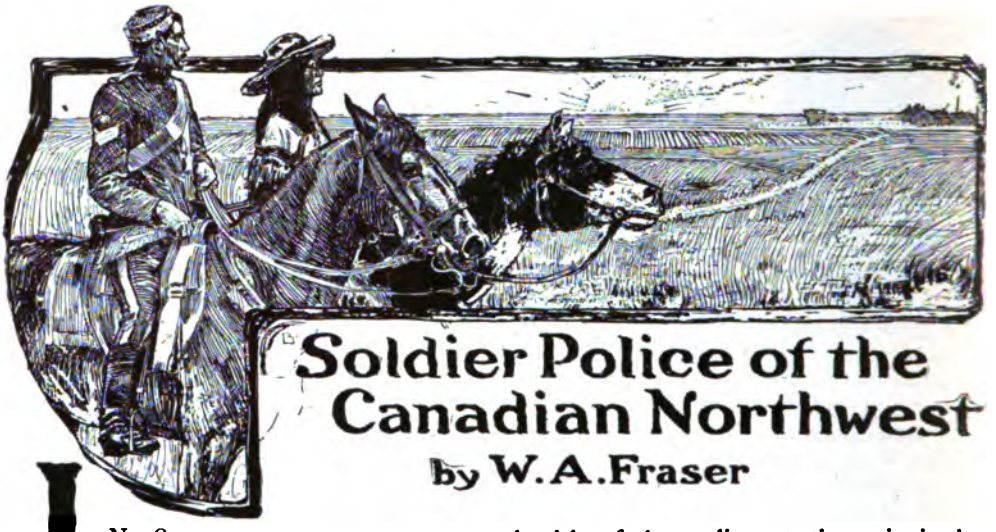

Soldier Police of the Canadian Northwest

by W. A. Fraser

IN 1873, 150 men were sent to Manitoba from eastern Canada. That was the beginning of the Northwest Mounted Police. The following year, the force, 300 strong, marched to the Rocky Mountains. That was the beginning of the movement which has culminated in the dominating of the whole of the Northwest Territories by these men. Within a few years the force was increased to 500 men, and during the Riel rebellion it numbered 1,000. It was divided into ten divisions, each division being designated by a letter and the depot. In 1894, it was reduced to 750 men. Last year there were in the Northwest Territories 548 men; in the Yukon, 184. The ten divisions are posted in different parts of the Northwest. There are three divisional headquarters near the United States boundary line. In each division there are outposts, with from two to ten men each.

The police officers are: a commissioner and an assistant commissioner; and, in each division, a superintendent and two inspectors. At headquarters there are two extra inspectors, one as quartermaster and the other as paymaster. Five surgeons look after the health of the police at the principal posts. A veterinary surgeon and an assistant veterinary surgeon are attached to the force, while each division has a veterinary sergeant to look after the horses. The pay of these several officers is as follows: Commissioner, $2,600 per year; assistant commissioner, $1,600 per year; superintendents, $1,400 per year; inspectors, $1,000 per year; surgeons and veterinary surgeons, $1,000; staff sergeants, $1.25 to $2.00 per day; duty sergeants, $1.00 per day; corporals, 85 cents per day; constables, 50 to 75 cents per day.

The full-dress uniform is a scarlet tunic with yellow facings, blue cloth breeches with yellow stripes, white helmet, cavalry boots, and cavalry overcoat. In winter fur coats and moccasins are worn when necessary. A serviceable khaki uniform and cowboy hat are used for rough work on the prairie in summer. In barracks the life is regulated on military principles. Every quarter or half hour the bugle calls the men to some duty—stables, parade, meals, lights out—just as in a military camp. The men have their rations, their mess, and their canteen. Each constable looks after his

This article appeared in *McClure's Magazine* for July, 1899, and is republished by special permission. About three hundred of the Seven Hundred and Fifty Policemen have gone to South Africa with the Second Canadian Contingent. This article, by a Canadian who knows them well, shows how valuable an addition they will be to the British forces.

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own horse. Each commissioned officer has a "batsman," or body servant, told off from among the constables. He pays this man $5.00 per month additional out of his own pocket. The batsman is relieved of guard and some other duties. Mechanics of all descriptions are employed in the force; they do most of the building, and all of the repairing to harness, waggons and buildings.

That's the personnel of the N. W. M. P. on paper. A force of 750 men to guard a territory stretching from the Great Lakes to the Rockies, and from the forty-ninth parallel, the boundary of the United States, to the Arctic Ocean! How they can accomplish it with such efficiency as they do, guarding half a continent, peopled by warlike Indians, so well that a white man may walk from one end of it to the other, unarmed and alone, with greater security than he could pass from Castle Garden to Harlem in New York City, is just matter of wonder. Here are three illustrations; they, perhaps, picture the method:

MAJOR STEELE.

When Piapot—restless, quarrelsome, drink-loving Piapot—and his swarthy, hawk-faced following of Crees and Saultaux, hundreds of them, spread the circles of their many smoke-tanned tepees near the construction line of the Canadian Pacific Railway, beyond Swift Current, there was inaugurated the preliminary of a massacre, an Indian war, the driving out of the railway hands, or whatever other fanciful form of entertainment the fertile brain of Piapot might devise.

The Evil One must have looked down with satisfaction upon the assembly; there were navvies of wonderful and elastic moral construction; bad Indians with insane alcoholic aspirations; subservient squaws; and the keystone of the whole arch of iniquity—whiskey. The railway management sent a remonstrance to the powers. The Lieutenant-Governor issued an order; and two policemen, two plain, red-coated, blue-trousered policemen, rode forth carrying Her Majesty's commands. Not a brigade, nor a regiment, nor a troop; not even a company. Even the officer bearing the written order was but a sergeant. With him was one constable. That was the force that was to move this turbulent tribe from the good hunting-ground they had struck to a secluded place many miles away. It was like turning a king off his throne. Piapot refused to move, and treated the bearer of the Pale-face Mother's message as only a blackguard Indian can treat a man who is forced to listen to his insults without retaliating.

The sergeant calmly gave him fifteen minutes in which to commence striking camp. The result was fifteen minutes of abuse—nothing more. The young bucks rode their ponies at the police horses, and jostled the sergeant and his companion. They screamed defiance at him, and fired their guns under his charger's nose and close to his head, as they circled about in their pony spirit-war-dance. When the fifteen minutes were up, the sergeant threw his picket-line to the constable,

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ONE OF THE FORCE.

dismounted, walked over to Chief Piapot's grotesquely painted tepee, and calmly knocked the key-pole out. The walls of the palace collapsed; the smoke-grimed roof swirled down like a drunken balloon about the ears of Piapot's harem. All the warriors rushed for their guns. But the sergeant continued methodically knocking key-poles out, and Piapot saw that the game was up. He had either got to kill the sergeant—stick his knife into the heart of the whole British nation by the murder of this unruffled soldier—or give in and move away. He chose the latter course, for Piapot had brains.

Again: After the killing of Custer, Sitting Bull became a more or less orderly tenant of Her Majesty the Queen. With 900 lodges he camped at Wood Mountain, just over the border from Montana. An arrow's flight from his tepees was the Northwest Mounted Police post. One morning the police discovered six dead Saultaux Indians. They had been killed and scalped in the most approved Sioux fashion. Each tribe has a trade-mark of its own in the way of taking scalps; some are broad, some are long, some round, some elliptical, some more or less square. These six Indians had been scalped according to the Sioux design. Also a seventh Saultaux, a mere lad and still alive, had seen the thing done. The police buried the six dead warriors, and took the live one with them to the police post. Sitting Bull's reputation was not founded on his modesty, and with characteristic audacity he came, accompanied by four minor chiefs and a herd of hoodlum warriors, and made a demand for the seventh Saultaux—the boy.

There were twenty policemen backing Sergeant McDonald; with the chief there were at least 500 warriors; so what followed was really an affair of prestige more than of force. When Sitting Bull arrived at the little picket gate of the post, he threw his squat figure from his pony, and in his usual generous, impetuous manner, rushed forward and thrust the muzzle of his gun into Sergeant McDonald's

ON LIGHT DUTY.

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"HE PLANTED HIMSELF FIRMLY IN THE MIDDLE OF THE BRIDGE, AND VOWED TO KILL THE FIRST . . . THAT ATTEMPTED TO PASS."

stomach, as though he would blow the whole British nation into smithereens with one pull of his finger. McDonald was of the sort that takes things coolly—he was typical of the force. He quietly pushed the gun to one side, and told the five chiefs to step inside, as he was receiving that afternoon. When they passed through the little gate, he invited them to stack their arms in the yard, and come inside the shack and pow-wow. They demurred, but the sergeant was firm; finally the arms were stacked and the chiefs went inside to discuss matters with the police.

Outside the little stockade it was play-day in Bedlam. The young bucks rode, and whooped, and fired their guns; they disturbed the harmony of the afternoon tea, as the sergeant explained to Sitting Bull. "Send your men away," he told him.

The Sioux chief demurred again.

"Send them away," repeated the sergeant, "if you have any authority over them."

At a sign Sitting Bull and the chiefs made towards the door; but there were interruptions—red-coated objections. And the rifles of the chiefs were stacked in the yard outside. Sitting Bull, like Piapot, had brains; likewise was he a good general. He nodded approvingly at this *coup d'etat*, and told one of the chiefs to go out and send the boys away.

When the young bucks had withdrawn to their camp, the sergeant persuaded Sitting Bull and the others to remain still a little longer, chiefly by force of the red-coated arguments he brought to bear upon them. "Tarry here, brothers," he said, "until I send Constable Collins and two others of my men to arrest the murderers of the dead Indians. The Saultaux are subjects of the Queen, and we cannot allow them to be killed for the fun of the thing. Also has the boy told us who the murderers are."

Then Constable Collins—big Jack Collins, wild Irishman and all the rest of it—went over to the Sioux camp, accompanied by two fellow-policemen, and arrested three of the slayers of the dead Indians. It was like going through the Inquisition for the fun of the thing. The Indians jostled and shoved them, reviled them, and fired their pistols and guns about their ears, whirled their knives and tomahawks dangerously close, and indulged in every other species of torment their vengeful minds could devise. But big Jack and his comrades hung on to their prisoners, and steadily worked their way along to the post.

Not a sign of annoyance had escaped either of the constables up to the time a big Indian stepped up directly in front of Jack Collins and spat in his face. Whirra, whirroo! A big mutton-leg fist shot through the prairie air, and the Sioux brave, with broken

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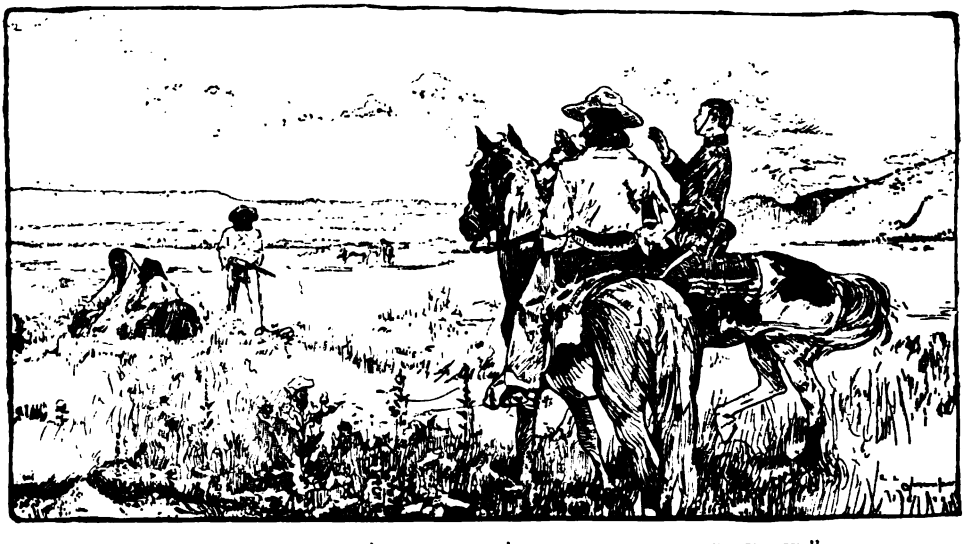
nose, lay like a crushed moccasin at Jack's feet. "Take that, ye black baste!" he hissed between his clenched teeth. "An' ye've made me disobey orders, ye foul fiend!" Then he marched his prisoners into the post, and reported himself for misconduct for striking an Indian. The three prisoners were sent to Regina, and tried for the murder. I do not know whether Jack was punished for his handiwork or not, though it is quite likely that he was strongly censured at least.

And again: At Golden, in the heart of the Rockies, there was a pretty tough mining camp. Major Steele was commanding the police there, and in spite of firm measures the miners were beginning to get a little out of hand. One night it culminated in a riot. Sergeant Fury, a determined, bull-dog little man, was sent, with two constables to arrest the ring-leaders. The gang had possession of a saloon. Fury walked in, and going straight up to the man he wanted, said: "Come with me; I arrest you."

Of course it was an invitation that the turbulent miner had no idea of accepting. Fury reached out persuasively with his left hand, clutched him by the collar in an iron grip, and backed for the door. It was like throwing a lamb among a cageful of hungry tigers. There was a mob of swaying, swearing miners in front of the little sergeant which his two assistants were vainly trying to keep back. A huge desperado made a rush at Fury from behind. He felt him coming, and without looking around fired point-blank over his shoulder, and brought him to the ground winged. It had a soothing effect upon the others, and the police got their prisoner out on the road before the crowd had time to get worked up into a passion again.

It was some little distance to the barracks, and as they hurried the unwilling captive along the road, they saw the miners coming for them again. "There'll be some quare wurk this time," laughed Corporal Hetherington, for he was of the party. Just as they pulled their prisoner over a bridge which spanned a little stream, a figure came tearing down the road from the barracks with a sword in one hand and a revolver in the other. It was the commander, Major Steele, whom the noise of the fighting had aroused from a bed of illness. He planted himself firmly in the middle of the bridge, and vowed to kill the first member of the mob that attempted to pass.



"'IF HE ADVANCES I'LL KILL HIM,' ANSWERED ALMIGHTY VOICE."

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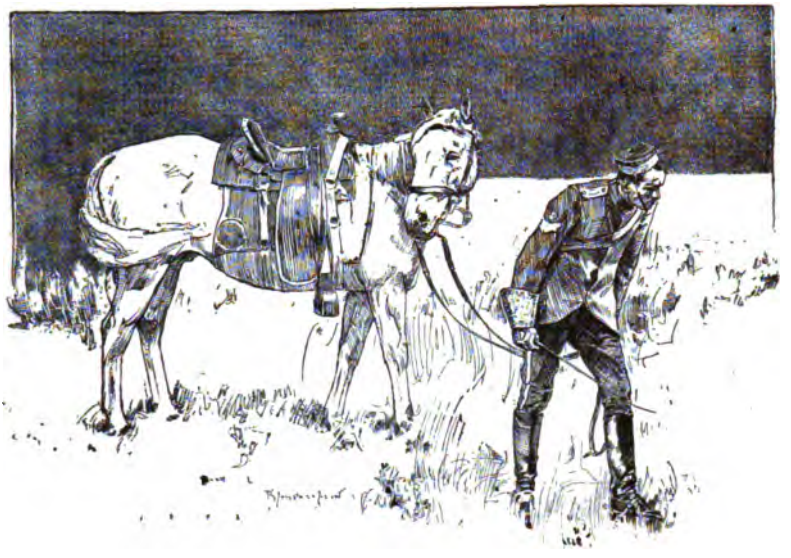
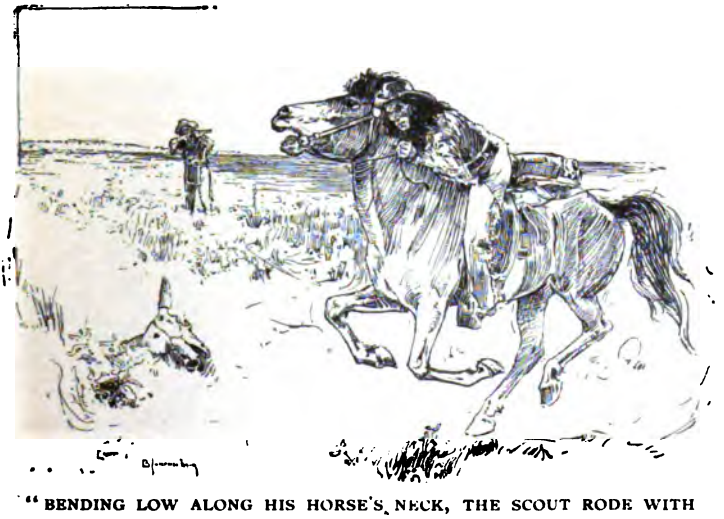


"THEY SCOURED THE LAND FAR AND WIDE."

It was settled that time as it always is. No prisoner is ever given up by the Northwest Mounted Police once the law demands that he be arrested. The miners knew enough of Steele to know that he would keep his word, also that their comrade would have a fair, square trial; that much Steele promised them.

Not that prestige and determination carry the point always. Sometimes the desperadoes turn on the policeman, handicapped by his orders to arrest and not kill, and the death dew gathers damp on his face, and the regimental number is all that is left of him in the force. Duck Lake is the "Five Points" of the Northwest. It lies 100 miles north of Regina, the capital of the Territories. Last year five white men—four policemen and one civilian—and three Indians lay dead on the prairie with their faces to the sky, to the end that the peace broken by one Indian outlaw might be made whole again. Almighty Voice, son of John Sounding Sky, was hungry, and killed a cow. The first little irregularity was that the cow belonged to somebody else. Therefore, a sergeant of police and a half-breed guide rode forth to bring Almighty Voice before a magistrate. As they rode along they heard the report of a gun. They turned from the trail, and came suddenly upon the Indian and two squaws. He had just killed a prairie chicken. "Tell



"BENDING LOW ALONG HIS HORSE'S NECK, THE SCOUT RODE WITH REELING BRAIN.

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him I've come to arrest him for killing cattle," said the sergeant to the guide.

"Tell him if he advances I'll kill *him!*" answered Almighty Voice.

Sergeant Colbrook rode quietly forward. The guide covered the Indian with his carbine, but the sergeant made him put it down again. "We have no authority to kill," he said. "We've come to arrest only. Tell him to lay down his arms," he added, as he rode steadily forward.

"THREE CONSTABLES . . . CREPT IN THROUGH THE THICK, DANGEROUS UNDERGROWTH OF THE BLUFF."

A few paces more, and there came another warning from the Indian at bay. The sergeant, according to his code, had no choice. He could not retire; he had no authority to shoot the Indian; his orders were simply to arrest him, even if it cost him his life—and it did. Another pace, and the fire belched from the muzzle of the Cree's gun, and Sergeant Colbrook fell shot through the heart. The guide's code was not so high. He could retire, and he did, very fast.

That was the beginning. A price was set upon the murderer's head; he was declared an outlaw, and for a thousand miles west and a thousand miles north the red-coated riders watched for Almighty Voice. While they scoured the land far and wide, Almighty Voice lived for many moons shielded by his Indian friends at Duck Lake.

One day a horse was stolen, and a half-breed scout with a companion started to round up the thief. They caught him. As they were bringing him through a clump of poplars astride of a knock-kneed cayuse he disappeared as if by magic. Then Almighty Voice appeared upon the scene, and the scout was soon galloping for dear life—for the little life that was left him, for a bullet had gone crashing through his back, and the slayer of Sergeant Colbrook was running like the wind at his horse's heels, making savage clutches at the swishing tail. Bending low along his horse's neck, the scout rode with reeling brain. One clutch of those dark, sinewy hands in his steed's tail, and the next instant a knife would be at his throat. The horse gained a little—the prey was escaping. The pursuer stopped for an instant, and his fierce black eyes gleamed along a gun-barrel. The bullet cut through the cowboy hat of the scout, and severed the woven-hair bridle between the horse's ears. The bit dropped from the horse's mouth, and under the new freedom he sped faster. Almighty Voice gave up the chase.

Over the wire the news was flashed

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into Prince Albert, and Captain Allen and a detachment of police rode eighty miles that night. Almighty Voice had two other killings to attend to, but that ride caught him in a trap. In the morning the police were reconnoitering from a little hill. Allen saw three vertical blots on the landscape. As he looked they scampered into a bluff on all fours like deer. "That's an old game," he said. "They are the men we're after."

They surrounded the bluff. As Captain Allen patrolled close to the bushes he suddenly saw something which made him lean far down along the side of his horse, but he was too late. He heard the bone of his right arm snap like a piece of glass, and his hand swung limp as a rag at his side. The bullet from Almighty Voice's rifle had smashed through his arm close to the shoulder. The exchange of leaden cards had been mutual. A 44 bullet from Allen's revolver had scorched its way through Almighty Voice's ankle.

Thrown from his horse by the shock, the officer crawled like a wounded duck into the thick grass of the prairie. When he had gone a little distance he raised himself on one knee, only to look along the cold steel barrel of a rifle and into the merciless eyes of Almighty Voice. He knelt for the space of five seconds looking into the face of death, expecting every minute the crash of the leaden messenger. Without uncovering his wounded quarry, the Indian pointed with two fingers, and said, "Throw me your cartridge belt."

The Captain understood: the Indian would not waste a cartridge upon him now that he was disabled; he needed them all for self-defence. Where he stood in the edge of the bush he was covered, and would not expose himself by coming out to finish his man with a knife. "Throw me your cartridges or I'll kill you," he said in Cree.

"Never!" answered Allen.

Just then there was the crack of a carbine, and a bullet spat against the trunk of a poplar and went zipping off through the light branches. A constable had sighted the Indian; the latter jumped back among the trees.

Temporary repairs kept Allen from bleeding to death. They tried burning the Indians out, but the poplars were too green. Then three constables—Hawkin, Kerr, and Lundy—crept in through the thick, dangerous undergrowth of the bluff to drive them out. Their few comrades keeping guard on the outside heard at irregular intervals the rifles speak, but no message came from the deep shadows of the aspens. No fleeing Indian darted into the open; no smoke-grimed, red-coated policeman struggled forth holding a dark captive. There was nothing but the occasional sharp crack of a rifle, the yell of defiance of an Indian, and then silence—heavy, oppressive silence. After a time there was nothing but silence, no call from the constables to their friends on the outside, no word from the rifles—nothing but the ominous stillness. The hearts of the watchers grew heavy, and well they might, for the three brave troopers were lying with their white, set faces looking up at the blue vault, their bodies torn by the bullets that had been fired at them from the distance of a few paces.

With the persistence characteristic of the force, two men, O'Kelly and Cook, went in to do what three had failed to accomplish. As he wormed his way along on his stomach, O'Kelly made a discovery. The Indians, with devilish ingenuity, had made three runways leading up to a certain point by breaking the small bushes off close to the ground. These led to a death-trap—a pit dug by the Indians with their knives. At the other end of each was a hawk-eyed Indian with a levelled rifle. It was in these little runways that the three policemen had been shot.

The two constables avoided the paths, and kept to the thick growth. Suddenly O'Kelly became aware of a pair of khaki-coloured legs in front of him. Thinking it was one of his dead comrades, he reached out to pull the body back. As he did so the feet were wrenched violently from his grasp, and

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disappeared over the embankment into the pit. The rifles belched forth in his very face, and an Indian sprang up on the embankment to get a better shot at him. A bullet from O'Kelly's rifle went crashing through the redskin's brain. The constable flattened his body out, and hugged his mother earth as though he loved her. A shot from Almighty Voice tore a spur from off his heel.

Ten feet away Cook was lying flat and motionless behind the dead limb of a fallen tree. He saw the smoke of the rifle from the Indian's pit, but he did not see the pair of lynx-like eyes, motionless as the rock of Gibraltar, that watched steadily the limb that covered his face. Cautiously he raised his head a few inches. There was a sharp crack, a puff of smoke, and bark and chips were diven into his eyes with terrific force. Luckily the aim had been a little low, the bullet had glanced.

They recovered one of their wounded companions a little later, and inch by inch worked their way backward, dragging him between them. All that night they guarded the bluff. Once Almighty Voice tried to creep out, but was driven back. In the morning a little trail and a crutch dropped from the blood-stained hands of the Indian showed where he had tried to escape. About midnight Almighty Voice called to the police: "Brothers, we've had a good fight to-day. I've worked hard and am hungry. You've plenty of grub; send me in some.' To-morrow we'll finish the fight."

The next day the fight was like a Roman spectacle. A small hill near by was covered by Indian and half-breed spectators. The old tan-faced mother of Almighty Voice sat there and crooned a weird death-song, and cheered her boy to fight to the death like an Indian brave. She screamed defiance to the police—her son would slay many more of them. But his end was drawing near. A field-gun had been brought up from Regina; a few shells were thrown into the bluff, and then a charge was made. It was difficult charging through that thick growth, but when the smoke cleared away, the pit held three dead Indians, and it was "all quiet along the Saskatchewan" once more.

Many special bodies of troops in Europe, such as the Guards, are filled with men over six feet. In the Northwest the need is different. Abnormally large men would only be an encumbrance on the long rides, breaking down both themselves and their horses. A combination of sinew, strength, endurance, brain, and a fair moral tone is necessary to make up the man who is expected to ride oftentimes day and night without eating or sleeping, to hold his own in a foot-race or a fight with a swift Indian or half-breed; and also show by example that the Northwest Territories are to be developed and governed along the lines of order and industry. The returns from the different posts show that physically the men are admirably fitted to fill this bill. In height their average runs about five feet nine inches, with a chest measurement of thirty-eight and one-half inches. Recruits are subjected to a searching medical examination before being taken on. The aim is "to make it a most difficult force to get into, and an easy one to get out of." The result is a fine body of contented men and few desertions.

In addition to their actual duties as peace officers, the police are supposed to gather for the Government information on every subject under the sun—the sun that shines between the forty-ninth parallel and the Arctic Ocean: the state of the crops, the condition of the ranches, the breeds of horses and cattle most suitable to their individual localities; their opinions on the different ordinances relating to the protection of cattle ranches; even statistical returns to show where the best markets are and how they should be reached. Should a rancher kill a steer and bring the carcass in for sale, the law says that he must also bring the hide bearing his brand to show that in a moment of forgetfulness he has not killed

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his neighbor's animal. The police must see that he does this. They must have constructive ability, and report on roads and bridges, and different modes of transit—from the humble cayuse to the swift-rushing railway. The settlers arriving in the country are under the watchful eye of these guardians; their physical, moral, and financial conditions are duly observed and reported to headquarters. If the Mormon settlement or the colony of the Mennonites have 900 cattle and 600 sheep, those in authority will know it, for a "Rider of the Plains" will have it all jotted down in his note-book. Just how much gold per day the miner takes from the sands of the Saskatchewan is also known; and how much he pays a ton for the coal he burns during the long winter months. You will find in the blue book a list of the questions Li Hung Chang asked when he paid a flying visit to Calgary. Pork-packing and poultry-raising are not beneath notice; and intelligent advice is given, backed up by facts and figures, as to how these industries may be better followed. Nothing escapes the vigilance of these alert policemen.

Fierce battles are waged between the fire fiend and the constables sometimes. Day and night, scorched and seared and athirst, they have to battle often to preserve the country from becoming one vast kiln. No more exciting picture was ever drawn than the sight of two policemen, with two wet blankets knotted together and trailing the ground, galloping one on either side of a line of leaping hungry flame. Miles and miles of fire line they will put out in this way.

In former years the most onerous of the police duties was the preventing of the sale of liquor in the Territories. The Northwest was then a prohibition state. The Lieutenant-Governor had authority to issue a permit to a man to have in his possession liquor up to five gallons, providing always the man was respectable. These permits gave the police no end of trouble. So long as the owner of a permit held it in his hand he was entitled to the possession of five gallons of liquor, though the keg had been drained twenty times. A saloon-keeper with friends who held permits could store a large stock of smuggled liquor and snap his fingers at the police. It was an article of faith that men who tried to bring in liquor by means lawful or otherwise were public benefactors; while the police, who were trying to interrupt this wholesome trade, were men to be put far astray and shrined on a hog's back.

Many and various were the tricks resorted to by the men stricken with a thirst engendered of life in that high, dry atmosphere. A consignment of Bibles to Edmonton proved full of a spirituous consolation that caused them to sell as readily as hot cakes to people who previously had taken very little interest in Christian literature. That the Bibles were tin did not matter in the slightest.

A high-rolling gambler, "Bull Dog" Carney, once ran a car-load of smuggled whiskey into Golden. The police got knowledge of it, and after many ups and downs confiscated most of it. "It was a sight to make your heart ache, sor," the sergeant who told me about it assured me. "A car-load of whisky spilled out on the ground before a squad of men thirsty to their very sowls. Surely a little keg wouldn't have been missed from all that lot—a wee little keg," he added plaintively.

Upon another occasion, when there had been a lawful seizure of "moonlight," the superintendent in charge had seen every package broached and its contents emptied out upon the ground, even to the last "wee little keg." The ruby-tinted nectar had gurgled forth and sunk into the parched earth before the eyes of a thirsty file of inwardly groaning policemen. But when the bugle piped melodiously for stables, there was not a corporal's guard to feed the many horses; and the superintendent took counsel with himself, and went on a tour of inspection. He jabbed viciously with his walking-stick at the brown spots of earth where the

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liquor, many times emptied, had burned away the grass. His stick went through the crust of earth, and struck something which gave back a hollow, complaining sound. It was the bottom of a tub. On top of the tub was an old iron grate; on top of that the earth. It was a very peculiar geological formation, not described in any of the works. The superintendent spoke never a word, for silence is a gold coin studded with rubies; doubtless some wicked men had put it there to bring discredit upon the force. When the next lot of seized liquor was to be emptied, he said to the sergeant: "We'll take this to a new place, and give the grass a chance to grow in the old spot."

Next to guarding against the smuggling of whiskey, the watching of the border line for horse and cattle thieves was probably the most severe of the police duties. A magnificent system of patrol extends along the whole southern side of the British territories from Winnipeg to the Rockies, close to the forty-ninth parallel, which divides the two countries. The patrol usually consists of two policemen, one riding a horse and the other in a buckboard. Rude shelters, perhaps sod-huts, are erected along the trail at forty-mile intervals. The two men start west from, say, Post A, and at the same time two men start east from Post B. They travel forty miles per day until they meet and exchange notes. Then they make a detour to the south, touching the American line, and back thus to their respective posts. Each patrol carries a book containing a printed set of questions. This book is shown to each settler along the patrol route. If he has any complaint to make, he notes it therein; if not, he signs the book. Should the policeman observe any fresh trail from over the border crossing their route, they follow it up and overhaul the travellers. If all does not seem square and above-board, they arrest them and take them in to the nearest post.

Thus the hundreds of miles of open prairie are patrolled almost daily like the streets of a great city. Many cases of cattle and horse stealing have been detected by these means, the stolen animals recovered, and the robbers punished. At one time thieves used to run off horses from the Fort McLeod region, work them northward 300 miles, above Edmonton, east along the Saskatchewan, and trade them off for cattle, which they drove back and sold to the very owners of the horses. The police have stopped all that. Murderers and desperadoes often drift across the line from Montana. These are always caught and returned to the United States officers. The killing of cattle by Indians has been just about stamped out.

In 1896, the United States authorities returned to Canada some hundreds of Cree Indians who had taken refuge there at the time of the Riel rebellion. These Indians were afraid to come back; they were inclined to be ugly. Parties of United States cavalry escorted them to the border. There, much to the astonishment of the United States officers, the turbulent Indians were taken charge of by three mounted policemen, and handled as easily as a lot of school children. It is the even justice with which the Indian has been handled on the Canadian side that makes this possible, or that makes it possible for one or two policemen to go into a large camp and bring away a prisoner.

The Blackfoot tribe is the most warlike within the Canadian borders. Years ago they had a mighty chief named Crowfoot. Whites and Indians all concur in the opinion that he was the greatest Indian, in all respects, that ever lived. He was a noble old savage and proud as Lucifer; so when a sergeant of police and two constables came to his tribe and demanded that two braves who had committed some crime be delivered up to them, he objected haughtily; but finally consented on condition that he might go and see the trial. When the case was finished and even-handed justice had been meted out, Crowfoot said: "This is a place where the forked tongue is made straight. When my people do wrong, they shall

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come here." And since that time it has always been so.

The armament of the force consists of a carbine, usually a 45-75 Winchester, and a 44 Enfield revolver. The men carry neither sword nor spear. The force is supposed to be, as occasion demands, either cavalry, field artillery, or infantry. The artillery armament consists of six seven-pounder guns, four nine-pounders, two mortars, and two Maxim machine guns.

Each constable has a horse allotted to him. The horses are all purchased in the Northwest Territories at an average price of $60 per head. A record is kept of each horse's mileage, and they are carefully looked after by veterinary surgeons and sergeants. At the end of the year an exhaustive report upon the condition of the horses is returned; also upon the quality of the hay and grain supplied by contract for their use. Each horse is branded, and has his regimental number stamped upon the wall of his hoof. *En bloc* they are known as "the herd."

Many a cold, bitter ride, a ride close unto death—yes even through the grim portals sometimes—the riders of these horses have. Winter or summer, sunshine or arctic cold, far or near, the duty must be done. Like the fear of the "black death" in the East is the dread of the scourge of the Northern plains—the blizzard. Against the insane strength of a blizzard the power of a human being is like a feather going over the Niagara cataract. A constable may start out as Corporal Crane did, ten years ago, on his way to Pen d'Oreille to look up some strayed horses. The sun was shining brightly, the air was calm and still. After a while the sky became gray, and little, fine, sharp-cutting chips of snow began to fly and the wind began to rise. Soon it was a full-defined snowstorm, with the wind driviug. The snow piled up until it grew hard to travel. The trail had vanished, and the plain was a white, heaving sea. The marrow in the corporal's bones was thickening up, and his blood was sluggish and cold. Then, his eyes! The bits of frozen steel were driving the sight out, the white fall of snow was bleaching the retina.

He slipped from the saddle, for he was growing sleepy sitting there in the cold. Walking might keep the life in until the horse led him somewhere—he was blind now! Holding to the stirrup, he trudged along. Suddenly he stumbled, the stirrup leather slipped from his stiffened fingers. Roused for an instant by the fall, he groped blindly about the frozen snow for the horse. His hands encountered nothing but the wind-driven bits of steel. He travelled in a little circle, once, twice. His comrades saw the tracks three days later. At the end of the second circle they found his body. The horse had come back to barracks dripping wet.

The spirit of *camaraderie* is strong among these riders of the plains. In the force or out, "acting" or "ex," it is all the same; he is or was "one of us." During the Riel rebellion the police were always at the front. It was at the taking of Batoche that Jack French, a big, generous, hard-fighting Irishman, an inspector of police, gave one instance of this comrade-love. There had been a hot scrimmage, and the troops were forced to retire. A wounded policeman was left lying on the field. Jack French saw him, and standing up shouted in a brogue, with the music of an organ in it, "What are you doing there, Cook?"

"I'm wounded," came back a faint call.

"It's meself 'll carry ye in, then!" and down he marched, whistling gaily to himself as the bullets came spishing by him, throwing up little clouds of dust here and there all about as he marched along. Two bullets cut their way through the skirt of his tunic. "They're getting them pretty close now," muttered Jack, but he was only a few feet away from Cook.

May it be remembered to the credit of the half-breed rebels, that when they realized what noble Jack French's mission was they ceased fire. And when he swung his wounded comrade upon his broad shoulders and started

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back with him, a cheer ran through the whole line of rebel redoubts until the prairie grass trembled with the vibration of the beaten wind. He brought Cook safely back to camp, and then went back again to the fighting that he loved so well. His reward was not the V.C., for within half an hour he was stretched out dead, probably by one of the very men who had cheered him. Cook still lives; he is in Government employ in the Northwest.

In the annals of the police there are heroic stories of this sort enough to fill a mighty volume, perhaps even stronger tales than I have told here.

THERE'S a lot these days on Empire,
Dear old Queen and Seven Seas;
I can mind the time there wasn't
Much to say on things like these.

When we got the time by standards—
Stuck a gad up in the sun;
When we got to King by Colonels;
Took a handspike for a gun.

'Twasn't ours to Aldershot it,
Spithead fleets and Jubilee;
Kept us busy raisin' shanties,
Askin' neighbours to the bee.

Well, we kept our wars to home then,
Had a border brush or two
When the Yankees wanted playground
And they thought our farms ud do.

All we wanted was to turn 'em,
But we done it—don't ask how;
Guess it's something like them Boers
Dishes up the Britons now.

What did we know 'bout Australia,
With the wolves a-howlin' by?
'Bout as much as Indian jungles—
Slashin' ours to see the sky.

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Guess if you'd 'a' hollered "Transvaal—
What's our country goin' to do?"
We'd 'a' heard it time to answer:
"Stay to home an' see her through."

Wasn't much them days on Empire,
Dear old Queen and Seven Seas;
For the old King gave 'em bush-lands
And they had to 'tend the bees.

Used to sing at Sunday meetin's,
In the shanties close to hand,
'Bout them Afric's sunny fountains
Rollin' down their golden sand;

But we never thought we'd send 'em
Bibles on the end o' guns,
Missionaries togged in kharki,
Our great country's fighting sons.

Don't believe there'd be a thousand
Patriot bushwhackers round;
Some o' them though was the fellows
That had stood their country's ground,

When they left their farms and firesides
To the rebels in the war,
Piled their folks and goods on log-floats,
Poled 'em up the river shore;

Paddlin' upward to the North Star,
Swirlin' to the shore unknown,
Where the wolf and redskin rambled,
Where the man was on the throne.

Knew the old King by his gov'nors,
And the land he gave 'em free;
Knew the Empire by the slashin'
Log to shoulder, axe to tree.

Wasn't much them days on Empire,
Dear old Queen and Seven Seas—
Cuttin' roads to reach the neighbours,
Fordin' swamps to get to bees.

But they had the notion somewhere,
Held it in their brain and breath—
Stick to King and stand for conscience—
Hang together, life or death.

So they raised 'em homes to live in,
So they loved the land they cleared,
Little dreamin' of the future
When the Boer should be feared;

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When the Empire should be tottlin'
  Like a late ship on the lake,
And the Transvaal should be wantin'
  Soldiers good as we can make ;

When the Northwest should be packin'
  Men and horses to the front,
And Australia, India, Egypt,
  All a-pikin' to the brunt.

When the sons of them that poled it
  Up the river and the shore,
Should be sailin' 'way down yonder
  To the South Pole for a war ;

Steamin' downward to the South Star
  Where the troops are on the go,
Where the barb-wire helps the bullet,
  Where the shadow helps the foe.

But the old men fought to make 'em
  Worth a livin' and a name ;
And the boys must fight to keep us
  When the Empire's in the game.

Hands and feet we made the country,
  Workin' at the neighour's bee ;
Served the King and loved the nation,
  Dug the ditch and dropped the tree.

Got our fences, roads and neighbours,
  Schools and churches, love and trust ;
Peace and plenty in our borders,
  Toiling ever as we must ;

Till we make another Britain
  Here between our sliding lakes,
Till we love it all the better
  For the time and toil it takes.

For we sang "God Save the King," then,
  When we poled it up the shore.
Now we say it—"Save the Empire,
  Bless the Queen for evermore."

So we have the soldiers fighting
  Where the seas all roll in one ;
So we have the laws and singers
  Everywhere beneath the sun.

There's a lot these days on Empire,
  Dear old Queen and Seven Seas—
We don't need to be a nation
  While there's talk on things like these.

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"MYREY'S FAMBLY."

By Annie Ashmore.

UNDER the June sunshine a pretty Nova Scotian town lay basking in the arms of its whispering river, shaking its odorous plumes of lilac over the trimmed hawthorn hedges, and wreathing the handsome houses on the hill with the tender green of bursting leaves. The tide ran with a smooth, rustling sound where the shallows caught it, and a darkling silence where the swifter current met the shadow of the bridge, racing ever faster down to the Gulf of St. Lawrence.

The slender iron bridge that spanned East River at this point, hung in a delicious atmosphere of coolness, cajoling heated pedestrians to stop midway and enjoy its summer breezes. The fresh-faced young woman who hung over the iron rail certainly showed no disposition to hurry onward, as she poured out eager questions for the tanned young man in the home-spun suit to answer.

"And when did ye see mother and the dear old farm?" and the soft, plaintive tones could not frame the English fast enough, so she slid into Gaelic. Lizzie McPhail came from far-off Cape Breton, and, perhaps, the sight of Cousin Dugald had brought a wave of home-sickness for the wild, sparkling waters of the Big Bras d'Or, and the smell of the sea-weed on the rocks over her. She forgot how time was slipping.

At the end of the bridge, across from the town, a small park spread its green turf in terraces down to the river, ending in a smother of alder bushes and young dog-wood blossoms. The bandstand on the upper terrace was unoccupied, but the new fountain on the lower level made ample amends to the rapt gaze of the two children who stood there, beside an empty baby-carriage, fascinated by the marvels in the stone basin.

The little master carefully steadied his smaller sister on a stone that she might see the better, and one might judge by the cherub faces and dainty raiment that they came of gentle stock.

A stony mermaid held high her comb from which a shower descended upon a pair of swans sidling round the basin with their legs trailing behind them. The water struck their smooth backs with a patter of small shot.

"Div 'em some dinner, Lispy," said the tiny lady, dancing up and down. She poked a sugar-cake out of her brother's pocket, whereat the black legs slanted nearer, and the beady eyes watched warily.

Other eyes just as hard were on the pair. From under the shadow of the bridge a girl of fourteen or more clambered silently up the bank and approached the absorbed children. She was ragged and disreputable, with a something in her face that would have turned the blood of the nurse lingering on the bridge cold in her veins.

"Le' me show yer, kids," she said, and with a screech of laughter she snatched the cake out of the child's hand, and swallowed it in one gulp.

Crimsoning with indignation, the boy seized his sister's arm and backed away, crying:

"Bad, greedy girl! Come home, De-de; dis is no place for 'oo!"

The repulsion on these innocent faces struck some memory that surely had its root in some poisoned fountain of pain; the livid face of the girl quivered, and she fell on her knees, drawing the children to her while she gasped out:

"Don't be cross wid Myrey; I loves yer, darlin's; them birds ain't as hungry as me, but I wish I were choked afore I done it; and, see here, I'll show yer prettier things than them;" her eyes began to blaze furtively,

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"Come wit' Myrey as loves yer—come!"

Lispy looked earnestly at her. She was a repentant sinner, and much may be forgiven to people who are hungry.

"Can 'oo show us Dorge an' the Dwagon?" he demanded.

"Y-as, an' heaps more; red eyes an' hair floppin' like flames—wish I may die 'ef there ain't!" cried Tatters with an exultant laugh, as she caught up De-de in her arms.

"Tum on, den!" shouted Lispy valiantly.

The next minute the swans were alone.

As their new guardian hurried the children across the bridge, it so happened that a loaded hay-team hid them from the nurse-maid on the other side, who, all unconscious of what was occurring, was now parting from Cousin Dugald. Up one short block they sped, and then the girl stopped at a railway-crossing and eyed the little boy doubtfully.

"Kin ye walk two miles down track, an' dodge the trains, an' not git skeered?" she asked abruptly.

Lispy drew himself up.

"Mamma says I's a big man. Me walks forty-'leven miles!" he announced.

Myrey tousled her shock of black hair in a puzzled way. A hollow burst of steam echoed down the street, and the hooting of a train whistle smote the drowsy silence with a sharp ripping sound.

"We'll hev'a ride," she cried, stepping on to a small way-side platform which had been erected for the convenience of this end of the town.

The local train crept along and picked up two or three country people, and a score or so of workmen who were returning to the steel-works two miles off. Myrey clambered up with her burden on the end car, hauled the little boy after her, and slipped into a corner by the door behind a dusty stove, from whence she watched the sleepy conductor with a basilisk eye.

Away they glided, leaving town and iron bridge and green park far behind.

Lulled by the motion De-de fell asleep while Lispy gazed from the window at the new world he was entering into, with the happy confidence of childhood.

It took but a very few minutes to whisk them into the black environs of the iron works, for this was the coal and iron country, where blast furnaces and coal mines dotted the hills all around the pretty town.

As the engine slowed up, the girl, seizing her opportunity while the conductor was collecting the last of the fares, left the car and scrambling down the high step on to the track while the boy valiantly clambered after. The strangely assorted trio were speedily lost to sight.

Through a maze of blackened brick buildings, wide yards littered with cinder heaps, rusty boilers, and sinister shapes which made Lispy press nearer to her, while a vague thunder of myriad machinery vibrated all around, she hurried, with the sleeping infant fast clutched to her bosom. Her eyes were glittering, her thin cheeks aflame.

Under a dark archway the boy came to a stand.

"Please, big girl, take us home," he faltered; "I don't want to see the dwagons now, and—and mamma wants us."

Myrey stooped and kissed him, smiling in his anxious little face.

"We's jest home," she exclaimed; "sech a beauty place; an' supper waitin' an' all. Keep tight holt of Myrey an' nothin' will tech you."

Surely this was some horrid dream, where ranks of iron doors shut in white glowing heat, and flames crept out of red hot cracks like ferns growing on the rocks, and round holes in the scorching floor showed raging fires beneath, and half-naked figures shovelled iron ore into the roaring jaws, and the fierce blasts of smoking metal struck the breath from their lips! Surely he would wake up soon now, to sob out his fears in his mother's breast!

Stealing behind the workmen in the shadows, Myrey arrived at a dim corner sheltered from observation by a

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monster caldron, or ladle, the size of a ship's boiler, and here she laid the sleeping De-de on a heap of dry, white dolomite, used for lining the bottom of the furnace under the crude ore; and casting herself down beside her, she took both waifs into her arms and laughed and rocked in an ecstasy of glee.

"I've found 'em! I've found 'em!" she exulted. "See, little kids, you're Myrey's fambly, an' you'll stay wit' me!"

The little girl, roused by these caresses, cried piteously and bored her face into her brother's small neck, whereat he sat up very firmly and spoke out his mind.

"Der ain't no supper here, nor no dwagons, and you tells stowies, bad girl."

"Ain't there though," cried Myrey, with a cackle of discordant mirth, "the red herrin's an' potatoes is jest comin', an' look-a-there!" She waved her thin claw at the rows of furnaces. "See them cages wid red eyes glarin' out o' them, an' hear them roar at the men wid' long shovels as is a-feedin' them; an' look at the dragons' manes whippin' round the doors jest like flames; they eats up little children sometimes —" the girl's hands quivered up to her head with a gesture of agony as she whispered this; but in a moment her vacant laugh broke out, and she resumed, "but that's all right, I ain't a-feard; I sits an' taunts 'em by the hour. An' here's the supper, darlin's, an' it's jest prime."

She rose and rummaged in a corner among some old iron till she found a greasy newspaper containing a red herring and some cold potatoes, which she divided in triumph between her guests; and truth to tell, if the uncouth feast was somewhat stale, the tired and famished children devoured it none the less eagerly, and began to chirp like little birds in the nest that have been fed.

"Now, darlin's," said Myrey, who had sat watching them, and rocking herself on the white pile of dolomite eating nothing, "Cuddle down wid your own Myrey, an' go to sleep. She made a bed of the empty sacks and took them in her arms, behind the monster ladle; and lulled by the ceaseless clamor all around, the lost children sank to sleep.

Through the long night the furnaces roared for their endless meals of metal and the white, hot steel poured into the sunken ladles, and loaded trucks crept here and there over the network rails, and death lurked in ambush all around.

. . . . . .

Lizzie McPhail awoke to her duties with a start when she heard the echoing puffs of the five o'clock local train. Cutting short the last goodbye of Cousin Dugald she hurried to the little park, not a stone's throw distant. The baby-carriage stood on the empty terrace with its silken rug trailing, and the swans rooted serenely in the mermaid's water plants, but no children were visible. Skirting the steep, shrub-fringed bank of the river she called and searched; then, seized by a conviction that Master Lispy had started for home, since it was his supper-time and he was of an independent spirit, she wheeled the carriage quickly up the river-road to one of the handsome residences on the hill. Rather impatient than disturbed, she went round to the kitchen entrance, and asked the cook for the truants, hoping yet to escape her mistress' censure for her heedlessness.

She was met by ejaculations of dismay which rapidly rose to dark prophecy.

Lizzie stood there looking dumfounded (a well-meaning, affectionate girl, dear indignant mothers, but no older for her eighteen years than your own dear child). Lizzie then stood there with the healthy red going drop by drop out of her cheeks until she saw in the doorway a pale young lady with a widow's cap on her golden hair. At sight of her mistress, bowed already to earth by her recent bereavement, the girl burst into hysterical sobs.

"Tell me—my children—you brought home the empty waggon?" gasped the mother, trembling very much.

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The incoherent story was told; and Lizzie made no defence before that pale suspense, but Mrs. Woodworth was not one of the accusing kind; she merely faltered gently, "You meant no harm, dear," and withdrew at once.

They heard her at the telephone, ringing up her friends, beginning nearest the park and ranging far and wide. Then with a pause, during which the poor widow may have lifted up her heart to the Father of the universe, she called up the town sheriff, and described her little ones in tones that were quiet and clear, but tense with agony.

"Alexis Woodworth, aged four; tan velvet suit, brown curls, calls himself "Lispy." Allida Woodworth, aged three; white plumed hat, golden curls, is called "De-de."

"Oh! I wish I was dead!" moaned Lizzie, with her head on the kitchen table, as the fond familiar names stabbed her through the heart.

And now friends began to gather in; messengers were despatched here and there; a silent party of men searched along the banks of the river with boats and ghastly fishing tackle; the whole town was astir; while the pale mother knelt in her chamber pleading for heaven's mercy on her already broken heart. Lizzie, the cause of it all, lay half unconscious on her bed.

. . . . . .

In the warm darkness of her undiscovered lair, the vagrant girl was too restless in her happiness to sleep. When the fair heads of her companions dropped heavily upon the pillowing sand, she gently withdrew herself that she might the better gaze upon them as they lay side by side in the exquisite abandon of infant slumber. She kissed the dimpled wrists and the warm, dewy temples under the curling rings of gold. While she trailed the silken locks through gentlest fingers, she crooned to them a wild song that surely naught but a mind distraught could understand.

Myrey had reached her highest point of happiness in this hard world, which had so bruised and twisted its vagrant child.

So the short summer darkness passed, and the night shift of toilers prepared to go away to make room for their mates. The red beams of the rising sun stole athwart the dusty glow of the furnaces; and exhausted by her vigil of joy, the girl sank down and slept heavily.

The time for drawing the fluid steel from the furnaces had come, and the new shift were shouting and congregating at one end of the great building. The red beams of dawn slanted over them and crept into the forgotten corner to touch the eyelids of the sleeping babes.

A shout—a clamour of voices—a rush of feet! Myrey sprang up; the children were gone.

Out on the crossing rail tracks they stood, hand in hand, circled by deathtraps, gazing upward in innocent wonder at the great crane which was slowly lowering seventy tons of red-hot metal upon them; and as the fierce heat of these giant tassels struck upon their faces they backed step by step, unconscious of the sunken ladle behind them which was receiving the hissing, writhing fluid metal. The men stood transfixed with horror. The children were blocked in on every side from rescue; another step and they were lost.

"Stand still!" they yelled. "Stop the machinery! Ho—crane up there! Crane!" The operator in his cage under the roof heard but the hum of the machinery, and saw only the mighty ingots in their thimbles which he was grinding to their appointed spot.

Hark! a scream of savage defiance as a strange figure leaped across the slippery rails, flung itself prone upon the ground, rolled under the death-dealing tassels, and snatched back the infants from the edge of the crawling abyss. Those bony arms were surely strung with steel, as she tossed the affrighted little ones high over the caldron into the arms of the running men. A moment she stood there, wild

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triumph on the ghastly face—then staggered back and fell.

A groan of horror from the spectators; descending death had found a victim. The crane was stopped but half a foot from the ground and swung aside.

Theae is silence as Myrey is carried to the air; her sorry rags charred to a crisp; her clay-white face a death-mask; blood trickling from the lips which still are smiling, blood which that last brave throw has caused to spring.

What is this she says? Stoop low; her breath pants as through a broken bellows.

"They-'se—all right?"

The children are brought forward; they are rumpled and hatless; they regard this strange friend of a night solemnly. "Kiss me, darlin's, for bye-bye." Lispy, feeling vaguely what she has done for them, kisses her on the cold brow, and De-de obediently follows. A smile, glorious to see, shines from the eager eyes. The baby-lips have touched with balm that hungry child-heart, and kissed her into Paradise.

The manager recognized the children and sent them home at once to their despairing mother with the story of their amazing rescue; how tame had been her terrors compared with that which had threatened them! On her knees she thanked the orphan's God for His tender care.

But who was this girl who had given her life to save them?

Such a common story when all was told!

Some of the workmen knew her as the daughter of a former smelter in the steel works, who had left the place a year ago. Myrey was the oldest of a large family and the real head of the squalid home, as the mother was sick, and the father not too steady. Every day the little girl brought her father's dinner-pail to the works, carrying a baby girl, and dragging a little boy at her skirts. Such a merry, cheery maid as she was, in spite of the heavy burdens laid upon her shoulders! All the hands were fond of Myrey, she was so brave and ready!

There had been a frightful accident one day; the baby, a beautiful child, had been struck by a swinging crane loaded with metal and killed on the spot. The girl was taken to the hospital raving in delirium, and when she recovered it was with reason shattered, and a brain filled with delusions. She believed her "fambly," as she called her little brother and sister, were being kept from her, and when she could she escaped from the kind care of the hospital people to search for them.

The mother had died, and the father had married again almost immediately and left his ruined child to the care of strangers.

This was the story told to Mrs. Woodworth, as she stood beside the bier of the poor vagrant.

Who can tell what strange whim impelled her to claim the children of a gentler birth, and to dream that she was returning to the old home with them; aye, and when the old horror menaced them, to give her life for theirs!

The lady wept as she reverently kissed the marble face of the vagrant and filled her hands with choicest flowers.

They laid her in the riverside cemetery, where the wild cherry scatters its snow upon her each anniversary of her passing; where the ruddy maple lays his crimson leaves upon her in the dying of the year, and the cerements of ice and snow-drift wrap her warmly from the winter-blast.

Ah! there is rest now for that fevered brain and hungered child-heart, where the angels of Christ's little ones are "Myrey's Fambly."

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BY C.A. BRAMBLE

IV.—WHITE TAIL AND BLACK TAIL DEER.*

THE common deer of eastern Canada is, as is well known, the so-called Virginia deer. The International boundary is, comparatively speaking, very nearly the northern limit of the species which extends as far south as the peninsula of Florida and northern Mexico. In Canada the Virginia deer is not found north of Lake Temiskaming, and a dozen years ago it was almost unknown even there.

There are none in Nova Scotia, and the same might have been said of all that part of New Brunswick lying east of the St. John River a generation ago, but at present, doubtless as an overflow from the state of Maine, deer have been increasing in the province, and have spread across the country lying between the St. John and the Mirimichi.

The Eastern Townships have always been noted for an abundance of deer, while Central Ontario was probably the best deer range on the continent when it was first explored.

Soon after leaving Sudbury, on the Canadian Pacific, the deer range comes to an end. There are none between that point and the boundary between West Ontario and Minnesota, and there are but few there. West of Ontario the Virginia deer disappears altogether, being replaced by var. leucurous. This western form, although no doubt originally springing from the same stock as the Virginia deer, has changed somewhat in appearance, and still more in habit. The eastern deer are superior in every way to the western White-tail, which is a mean beast, sneaking about in the dense growths of the river valleys like a gigantic rabbit, carrying, as a rule, a poor set of antlers, and having little of the grace of the animals found in Ontario and Maine.

The range of any game animal is subject to fluctuation. Of course the advent of civilization is the most potent factor in determining the habitat, but there are other causes which are working to-day, just as they worked in the past, which limit the range of most animals. Deeper snow than usual kill them off along the northern border of their territory; the increase of wolves or other beasts of prey reduces their number, and occasionally causes them to abandon for a long time a favourite territory. It is even said that rival members of the deer family have such antipathy for one another, that as soon as the one increases the other seeks new quarters. All old woodsmen agree that the moose and the Virginian deer have no love for one another. I believe this to be true.

In the fall of 1880 I made my first trip into the Canadian forests after moose. The ground selected was that in the neighborhood of Lake Temiskaming on the Upper Ottawa. Passenger trains did not run beyond Pembroke, but by the courtesy of one of the engineers in charge of construction I was able to ride in the caboose attached to a gravel train for some twenty or thirty miles further. At

* With the sixth article in this series will be given a large coloured game map of Canada.

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that point a stage was taken, and even after an interval of twenty years, I have the most distinct recollection of the agonies I endured during that ride. After being deposited bruised, battered, cold and hungry at a point, whose name I forget, I succeeded in getting a passage on a small steam launch, which took me as far as Fort Mattawa. At this place civilization was only represented by the Hudson Bay post, in charge of Mr. Rankin, by a couple of French habitants and a large number of half-breeds. A canoe and men were secured, and the journey continued up stream to the lake. I have mentioned all this merely to instance the great change that has taken place in the deer range since that time. Deer were enormously abundant on the Petawawa River, twelve miles above Pembroke. From that point they became less numerous, until a few miles south of the Mattawa River they practically ceased. When "Jimmie the Duck," my head canoe-man, discovered the track of one solitary buck six miles above the fort, on our return journey, he was amazed. He had never during the course of a long experience seen a track so far to the north of the Mattawa River. Moose, on the other hand, were extremely abundant. We saw them occasionally, and had we not been thoroughly inexperienced youngsters, could have shot any number.

There are plenty of deer between the Mattawa and the lake, and to the westward of the lake as far as Sudbury you will find their tracks spreading like a net-work over the face of the country.

In the state of Maine a wise system of protection resulted in an enormous increase in the numbers of deer. Unfortunately, hunters have also become extremely numerous. It may be said that while the deer have increased in arithmetical ratio, the increase of the gunners has been a geometrical one. For this reason it is difficult to see how any hunting can be permitted in Maine if it is intended that the deer shall continue to live in the old Pine Tree state. I can foresee a time when Maine will be almost as badly off as is Long Island to-day. There the open season lasts but a few days, but while it is on enormous crowds of free and enlightened citizens, armed with various lethal weapons from a blunderbuss charged with slugs to the latest pattern military small bore, range in bands the length and breadth of that tortured island, shooting at every living thing that comes in sight, killing stock, wounding people, tearing down fences, and committing numerous other excesses, so that the unfortunate residents of the island pray that the day be not far distant when the last of the deer shall have been massacred, and the excuse for this annual saturnalia removed.

If we Canadians had attended as carefully to passing common-sense game laws, and to the enforcing of them, something quite as important, we should have been in far better case than we are. I have seen hardened old reprobates drive into the town of Pembroke with their sleds cross-piled with stark, frozen deer. They didn't kill them for the sport of the thing, not a bit of it. What they were after was the four cents a pound for fore-quarters, and eight cents a pound for the hind quarters, not forgetting the extra dollar or two for the hide, and an occasional $5.00 bill from some "sport" who wanted a good head for his smoking-room as a scaffolding for his Munchausen-like stories. It was a merry game while it lasted, but the hunters of to-day have to do a good deal more walking, and be content with a great deal less shooting than would have been the case had the H.O.R.'s in question been restrained.

Following a well-known law, the deer of Ontario were the finest of their kind. In Florida the buck will often weigh not more than eighty pounds; they have been shot in Ontario weighing three hundred and twenty-five pounds to my own knowledge, and I believe animals weighing fifty pounds more than that have existed. Yet it is the same animal, the same species, the difference arising merely from the more invigorating climate, and more

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nutritious feed found on the northern ranges. The south branch of the Petawawa River in the early 80's was an ideal deer range. A good deal of the heavy timber had been cut, but the lumbermen had spared many of the white pines on account of seams, punkey spots, and other defects which unfitted them for merchantable lumber, so that the country was not by any means a waste. It consisted of low, rolling granite ridges, covered with bracken, and holding many beautifully clear lakelets in their folds. We usually found the deer, on fine days, lying amid the dry ferns on the southern slopes, a short distance below the summit. While walking along the ridges very cautiously, and paying, of course, due attention to the direction of the wind, we got any number of shots almost every day. It was not hard work, and, except that I had the misfortune to freeze one of my feet rather badly just before the season ended on Dec. 15th, I can look back to the few weeks passed that autumn on the Petawawa with unalloyed pleasure.

The Eastern Townships, adjacent to the Maine boundary line, were at one time a grandly stocked range. About 15 years ago I had a fortnight's good shooting there, but I do not suppose deer are quite as abundant to-day, though on the preserves of the Megantic Club there must be a fair sprinkling left, or else the vast army of clubmen who frequent that convivial spot could not all have a buck or a doe to take home, and I believe it is undeniable that none are sent empty away.

The common deer of the Northwest, from Manitoba to the eastern flank of the coast range, is the mule deer. In Manitoba it is known as the "jumping deer," on account of the enormous bounds it makes when alarmed, alighting after each spring with all four legs rigid. It is extremely abundant on many of the so-called "mountains," and in the coulies or ravines, where there is a shelter of bushes. The mountains are merely successive terraces, caused by the dwindling of the waters of what was once Lake Agassiz; at each successive fall of water a beach was formed, and these ancient shore lines are the mountains of to-day. They usually have their slopes facing the north and east, while the crests are level with the next prairie bench. Clothed with a growth of ash-leaved maple, mossy cup oak and aspen, they form an admirable refuge for the mule deer, and it will be long before the animals are thinned very seriously in numbers.

As compared with the mule deer of British Columbia, these Manitoba bucks are small, and carry only fair heads, but I doubt if much better sport is to be had than can be enjoyed in the various mountains of the prairie province during a fine October.

The mule deer swarms in parts of southern British Columbia, and grows to a great size. I shot one in East Kootenay last year that turned the scale at 280 pounds, and it was not as large as others that have fallen to my rifle in more remote regions. The mule deer keeps high up on the ranges during summer, but as the snows gain in depth work gradually adown the mountain sides, until by December all the deer of the district are in a few sheltered valleys. Nothing but the sparseness of the population has saved them from extinction, and now that people are pouring in and mining camps springing up on all sides, one cannot help feeling anxious as to the future of this graceful species. The mule deer is far more easily bagged than the Virginia deer. It is comparatively confiding, and has, in consequence, been almost exterminated in many parts of the west. A dozen years ago these deer were most numerous in northern Washington, but with that thoroughness for which our American cousins are noted the animals were shot in season and out of season, until they are now so scarce that few persons know they exist.

The greatest slaughter took place toward the end of the winter. Of course a nominal close season then existed but that made no difference, and the killing went merrily on. During March

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the deer are often mere skeletons, and so weak they could not get out of the way of a pony if they tried. I have met men who boasted that in years passed they got all they required without using a rifle, just by riding up to the exhausted animals and blazing at them with a six-shooter. Unless very stringent laws are passed the mule deer of British Columbia, so numerous to-day, must almost disappear during the next generation. Now is the time to make a determined stand for their protection.

DRAWN BY ARTHUR HEMING.

VIRGINIA DEER OR WHITETAIL.

Go where you will in the West you find the mule deer spoken of as the "blacktail." Now the true blacktail is never found east of the Coast range of British Columbia, being strictly limited to a narrow strip of country bordering the Pacific from the mouth of the Fraser to Alaska. This terrain, occupied by the blacktail, extends also into United States territory to the north and south of of our lines, but as regards those extensions I have, of course, nothing to say, owing to the self-imposed limits of my subject. Not only is this deer found on the mainland, but also on nearly every island from the Gulf of Georgia northward. In winter there are more deer on the islands than in summer, as they find their way to there on account of the usual absence of snow, and also possibly because in some places wolves harass them on the mainland.

These blacktail are not half the size of the mule deer, and their innocence is such that large numbers may be bagged, though I do not think they can ever be very seriously reduced in

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DRAWN BY ERNEST SETON-THOMPSON. FROM "THE TRAIL OF THE SANDHILL STAG."

A BLACKTAIL YARD.

numbers, seeing that they inhabit a country where the forest is as impenetrable as a jungle, which is never likely to be thickly settled, and which at present has but about a 1-200th of a man to the square mile.

Morning and evening are the best hours for shots at blacktail. At these times they often leave the heavy forest to feed about the clearings and along the shores. I will give just one of my experiences with this pretty little deer, to show what the hunter may expect. I was camped on an island just 100 miles north of Vancouver city, and deer were almost too numerous for sport. Just about dawn on one fine September morning I slipped out of camp, without even waking the men, and taking a 45-70 Winchester made my way as quietly as I could toward an opening in the everlasting forest, where an old Siwash ranchery had stood. It was pretty well grown up with salmon berry bushes, and the numerous fish tracks and paths through it showed that the deer found what they were seeking there. One side of the clearing faced salt water, though it was a couple of hundred feet above the tide. Having reached the best vantage ground I knew of, I sat down and waited with my rifle across my knees. Scarcely 10 minutes could have passed before I heard a soft, swishing sound in the bushes, and there not 50 yards away stood a very good blacktail.

When the smoke of the shot cleared I could not see the buck, but could hear him kicking on the ground, though before I reached the spot he was as dead as Julias Cæsar. So near was I to camp that the shot roused the men, and one of them was by my side in a very few minutes. Hardly had we gral-locked the buck, ere a couple of magnificent ravens appeared on the scene, and perched on the tallest of the pines aforesaid, awaiting their share of the kill.

As we turned toward camp I recollect feeling the full beauty of the scene; the sun just arising behind the distant Coast range, its rays turning the waters to gold, the dark sombre background of forest behind the clearing, and in the foreground the great pines with the two uncanny sable birds, always associated with solitude and death.

To be Continued.

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CURRENT EVENTS ABROAD
by W. Sanford Evans

BEFORE this number of the CANADIAN MAGAZINE is in the hands of its readers the result of General Buller's forward movement will be known. The latest news (Jan. 18th) is that a large portion of his force has crossed the Tugela and a decisive action is imminent. When the result will so soon be known it is useless to speculate in these columns concerning it. If General Buller succeeds the whole war will take on a different aspect. A signal victory by him will go very far towards making amends for all that has been lost. If this time he should fail as completely as last, and be again compelled to await reinforcements, it would prove the hardest blow of all, and would almost certainly entail the fall of Ladysmith. Despite the proved gallantry and determination of its garrison and the skill of General White, it is too much to hope that they could withstand a second onslaught such as that of Jan. 6th ; or if they withstand a second that they could withstand a third. We cannot know what was the effect upon the Boers of that repulse, but so far as we can judge they have not yet been weakened in morale by defeat, and it is, therefore, to be expected that they would renew the assault on Ladysmith if the fear of Gen. Buller's advance were temporarily removed. But whatever be the issue as far as Ladysmith is concerned, the defence of that place will always be held memorable. Gen. White has not only restored the full brightness of his reputation as a soldier, over which the Nickolson's Nek disaster passed like a cloud, but has greatly enhanced it. He is becoming a national hero. And, indeed, the defence of Ladysmith has been worthy of all praise. For a garrison, kept on short rations, forced to be careful of ammunition, daily lessened as the result of skirmishes, and with a large proportion lying ill in the hospitals, to keep up heart as they have done and reply to all tactics of the enemy, who were greatly superior and daily gaining in confidence, and then drive off at the point of the bayonet, after seventeen hours of fighting, as fierce and stubborn an attack as the British army has probably been ever called upon to meet, is a record that may well make glorious the name of Ladysmith.

Up to this point, and on the whole, the British position has improved during the past month. For the first time in so long a period the Boers have made no important gains. They have not captured Ladysmith, nor Kimberley, nor Mafeking. They have not made any headway against Lord Methuen nor Gen. Gatacre ; and, on the other hand, Gen. French has rather turned the tables upon them in the neighbourhood of Colesberg. He has taken the aggressive, and has adopted tactics of the same kind as those of the

THE LATE GENERAL WAUCHOPE.
Killed at Magersfontein.

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GENERAL GATACRE.

Boers, and has been gradually working around Colesberg, and will, undoubtedly, when reinforced, cut off and capture its defenders. The record of this officer during the war has been a splendid one, and has been marred only by the unfortunate mishap by which some officers and men of the Suffolk Regiment were surrounded and made prisoners. The British forces, too, have been gradually strengthened, and more troops still are on the way, and so, if no mistake is committed, the prospects seem to grow steadily brighter. We must reckon also among the gains made by the British the accession in brain power by the arrival of Lord Roberts and Lord Kitchener. No criticism can be passed upon the spirit with which the British army and its leaders have gone into battle, but criticism is certainly warranted concerning the wisdom of the leadership. The arrival of these two noted generals may be of greater value than that of an army corps. In addition to the anxiety with which the British public will watch the work of these men for the sake of the cause, there will also be a certain curious interest to discover if they can sustain in Africa the reputations which they have won in other fields and against entirely different foes. South Africa has long been known among soldiers as "the grave of reputations." Lord Kitchener's opportunity is great. If he can do work equal in its effectiveness to that done by him in the Soudan, he will come back the greatest soldier of the Empire and the man to whom all will look for the direction of military affairs.

In referring to the successful features of the British operations during the month, it is very gratifying to know that the record would not be complete if we were to omit what has been done by our own boys. In the expedition under Colonel Pilcher, which left camp on January 1st, and returned on January 5, the boys of "C" Company showed themselves to be possessed of all the qualities of good soldiers. Their quickness and dash and courage enabled them and the Queensland detachment to surround and capture a party of Boers, and their endurance was shown in the hard march back from Douglas, on which occasion their good nature seemed no less conspicuous than their sturdiness. As they accomplished all this without the loss of a man, it must be regarded rather in the light of a picnic than of stern war, but the manner in which they carried out what they had to do, earned for them unqualified praise. We hear also that, largely on account of their activity, and that of the Australians, the region about Lord Metheun's line of communication between the Orange and Modder rivers, has been completely cleared of the enemy. After this successful initiation we need not fear that they will conduct themselves as becomes soldiers in all of the future operations. In the meantime it is quite legitimate for us to feel pride in

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what they have already done. No one thought when they were sent out that the work would be so serious, and even when, on November 7th, the offer of a second contingent was made, few believed there would be occasion to send it. On December 18th the British Government was glad to accept our offer of the second contingent; and a third contingent, equipped at the expense of Lord Strathcona, has also been accepted. Canada has become in a very real way a party to this war, and the responsibility for its success or failure must partly rest with us.

The seizure by British war ships of United States and German vessels, suspected of carrying contraband of war has led to diplomatic representations, and in Germany has produced considerable popular irritation. It would seem, however, that Britain has been quite within her rights in what she has done. But these seizures have served again to call attention to Delagoa Bay, and its importance with reference to the Transvaal. It is the natural port for the Transvaal and contiguous territory. We have heard a great deal since the war began about Delagoa Bay. It was a matter of some speculation at one time whether Britain might not be arranging to send in by that route a force to take the Boers in the rear, and it has often been asked why Britain did not obtain possession of Portuguese East Africa. It would be a good thing for Britain to possess it and to possess it now. But even if all other difficulties were removed, there is one reason to prevent action for the present. This is that both Britain and Portugal are now awaiting the award of an arbitration commission appointed in 1888. It is expected that this award will be given within a few weeks, and as it may carry with it most important consequences, it may be well to review the facts of the case which have been generally forgotten. The arbitration has reference to the claims of certain British and United States investors against the Portuguese Government for loss sustained through the seizure by the Portuguese Government of a railroad running from Lourenzo Marquez to Koomati Poort, on the Transvaal border, which had been built with the money of these investors. As early as 1876 it was recognized that a railroad from Delagoa Bay through to the Transvaal was most desirable, and in that year the King of Portugal granted a concession, but the undertaking fell through. In 1883 another

GENERAL SIR CHARLES WARREN.

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GENERAL LORD METHUEN.

concession was granted, but without practical results. The Boer Government had all along realized its significance for them, and in 1886 they tried to raise a loan in Holland for the purpose of building the road, and so of obtaining an outlet which was independent of British control. They also failed. But in 1887 a syndicate was formed, at the head of which was Col. McMurdo, an American citizen. Almost all of the stock and bonds were held in England. This company was successful, and on December 14th, 1887, the railway as far as Koomati Poort was declared open. For what occurred after this we can only accept the version given by friends of the company. From this it seems that intrigues must have begun between the Boers and Portuguese to take the road out of the hands of the British syndicate. The first step was to declare a slight alteration in the boundary between the two countries. As the contract stated that the road must be built up to the boundary, an extension was declared necessary in order to carry out the contract. In February, 1888, the company asked the British public for subscriptions of stock to make the necessary extension. Very shortly after this Col. McMurdo died, and the company was hampered by the loss of its executive head. The Portuguese Government took advantage of this to declare that the time for the completion of the road would not be extended. The British Government brought pressure to bear to have the action postponed, but on June 26th the official journal of Lisbon published a decree of the Minister of Colonies cancelling the concession on the ground that the terms had not been carried out, and saying that the Government would take over the work. A general meeting of the bond and shareholders was immediately held and both British and United States Governments were called upon to interfere. On June 27th the Portuguese Government seized the line, tore up some of the rails and made two or three arrests. The British Government despatched three men-of-war the spot, and Portugal was warned to that she would be held responsible for any loss to British subjects. The next step was the announcement that an agreement had been arrived at between the Portuguese Government and the company by which the claims of the latter were to be submitted to the arbitration of three Swiss jurists. It is the award of these three men for which the company and the British Government have been waiting for over eleven years. If the award is in favour of the company, some security will undoubtedly be required for the payment of the large sum which is due it, and in obtaining this security there may be an opportunity for the British Government to obtain a hold on Delagoa Bay, since the amount will run up into the millions. If it is against the company, it is doubtful what position the British Government would take.

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EDITORIAL COMMENT

THE National Patriotic Fund, as outlined by the Governor-General, is organized as follows :—

(1) For the benefit of the widows, orphans and other dependents of officers and men of the military forces of Canada who may unfortunately lose their lives in or in connection with the war operations in South Africa.

(2) For the benefit of the soldiers themselves or employees of the Canadian Government attached to the contingent in South Africa who may have been disabled by wounds or sickness, etc., etc.

(3) For the benefit of the wives and children and dependents, separated at home from husbands and fathers and guardians by the exigencies of the campaign.

The treasurer of the fund is Mr. J. M. Courtney, Ottawa, a well-known Government official. The administrators are the Governor-General and the leading public men. Every Canadian should contribute his mite in order that those who volunteer for military service may know that the country appreciates their self-sacrifice. So far, the response has been generous, and the most patriotic citizen cannot but feel proud of the liberality of his fellows. Canadian nationality is developing with rapid strides.

*

The second Canadian Contingent is leaving for South Africa. A full account of its formation and departure, with lists of officers and a liberal supply of photographic reproductions, will be given in our March number.

*

The first Canadian Contingent has reached Cape Colony in safety, been welcomed at Cape Town, and sent forward to join the rear of Lord Methuen's column in its advance along the western border of the Orange Free State. The troops seem to have had a pleasant voyage, with plenty to eat and sufficient exercise to keep them from homesickness. The ship was not entirely satisfactory on account of a lack of proper means of ventilation for the berth deck. This was unfortunate, but it will undoubtedly be a warning to those who are arranging the details for the Second Contingent.

Taking a general survey of the First Contingent, it must be admitted that the Minister of Militia, the Hon. Dr. Borden, the General Officer Commanding, Major-General Hutton, and all those under them at headquarters, deserve much praise. They performed unusual duties and the performance was speedy and satisfactory.

Some special views of the life of the First Contingent on board the *Sardinian* will be found in this issue.

*

The military ardour of Winnipeg seems unbounded. On January 8th, when the Winnipeg and western contingent of the Canadian Mounted Rifles left for Halifax, it is estimated that 20,000 people cheered them—this, in a city that thirty years ago was a collection of a dozen buildings. On the evening of the same day, a meeting was held in the city hall to consider the advisability of establishing a second battalion of volunteers in the city. The 90th Rifles for over fifteen years has been Winnipeg's military pride. The citizens, however, seem to have decided that Winnipeg is large enough to support two militia battalions. Halifax has two, Toronto three, and Montreal four or five. It would there-

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fore appear that Winnipeg should have two at least. No doubt the Minister of Militia will assist the movement if it promises success.

*

Undoubtedly the best city library in Canada is that of the City of Toronto. There is a central building and small branches in the outer districts. The reading rooms, the reference library and the circulating are free to the citizens, the expenses for maintenance being raised by a general tax on all city property. The library is thus placed on the same basis as the public schools.

Montreal is not so well served in this form of educational facility. The Fraser Institute and the Chateau de Ramezay have fair libraries, but neither can compare with the Toronto Public Library. The lack of a free central library, supported by a general tax on the community, has been felt. A movement has been inaugurated with a view to placing the Chateau de Ramezay on this public basis. The building is not modern, by any means, but it will probably do for some time. The situation is central and the books already collected there will form a splendid nucleus for a comprehensive public library, which will be a credit to the first city in the Dominion.

During the past few years there has been a general tendency toward making the public libraries in the towns and cities throughout the country free to the citizens. The city of Kingston is one of the most notable examples. The movement is along right lines and should be warmly supported by all those on whom is laid the duty of leading in such municipal matters. Our working people can best be kept out of saloons by the counter attractions of well-lighted and well-supplied reading rooms.

I notice, in some of the town papers, occasional references to a lack of sympathy with these public meeting places. Broad-minded and progressive citizens such as we have in this country, should see that in future no such charge is laid against them.

*

In his article in this issue on the French Canadians, Mr. Bouchette makes a strong point by showing that even before the Conquest the Canadians were considered a separate people by their kinsmen in France. He maintains, and quite justly, that they are not French and that in this country the Canadians are not an alien race. They are Britishers speaking French. Those who discuss the position of our French-speaking citizens should remember this point.

The people of the Province of Quebec have been considered unprogressive. Here again Mr. Bouchette attempts to remove a popular misapprehension. The statistics indicate activity and enterprise. In fifteen years, the number of children attending the primary schools and academies has been increased by nearly 60,000. Their cheese and butter industries have increased even faster than those of Ontario.

*

There is one point on which Mr. Bouchette has not touched, and one which is much discussed among Protestants. What is the relation of the Roman Catholic Church to the progress of Quebec? Having a legislative position and especial privileges, it is a great power in that Province. Does it make for mental and economic development or does it retard and hinder? Mr. Bouchette's silence may mean that the Church has no great effect outside its spiritual domain, but this is hardly a satisfying answer

*

The attitude of the Roman Catholic clergy toward Imperial Federation and a participation by Canada in the wars of the Empire has also been much discussed recently. They are certainly not so enthusiastic as English-speaking Protestants. They could not reasonably be expected to be. That, however, is no reason why they should be charged with disloyalty to Canada.

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BOOKS AND AUTHORS

BUILDERS OF NOVA SCOTIA.

THE Builders of Nova Scotia are of various origin. The original Micmac Indians have left their heritage in such names as Akade (a place or locality, transformed by the French into Acadie), Shubenacadie, Chebucto, Chedabuctou, Pictou, Antigonishe and Cobequid. Then came the French led by the Sieur de Monts, Champlain and Pontrincourt. But the French colonization was not enthusiastic. Sir John Bourinot in his new and interesting book on "The Builders of Nova Scotia,"* sums up the failure of the French kings and statesmen of the eighteenth century in the following words:

"With an unpardonable want of foresight, they never saw, until it was too late, that the possession of Acadia with its noble Atlantic frontage was indispensable to a power which would grasp a continent and perpetuate the language and institutions of France in the western world. Had the French government energetically supported the efforts of those enterprising and courageous men who attempted to reclaim Acadia for France and civilization, England could never have made so easy a conquest of the northern half of the continent."

In 1713, by the Treaty of Utrecht, the mainland of Nova Scotia passed into the hands of the English, and although some six thousand Acadians were deported in 1755, there are now about one hundred thousand people of French-Acadian descent living in the Maritime Provinces.

The first grant of this country to an English-speaking person was made by James I. to Sir William Alexander, Lord Stirling, in 1621. Permanent settlement, however, was not made until George II. made his grant to Lord Cornwallis, who founded Halifax in 1749. Between this date and the arrival of the Loyalists at the close of the Revolutionary War, there was a considerable influx of English settlers, chiefly from Massachusetts and the other English colonies. Among the leading names of this period are Governor Lawrence, who was responsible for the deportment of 1755; Hon. Jonathan Belcher, a graduate of Harvard, and the first Chief Justice of Nova Scotia; and John Bushell, of Boston, who, in 1752, issued the *Halifax Gazette*, the first paper published within the limits of what is now the Dominion of Canada.

In 1783 came the last great immigration—the refugee Loyalists:

They left the homes of their fathers,
By sorrow and love made sweet;
Halls that had rung a hundred years,
To the tread of their people's feet;
The farms they had carved from the forest,
Where the maples and pine trees meet.

All these migrations and settlements are carefully described in the volume under consideration. The subsequent development of the province is pleasingly told, with much information concerning the leading families and the prominent officials. A considerable number of historical portraits and several documentary appendices add to the value of this, the latest of Sir John Bourinot's contributions to our historical literature. The book must be highly commended, not only on account of the value of its contents, but because the arrangement of the matter, the historical perspective and the brightness and vivacity of the telling show a decided improvement over some of Sir John's previous work.

* Toronto: The Copp, Clark Co. Cloth, $1.50.

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ONTARIO'S GOVERNORS.

Mr. D. B. Read has done a great deal to put into presentable form the history of the social and political life of Ontario during the nineteenth century. His name and that of the late John Charles Dent will be almost the only two that will survive in this connection.

Mr. Read's latest book—perhaps his last, for he is getting up in years—is a history of "The Lieutenant-Governors of Upper Canada and Ontario,"* under which title he includes also the administrators who filled the office during the periods intervening between the retirement of one governor and the arrival of his successor. This makes a handsome volume of 250 pages, with a score of uniform portraits. Into these pages Mr. Read has crowded a great deal of reminiscence, a host of historical facts, and many interesting pictures of individuals and groups. The style of treatment is dignified and scholarly. The amount of labour involved in the verification of the dates and facts given must have been great.

While giving the book its due meed of praise, it may not be amiss to suggest that had the matter been condensed about one-third, the work would have gained in value. There are too many recitals of unconnected events and dates. For example: in the first three pages of the chapter on Sir John Colborne there are nineteen dates, about eighty names of persons and places, only a few of which are of any importance. In his preface, the author points out the superiority of biography to general history, but it always is well to remember that biography if not well written may be less interesting than general history in which the perspective is well maintained.

* Toronto: Wm. Briggs.

THE PIONEER.

Up to the present time, the character and achievements of our pioneers have been overshadowed in our historical annals by the glories of governors, chief justices and generals. Gradually we are learning that the pioneer has a place in our history which is of considerable importance, and that "history" is not merely political history.

In his introduction to "Pioneer Life in Zorra," by W. A. Mackay,* the Hon. G. W. Ross, Premier of Ontario, emphasizes this point.

> "The pioneer had no prominence; he had, nevertheless, the elements of true greatness. The qualities which enabled him to establish a home for himself and his family in the face of so many difficulties are the qualities by which nations are built, good government established, and prosperity and peace made possible. To follow in his footsteps is a guarantee that Canada will grow in influence and power as one generation follows another."

Zorra is a township in the County of Oxford, Ontario, most of the original settlers of which were Scotch. Mr. Mackay describes their home-life, politics, religious gatherings, logging bees, schools and songs. He does this in a manner which throws considerable light on the general life of the Ontario pioneer.

* Toronto: William Briggs.

THE SANDHILL STAG.

The big game of Canada are the equal of the big game of any other country in the world. Yet it is surprising the number of people who know not the differences between the goat and the big horn, or the moose and the musk-ox, or the elk and the black-tail. It is also noteworthy that the romance of the lives of our big game is so little sought after, although it is one of the most wonderful of all natural romances.

Among those who have been impressed by the wonders of the animal-life to be seen in this country, is Ernest Seton-Thompson, a Canadian artist, whose pictures of wolves first brought him into prominence. Seven or eight years ago, when a large canvas of his was on exhibition in Canada, the Canadian critics, with their usual unenthusiastic conservatism, said that he could paint wolves, but he couldn't do

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anything else. Since then he has written:

"Wild Animals I have known,"
"Art Anatomy of Animals,"
"Mammals of Manitoba,"
"Birds of Manitoba,"
"The Trail of the Sandhill Stag."*

It is this latest work which claims especial mention here. It is a handsome volume containing some sixty drawings and ninety pages of well-printed text. The story describes how for years Yan the hunter followed the great hoof-marks in the Sandhill wilderness about Carberry, Manitoba. Other hunters had caught glimpses of this noted stag, but it was a long quest before Yan even saw him.

"Then gray among the gray brush, he made out a great log, and from one end of it rose two gnarled oaken boughs. Again the flash—the move of a restless ear, then the oak boughs moved and Yan trembled, for he knew that the log in the brush was the form of the Sandhill Stag. So grand, so charged with *life*. He seemed a precious, sacred thing—a king, fur-robed and duly crowned."

But Yan didn't shoot him then, the stag escaped and Yan followed.

The feelings and thoughts of the hunter, the ruses and deceptions of the hunted, the denouement of the great game the two were playing, are well described. The whole picture is artistically drawn, with the highmindedness of the author to preserve it from being the representation of a ruthless slaughter.

JANICE MEREDITH.

To Canadians there is scarcely a more interesting chapter in United States history than the first—the chapter which is filled with the sanguinary struggle which robbed Great Britain of her greatest colony. We read it with some repining, some shame, and some sorrow. Perhaps we read it with too little appreciation; for the war of the American Revolution taught Britain many lessons that have resulted in a decided extension of colonial self-government. If Britain had not learned those lessons then, Canada and Australia might not be the happy lands they are, might not be a part of the great British Empire.

Thackeray gave us a picture of the social life of the revolting colonists in "The Virginian," and Paul Leicester Ford has done a similar work in "Janice Meredith."* Thackeray laid his scenes in Virginia, Mr. Ford lays his in New Jersey. The opening chapters describe the life and thoughts and acts of the people in the year 1776, just before the famous Declaration was promulgated. Janice Meredith, a fair maiden of exceptional beauty, is the daughter of a testy, old Tory landowner. She is wooed by numerous gallants—the boorish son of a neighbouring landowner; a bond-servant who is really a man of noble birth; Lord Clowes, a British spy and afterwards commissary-general to H.M. forces; Joe Bagby, a rising young revolutionist, afterwards a member of Congress. Her story runs parallel with the varying fortunes of the two armies; sometimes one lover is in favour, sometimes another; sometimes it is a Tory, and again it is a revolutionist. Janice is the friend of George Washington and his wife, and they are prominent in certain parts of the drama in which this beautiful rebel is the heroine.

The story is strong from the start; the interest is well sustained; the incidents are numerous and well described, yet the thread of the story is never knotted or tangled. There is as much in the book as in any three ordinary current novels, in this respect being very similar to "Richard Carvel." Finally, it must be acknowledged that the author has held the scales more evenly than usual in his analysis of the rights and wrongs of the Revolution. He shows clearly the faults on both sides, and even while eulogizing General Washington, he does not fail to give due praise to Howe, Clinton and

* New York: Charles Scribner's Sons, Cloth, $1.50.

*Janice Meredith. A Romance of the American Revolution. By Paul Leicester Ford. Cloth, $1.50. Copp, Clark Co., Toronto.

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Cornwallis. The actions of the British authorities are described with an even temper, almost exceptional in an American author or historian. Britishers may read "Janice Meredith" without having their pride of race or sense of justice, either shocked or outraged.

NORTHLAND LYRICS.

A volume of verse by three members of one family with an opening poem by a fourth and a closing poem by a relative is almost unique in the world of books. Yet such is "Northland Lyrics,"* by William Carman Roberts, Theodore Roberts and (Mrs.) Elizabeth Roberts Macdonald, with a prologue by Charles G. D. Roberts and an epilogue by Bliss Carman.

The most striking feature of this collection of over four score lyrics is the wealth of imagination displayed by each of the writers. In their hands, nature and life develop new aspects, and the nobility of both are re-created for the reader's benefit and for his uplifting.

"Beyond the golden gates of song
Who treads with reverent feet shall find
The dreams and visions cherished long,
The loftier longings unresigned;
The sacred memories that wake
Our lives to noble yearnings still,
The quiet love no years can break
Nor any earthly hour fulfil."

It is well that the poet should occasionally call us back from the wearying strife of life to view the harmonies of nature, the nobility of contentment, the power of love and the magnificence of friendship and patriotism.

And all my longings turn to this:
To hold my mother's hand, to know
The rest of Home, the smile, the kiss,—
And let the great world go.

This little volume is most restful. There are no heavy tragedies, no romance-worded panegyrics, no passion-studded descriptions of nature phenomena—nothing but sweetly intoxicating verse. Many of these have already been published in *The Canadian Magazine*. The volume is a most notable one, and it is pleasing to learn that already the first edition has been exhausted.

* Boston: Small, Maynard & Co. Cloth, $1.50.

POEMS, OLD AND NEW.

Frederick George Scott's new volume of verse* is an honour to himself and a credit to his publisher's taste. The binding in white, blue and gold, the dainty title-page, the uncut edges, and the clear text are suitable setting for verses of strength and finish. In this collection are such old favourites: "My Lattice," "The Unnamed Lake," "Samson," so highly praised by *The Speaker*, and some of the better known of his sonnets. Among the new poems there are several which are truly noteworthy. "The Burden of Time" has already been published in *The Canadian Magazine*. This and other poems indicate the author's reverence for the majesty of time and space and divine decree. He is a worshipper, a being whose heart throbs with reverence and faith, and yet he is human. His humanity and reverence are exhibited in the finely-finished sonnet, "The Heaven of Love":

I rose at midnight and beheld the sky
Sown thick with stars, like grains of golden sand
Which God had scattered loosely from his hand
Upon the floorways of his house on high;
And straight I pictured to my spirit's eye
The giant worlds, their course by wisdom planned,
The weary waste, the gulfs no sight hath spanned,
And endless time forever passing by.

Then filled with wonder and a secret dread
I crept to where my child lay fast asleep,
With chubby arm beneath his golden head.
What cared I then for all the stars above?
One little face shut out the boundless deep,
One little heart revealed the heaven of love.

One point in connection with this volume must not be overlooked. All the republished poems have been revised and corrected so that they have now assumed their permanent form.

* "Poems, Old and New," by Frederick George Scott. Toronto: William Briggs. Cloth, 154 pp., gilt top.

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THE NINETEENTH CENTURY SERIES.

The Linscott Publishing Co. of Toronto, publishers of "Canada: an Encyclopædia," are now engaged upon a more extensive work. It is entitled "The Nineteenth Century Series," and will be issued in twenty-five volumes at $2.00, $2.50 or $3.00, according to binding. "Literature of the Century" is to be written by Prof. A. B. de Mille of King's College, Windsor, N.S.; "Progress of the United States," by Prof. W. P. Trent of the Tennessee University; "Continental Rulers," by Percy M. Thornton, M.P.; "Progress of the British Empire," by James Stanley Little, another well-known litterateur; "Progress of Canada," by J. Castell Hopkins; "Discoveries and Explorations," by Prof. Charles G. D. Roberts; "Naval Battles," by Rear-Admiral Higgenson, U.S.N.; "Progress of Education," by James L. Hughes of Toronto, and Louis R. Klemm of Washington. The other writers are well chosen. The plan of the work is excellent, and if the execution is equally meritorious the series will be most valuable.

SOUTH AFRICA.

There will be many books on South Africa. "Picturesque South Africa," published by Dennis Edwards & Co., Capetown, and issued before the war, is a decidedly interesting portfolio. It contains over two hundred choice engravings, most of them being eight by eleven inches. Below each illustration is an explanatory paragraph of from one to three hundred words. From this large album one may gather a fair idea of the nature of the South African landscape and the character of the people, the seaports, the architecture in the towns, and the development of that portion of the world. The book is a credit to the mechanical skill of Capetown engravers and printers. (Canadian agents: Reid Bros., 393 Queen St. W., Toronto.)

NOTES.

"The White King of Manoa," by Joseph Hatton, is a carefully written historical and social study of the time of Queen Elizabeth. The Queen, Essex and Raleigh figure among the characters, but the chief interest centres around a Devonshire man who sails to the Orinoco and there becomes an absolute monarch.

"Agatha Webb" is a cleverly constructed detective story by Anna Katherine Green. (Toronto: George J. McLeod.)

Canniff Haight, of Toronto, has published a limited edition of "A Genealogical Narrative of The Daniel Haight Family." Joseph Haight, father of Daniel, was a resident of New York State, who came to Canada immediately after the close of the revolutionary war and settled at Adolphustown. The volume is very neatly made and the contents well arranged.

"Gilian The Dreamer," by Neil Munro, is a Scotch novel which would receive a lengthy review in these columns were space available. Mr. Munro is a most painstaking writer who knows Scotch scenery, Scotch flora, Scotch life and Scotch character as it has been given to few men to know it. He is also human, with a keen appreciation for the limitations of the peasant and the self-sufficiency of the more highly educated. His humour is delicate and gentle, which adds to the piquancy of his admirable style. Gilian is a creation, a character in the broadest import of the word. (Toronto: The Copp, Clark Co.)

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A DOUKHOBOR ON HIS METTLE.

IN Winnipeg they are telling a good story of a pugilistic encounter between a bullying English-speaking farmer and a Doukhobor labourer who was employed by him. The farmer lives in the White Sand district and is known as a man of very bad temper and cruel, overbearing manner. Only a few weeks ago he was fined $50 for gross cruelty to a young English boy working for him. After the boy left he engaged a Doukhobor to do general work on his farm, at a monthly stipend of $12. The Doukhobor was by religious conviction a man of peace, and he held out for thirty-eight days against the kicks and cuffs of his irascible employer.

Things at last reached a stage where the Douk. concluded that patience was not very much of a virtue and he resigned his position, asking at the same time for the money he had earned. The Englishman refused and ordered the man of peace off his premises. He went, but took his employer's horses, which he thought in his artless way would about liquidate the claim. He had not gone far when he met a more enlightened fellow-countryman who explained to him the legal significance of his act and assured him that the criminal code fully covered the case.

The unhappy Doukhobor therefore retraced his steps, restored the horses and once more demanded his money. He was again refused, and this time he deemed a resort to arms justifiable. He knelt down and implored the aid of the God of his forefathers, and then cleared for action by divesting himself of his sheepskin coat.

The Englishman went into the battle with a supreme confidence in his ability to knock his opponent into dreamland in one short round, but in this comfortable conviction he was grievously disappointed, for the Doukhobor gave him a sound thrashing and got his money before leaving the battlefield.

SHOOTING HIS NINTH BEAR.

"How would you like to be set down in this wilderness, with an axe, a hoe and a bushel or two of potatoes, with the option of either working out your own living or being gathered to your fathers on the other side of the Jordan?" said my companion, an old hunter, as we sat down, weary and hungry, to rest ourselves by the side of a small brook, after our long day's tramp in search of game through an unbroken forest.

"I'd rather be excused, or even executed," I replied. "No, sir, death from starvation is not to my liking."

"Better men than you have made a living in just such a place as this," said Old Abe, as we all familiarly called him, eyeing me with no little displeasure.

"They must have been better—much better—if they did," I promptly rejoined.

"Yes," he continued, taking his lunch out of the bag that he carried slung over his shoulder, "people were better off in those days; there wasn't such a scramble after money as there is now; no rush to get ahead of everybody else, by hook or by crook; neighbours were nearer to each other, even if there was a mile or two of dense woods, with nothing but a blaze on a few trees here and there, between their houses. Often when my day's work was over have I gone to visit a neighbour and chatted in front of a roaring fire till midnight, when I would start for my own own log cabin, a happy man, with a brand of fire in my hand to frighten away any bear that might wish to make a closer acquaintance. But the

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work was hard ; mill and market were far, far off, and perhaps things are better, after all, as they are to-day."

"You don't believe there were bears in these parts," he went on, seeing the doubtful look that stole over my countenance. "Well, they have become very scarce since the railroad was run through here ; the bear is, after all, a timid creature, and the noise of the train has caused him to retreat into the country, but they were plentiful enough once, and I wish I had a dollar to-night for every one that I have relieved of his skin."

"I wish you had," I heartily responded, "though for my own part, I'd rather have a dime for every one you didn't."

"There's something in that, too," he added, with a nod of his head. "The place was full of them, and my neighbours destroyed their own share. But I think I did as well as any of them, and I often wish for a return of the old days just to have another shot or two at those creatures."

"Perhaps you'd like to tell me of one of your hunts," I said coaxingly, "and as for me, there's nothing I'd like better than to hear of what really happened, you hear so many stories that have no truth in them these times," and the old man actually believed that I thought he dealt in nothing but facts.

"Well, which one will I tell you of?" said he, all anxious to begin his tale. He evidently thought that I had as complete a list of his victims as I had a year or two before of the Plantagenet kings.

"Oh, one is as good as another," I replied, "but take, we will say, number nine."

"Number nine," repeated the old man. "Let me see what fellow that was. Three, seven, eight—oh ! you took a bad one, boy, you took a bad one. I lost heavily on number nine."

I had placed my order at random, but his remarks and, above all, the contraction of his brows made me interested, and I resolved to hold my ground.

"Well," he resumed, "it was in the fall of —60. I had decided a year or two before to begin stock-raising, and had now a herd of seven head, but the pride of the flock were two young heifers. I can see them yet ; they were as like each other as two eggs ; they would soon become cows, and already in fancy I saw myself taking a full bucket of milk from each. But it is the some old story of the haste with which one is apt to count his chickens. One fine night in October I left them out, thinking it a sin to stable them on such a warm night, and when I got up in the morning I found one of them, or at least, about two-thirds of one, lying cold and stiff on the barn floor. The door had been left open, and the bold marauder had run his quarry down not fifty yards from where I slept. I was furious, and I vowed that before another night had passed I would give him something he would not digest in a hurry. I knew that he would return to finish his feast, and I laid my plans with care. There was a scaffold across the barn floor at a height of about seven feet from it, and I determined to take my stand there, with an axe and my good old rifle, ready to fire a salute in honour of my guest at whatever time it would suit him to put in his appearance. My son, a bright young lad of ten years, asked me to take him along with me, and I readily consented.

"We got up on the scaffold about dark to await Mr. Bruin's arrival. My anger by this time had subsided a good deal, and I now meant business. I concluded it would be best to let him feast a while till I got a good chance to fire and finish him with one shot, so as not to spoil the skin—the only thing he had to offer for the damage of the night before.

"We waited there, hour after hour, in the dark, not daring to move or speak a word, and a long wait we had. It must have been about midnight when I heard him coming. Stealthily he approached ; he would advance a few steps, then stop and snuff the air, as if he suspected something. At last he stood in full view in the barn door. The night was dark ; that is, there was no moon, but the stars were shining,

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and I could make out his figure plainly, and a more handsome brute I never laid my eyes on. I felt I had been honoured in having my heifer slain by such an animal, and for a time I could do nothing but admire. But this did not last long. He had moved up to the carcass, and was snuffing all over it; I began to think that he would know that it had been handled since he saw it last, and would go off without touching it, so I watched for a chance to give him my little present of lead.

"And the chance soon came. The bear had been facing me directly all along, but he now turned sideways; I could just make out where his ear was, and raising my rifle noiselessly, I fired.

"My son, who must have been asleep, was so startled by the sudden report that he lost his balance and fell screaming to the floor.

"The whole situation was changed in an instant. I had intended to take the hide off that animal in as good condition as possible, but a man can be excused for changing his mind when his only son is within fifteen feet of a wounded bear. The value of bear-skin fell in my estimation ninety-nine per cent., and for about a minute I poured lead into that creature till his body was one of the richest mineral deposits in the state. By that time the boy had regained his place, thoroughly frightened, but not in the least hurt; he had fallen on some straw that had been left on the barn floor.

"The huge beast had come down with a thud at my first shot, and, except for an occasional kick, had made no move. We waited till even these signs of life had failed, then coming down from our perch, stole cautiously up to where he lay. As I got close to him I thought I saw him make a slight move, and raising my axe, I brought it down with stunning force on his head. Well, sir, I'll never forget what I then saw. My son was the first to find his tongue, with the words: 'It's the devil, daddy, look at his horns.'

"Horns it had sure enough. There on the floor, beside its mate, lay my second heifer." *Leon J. Falfys.*

PEACHES AND BLUBBER.

Canadians are very touchy on the subject of climate, as Rudyard Kipling discovered, when he somewhat thoughtlessly dubbed the Dominion, Our Lady of the Snows. When Arthur Stringer, the young Canadian poet and author, first went to Oxford, he carried with him letters from Professor Goldwin Smith, of Toronto, to Professor York Powell, the distinguished historian of Christ Church.

The old Oxford don, like one or two other Englishmen, had very vague ideas about Canada, and somewhat surprised the young stranger by inquiring if he got along nicely on English roast mutton, after living so long on frozen seal meat. The young poet gravely protested that he perhaps missed his whale blubber a little; but the next day cabled home, and in less than a week the finest basket of autumn peaches ever grown in Ontario, carefully packed in sawdust, was on its way to Oxford. A short time afterward the young author was again dining with the regius professor at Oxford, and that gentleman produced at the meal a fruit-dish loaded with tremendous peaches.

"Most extraordinary," said the old professor, "but these peaches were sent to me to-day, and I'm blessed if I know who sent them. From the south of France I suspect, so I saved a few of them for you, Stringer—they will be such a novelty, you know!"

The Canadian very quietly took a steamship company's bill of lading from his pocket, and handed it to the professor. The professor gazed at the bill, then at the fruit, then at the poet. "I had some whale blubber, too, professor," said that young man, "but I simply had to eat that. These other things were grown on my uncle's farm, in Kent County, Ontario, you know. He has two hundred bushels of them every year, and he sent me over a basket of little ones, along with the whale blubber."—From the *Philadelphia Post.*

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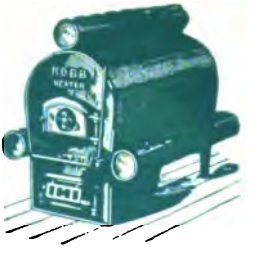

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THE FIRST CANADIAN CONTINGENT IN CAMP AT CAPETOWN.

TABLE MOUNTAIN IN BACKGROUND.

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THE
CANADIAN MAGAZINE

VOL. XIV MARCH, 1900 No. 5

BRITISH POLICY IN SOUTH AFRICA.

By J. Castell Hopkins, F.S.S., F.R.Hist.S.

IN all the history of colonization there is no such remarkable kaleidoscope of changing government, shifting policies and varied conditions as the records of South Africa, during the present century, exhibit. Governor succeeded Governor, and in his turn was recalled; the missionaries and local natives were supported against the Dutch settlers and the latter seriously angered; the Dutch were protected against external native raids and the Kaffirs stirred into nine wars within fifty years; territory was annexed and then abandoned; opportunities were lost and sought for again at the point of the bayonet; slavery was abolished, and the Dutch farmers allowed in thousands to leave Cape Colony and to establish slavery under another name in other regions; the Orange River country was annexed and then abandoned; the Transvaal was treated in the same way. Yet through it all runs the thread of an honest purpose; the desire to protect inferior and downtrodden races; a consistent aversion to unnecessary expansion of territory; a wish to develop liberty and to prevent oppression.

Like so many of England's Colonial Governors, those of the Cape were, from the time of Lord Caledon's arrival in 1807, men of character, standing and ability. They might make mistakes in policy, they might occasionally be led astray by local advisers, and they were always liable to censure or recall from a Colonial Office which too often judged local conditions from the standpoint of Downing Street. But their intentions were good. They were never known to be even charged with corruption and they usually had a degree of experience in public life which was naturally useful to a new country and its crude institutions.

Lord Caledon was an enthusiastic Irish nobleman, who improved the postal system and established Circuit Courts for the better administration of justice in outlying districts of the Cape. Sir John Cradock, who came out in 1811, established schools in the country regions and tried to control the nomadic tendencies of the Dutch farmers by making them freeholders of farms ranging from 6,000 to 20,000 acres in extent. Lord Charles Somerset, a brother of the Duke of Beaufort and of Lord Raglan, the well-known Crimean General of after years, was appointed in 1814, and carried out many measures of value to the infant colony. He founded new townships, promoted industrial development, encouraged the importation of sheep and himself brought out Merinos which he established in local breeding-farms. At the same time he broached and carried out the important scheme of English immigration known in its result as the Albany Settlement and as one of the chief factors in the progress of the

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period. Though somewhat unpopular and arbitrary, he certainly did good service to the community.

In 1826 Sir Lowry Cole succeeded to the position and attempted for a time the difficult and dangerous task of unifying the population. Eight years afterwards General Sir Benjamin D'Urban, who had seen military service in Canada and elsewhere, was appointed to carry out the slave emancipation policy. Then came Sir George Napier, under whose régime a splendid system of roads was created and, in 1847, General Sir Harry Smith, a most popular and able Governor. He was followed by Sir George Cathcart in 1852. All of these rulers had to deal with native or Boer wars, and none of them had much time to spare for the special cultivation of material progress in the harassed country. From 1854 to 1861 Sir George Grey administered the affairs of the colony, and to this remarkable man South Africa owes much and would have owed more had he not been hampered and over-ruled at every turn by Imperial fears of a policy of expansion and by Imperial objections to the assumption of further responsibilities.

This was the period when Little Englanders abounded in the Mother Country; when Tories and Radicals were agreed in opposing any added links to the chain of Empire; when the masses believed that the manufacturing industries and commerce which they saw advancing by leaps and bounds on every side were entirely independent of political boundaries and national allegiance; when the markets of the world seemed for a time to belong to England and the markets of the Colonies were, in comparison, absolutely insignificant; when public men like John Bright and Richard Cobden, Cornwall Lewis and Sir William Molesworth, Lord Brougham and Lord Ellenborough, Robert Lowe and even Lord John Russell, spoke of a future in which the Colonies would be independent and of a present which was simply preliminary to a destiny which they did not regret. The popular idol of that day was Trade, as the popular idol of the last days of the century is Empire. The swing of the pendulum has come indeed, but it has brought with it a war which the acceptance of Sir George Grey's policy of that time might have prevented.

There is, of course, much to excuse this view of the Colonies in and about 1850. The British-American Provinces were still in a dissatisfied and disorganized condition from the rebellion of 1837, the racial troubles of 1848 and the fiscal difficulties which had followed the repeal of the Corn Laws in England. The value and resources of Australia were practically unknown. It was still the home of convicts and had only just entered upon a period of rushing settlement and turbulent mining success in which the problems of government were extremely complicated. South Africa had been the scene of nothing but war and trouble. All the later Governors had been recalled one after another, and their policy frequently reversed without either conciliating the Colonists or controlling the restless masses of native population along the ever-changing frontiers. As a rule the earlier policy towards the Kaffirs had been one of half-measures. The first plan of alliances with native chiefs broke down and in Lord Charles Somerset's time ended in conflict. Then came the Boer wars with the Zulus in Natal and a British effort to protect the natives against their onslaughts. Sir Benjamin D'Urban's policy in 1835, after the Kaffir war of that time, was the establishment of a living frontier along the east of Cape Colony which should be sufficiently strong to resist the pressure of the savage masses from beyond. A line of European settlers was to be established and beyond that a body of loyal Kaffirs supported by a string of forts. Before a Committee of the House of Commons this was declared by D'Urban's successor, Sir G. Cathcart, to have been a wise and necessary policy. But, unfortunately, it involved an advance from the Fish to the Kei River and such a thing the Colonial Office would not tolerate. The

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policy was reversed and the territory in question given back to the Kaffirs.

Sir George Grey took a very different line of action and policy. Everything that he did was bold and determined. He acted first, assumed full responsibility, and then made it necessary for the Colonial Office to either approve or recall a Governor who had for the first time in a quarter of a century proved a successful South African ruler. This statement is not necessarily a reflection upon previous Governors. Sir Benjamin D'Urban was overruled by Lord Glenelg at Downing Street. Sir George Napier went out simply to reverse a certain policy under detailed instructions. General Sir Peregrine Maitland had distinguished himself as a soldier and had made an excellent Governor of Upper Canada and Nova Scotia, and was no more responsible for the Kaffir war which caused his inevitable recall than was the Premier of Great Britain. General Sir Harry Smith, the victor of Aliwal and the only British officer who, before 1899, has won a direct victory over the Boers, had in him the makings of a statesman, as his annexation of the Orange River region proved. But the war with Sandili had brought about his recall and a very few years also brought about the reversal of his policy towards the Boers, the creation of the Free State, the establishment of the Transvaal and the foundation of endless opportunities for trouble in the future. For this policy the Government of the Earl of Aberdeen and the Secretaryship of the Duke of Newcastle must always hold an unpleasant responsibility. Sir George Grey did what he could to rectify the errors thus made. He was instinct with the Imperial idea and, although doomed to fail in some measure in the attainment of his great ambitions, none the less did splendid work for the Empire. The men at the Colonial Office were constantly changing, and the only continuity in their policy was a common desire to be relieved from any new developments and fresh responsibilities. Politics did not come into the matter at all, as one party was then as ignorant of colonial requirements and as indifferent to colonial possibilities as the other.

During Grey's seven years' administration of the Cape, Sidney Herbert (afterwards Lord Herbert of Lea), Lord John Russell, Sir William Molesworth, Henry Labouchere (afterwards Lord Taunton), Sir Edward Bulwer-Lytton, Lord Stanley (afterwards Earl of Derby) and the Duke of Newcastle succeeded each other at the Colonial Office, with Sir Frederick Rogers (afterwards Lord Blachford) as Permenant Under-Secretary during part of the period. Molesworth, Russell, Stanley and Labouchere were all tainted strongly with the Manchester School theory, while Sir F. Rogers, who in his more permanent position had greater influence than all the passing Secretaries of State put together, is upon record as having advised his chief, on more than one occasion, to encourage the Colonies in every line of thought and action which would develop separatist and independence sentiment. It was little wonder, therefore, that Sir George Grey failed in his effort to weld the infant states and colonies—first of South Africa and then of Australasia—in a federal union. Had he succeeded in the one it would have averted much bloodshed and racial hatred and in the other much of useless controversy, crude constitution-mongering and demagogue development. "I believe I should have succeeded," he declared in bitterness of heart many years afterwards. But the statesman proposed, the Colonial Office disposed. For years the whole scope of the suggested South African federation was discussed between the Governor and the Imperial authorities. The former suggested the constitution of the then federated islands of New Zealand as a practical basis and even obtained a Resolution of the Free State Volksraad in favour of the general principle. The consent of Cape Colony would have been unanimous. Natal was ready, and it is not likely that the four conflicting and tiny republics into which the Transvaal was then divided would have long resisted

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Free State influence and the personal magnetism which Sir George Grey could have brought to bear upon the people and rulers. Even had their deeper prejudices and denser ignorance prevailed for a time to perpetuate their isolation the probably increased prosperity of the Free State under the new conditions would have ultimately brought them into the union.

When the Cape Parliament met in 1859 the Governor placed before it the Resolution of the Orange River Volksraad and, in his accompanying address, said: "You would, in my belief, confer a lasting benefit upon Great Britain and upon the inhabitants of this country, if you could succeed in devising a form of federal union under which the several Provinces composing it should have full and free scope of action left to them, through their own local governments and legislatures, upon all subjects relating to their individual prosperity or happiness, whilst they should act under a general federal government in relation to all points which concern the general safety or weal." Along this path alone lay safety and success for the South African States. A copy of the address was sent to the Colonial Office with full explanations and comments, and then came a reply expressing great dissatisfaction at the question having been brought before the Legislature at Cape Town without authority from the Ministers at home. Sir George claimed, on the other hand, to have understood, indirectly, that the policy proposed really had the approval of the Colonial Department. There seems, however, to be little doubt from the terms of the general correspondence that he was really trying to force the hands of the Imperial Government in a matter which he deemed essential to the welfare of the Empire, and that he was willing to risk personal humiliation in a bold effort to stem the tide of anti-colonialism then swelling on the shores of British thought and sentiment. The result was his recall in a despatch from Sir Edward Bulwer-Lytton, dated 4th June, 1859, containing statements of the high opinion held by the Government as to Sir George Grey's endowments and patriotism, but explaining that: "They could not safely continue to entrust with your present functions one committed, as you have committed yourself, to a policy of which they disapprove on a subject of the first importance; nor could they expect from you the necessary assistance when steps, which you have taken without that authority, have of necessity to be retraced." The reply to this was dated July 20th, 1859, and constitutes a distinct and complete vindication of his general policy. In its closing paragraph is summed up the situation facing more than one Governor of Cape Colony, or High Commissioner for South Africa, before and since his time:—

"Can a man, who, on a distant and exposed frontier, surrounded by difficulties, with invasions of Her Majesty's territories threatening on several points, assume a responsibility which he, guided by many circumstances which he can neither record nor remember as they come hurrying on one after another, be fairly judged of in respect of the amount of responsibility he assumes by those who, in the quiet of distant offices in London know nothing of the anxieties or nature of the difficulties he had to encounter? If Her Majesty's possessions and Her Majesty's subjects are saved from threatening dangers, and they gratefully acknowledge this, whilst the Empire receives no hurt, is it a fitting return that the only reward he should receive should be the highest punishment which it is in the power of Her Majesty's Ministers to inflict? This may be the reward they bestow, but the true one of the consciousness of difficult duties performed to the best of his ability, with great personal sacrifice, they cannot take from him."

But Sir George Grey had friends of greater power than the novelist politician at the Colonial Office or his narrow-visioned assistant. From the time, in 1857, when he had diverted troops to India which had stopped at Cape Town on their way to China, and by this seemingly reckless assumption of responsibility had enabled Sir Colin Campbell to relieve Lucknow and to save the situation in those terrible days of mutiny, he was given the lasting friendship and admiration of the Queen. His further policy of conciliating the natives by personal visits to their chiefs

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and explanation of the situation, his wise trust in tbe friendship of savage chiefs whom he knew often understood honour and practised it better than the white man himself, and his stripping the country of troops and munitions of war in order to give additional help in the Indian crisis, naturally added to the esteem which his first and most daring act had inspired in the mind of a Sovereign who was, even in those days, an Imperial statesman in the highest sense of the word. Of his action in changing the route of the troops from Hong Kong to Calcutta, and sending Cape troops and artillery and stores and specie to India in time to be of the most valuable service, the Queen commanded Mr. Labouchere, Colonial Secretary, to express privately to Sir George Grey "her high appreciation" as well as in a more formal manner. Later on she hesitated in giving her assent to his recall until it was practically made a Cabinet matter, and when the Derby Government was defeated and Lord Palmerston came into power he was promptly re-instated. On his arrival in London he was informed by the Prince Consort of the Queen's "approval of the measures taken by him and the policy of confederation which he had pursued," and her opinion that the plans proposed were "beneficent, worthy of a great ruler, honourable to himself and advantageous to her people." Speaking at Sydney, New South Wales, in 1891, Sir George Grey referred to this matter and declared that: "One person in the Empire held that I was right, and that person was the Queen."

Back he went to South Africa, amid general rejoicings at the Cape, but with the refusal of the new Government at home to take any steps whatever in the direction of federation. But, as if to expressly mark the Queen's sympathy with Grey's Imperial ideas, Prince Alfred was sent out in 1860 to make a tour of South Africa and to invoke, as he did, the same sentiments of loyalty as were aroused by the visit of the Prince of Wales to Canada at the same time. Cape Colony, Natal and the Orange Free State were visited with due ceremony by the Governor and the Prince and at Bloemfontein one of the arches of welcome contained the significant motto: "Loyal though discarded." During the succeeding year Sir George Grey finally left the Cape to take up the Governorship of New Zealand at a critical period in its troubles with the Maoris and at a time when the Duke of Newcastle, Colonial Secretary, had given him to understand that the Governor-Generalship of Canada and ultimately of India were open to him upon leaving South Africa in due course. But duty seemed to require him in New Zealand and thither he went to live for years as Governor, for other years as Prime Minister, and for a still longer period as a private citizen. During the eight years in which he had ruled Cape Colony he had inaugurated representative institutions, established schools, libraries, hospitals, public works, roads and railways. The Cape Town and Wellington Railway—the first line in the colony—was his enterprise. The great ostrich-farming industry of the future was started by him. Above all, he won the affection and respect of the most varied types of the native races and the after voluntary submission of Moshesh, the great Busuto Chief, to British authority, may be largely traced to the friendly feeling inspired by a visit which Grey paid to the rocky heights of Thaba Bosigo. In his great aim he had failed and in later days he became eccentric and erratic in his views, but none the less does South Africa owe much to the life and memory of Sir George Grey.

His successor, Sir Philip E. Wodehouse, was a man of ability, who had been Governor of British Guiana and was afterwards for five years Governor of Bombay. His administration was signalized by the inauguration of a new and saner policy on the part of the Colonial Office. Whether it was that the Manchester School in reaching the meridian of its power during these years had temporarily overlooked South Africa, or that it had become

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apparent even to the Colonial Office that the man on the spot must be allowed some latitude, or that Sir Philip Wodehouse was more trusted and less feared by the Home authorities than Grey, is not visible upon the surface. But the fact remains that in 1865 British Kaffraria was finally incorporated with Cape Colony and definite responsibility assumed for its government and control and that in 1868 Basutoland was annexed to British dominions—not to the Cape Colony—and the most rugged and strongest natural fortress in the world prevented from falling into the hands of the Orange River Boers who had been struggling to that end for twenty years. Sir Henry Barkly, an experienced Australian Governor, assumed charge in 1870 and, a year later, Griqualand West, with its vast potentialities as a diamond-producing country and as the only available British route to the interior, was annexed and placed, like Basutoland, under the authority of the Cape Governor as High Commissioner for South Africa and direct representative of the Crown and the Colonial Office.

Meantime Natal which had, up to 1856, been under the control of the Governor at the Cape, was in that year made a separate colony governed from the Colonial Office under a Lieut.-Governor and with only partially representative institutions. Zululand and the Zulus were to this colony what the Kosas or Kaffirs had been to the Cape settlers so far as the fear of raids and danger of war were concerned. Of actual and serious war there was but little in Natal from the time of the Boers until 1879. Of trouble in management, however, there was abundance from the number of Zulus within, as well as from the Zulus without, the strict limits of colonial territory. In 1873, Cetywayo was installed under authority of the British Government as head of the Zulu nation and from this time dates the inauguration of the serious situation which culminated six years later and ended in the annexation of a large part of that region in 1887 and the protectorate established over the sea-coast country called Tongaland in the same year. These two events marked a singularly wise expression of Imperal policy, as they checked and prevented the realization of the greatest ambition of the Transvaal Boers—the obtaining of a seaport. While this extension was taking place in the east under the general administration of Sir Hercules Robinson (afterwards Lord Rosmead) as High Commissioner, and the whole sea-coast region from Portuguese territory to Cape Town made British, a similar expansion had occurred in the north and west.

It was to a great extent forced upon the British authorities by Boer aggressiveness which, after the war of 1880-1 and the succeeding Conventions, became very marked. The Transvaal Dutch first trekked into Zululand when it was placed again under Cetywayo's rule—after the war of 1879 and in order to avoid its annexation—and endeavoured to establish there another Boer republic. In order to prevent this and to protect the Zulus, under pledges strongly given, the Imperial Government had to formally annex the greater part of the region. Then the Transvaalers turned to the west and a large number trekked into Bechuanaland, threatened to cut off British territory and trade from the interior, and menaced the independence of Khama, a wise and friendly ruler, to the north. Sir Charles Warren's expedition of 1884 was despatched by the Imperial Government and checked this movement, though at the serious risk of war, and forced the Boers to recede. Bechuanaland was then made a Crown Colony. Khama's country was by request proclaimed in 1885 a British Protectorate; while in the preceding year the important naval station of St. Lucia Bay, just south of Zululand, and about the ownership of which there had been some doubt, was also annexed. Four years previously Griqualand West had been taken from the direct control of the Colonial Office and given to Cape Colony. In 1895 the Dutch of the Cape had recovered

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somewhat from the angry feelings provoked by the Warren expedition and the repulse of Boer ambitions which its success involved, and permitted Mr. Rhodes to arrange the annexation of all Bechuanaland to the Colony and its consequent removal from the control of the Governor as High Commissioner in South Africa to his charge as the constitutional Governor of the Cape.

This curious combination of duties had been first created in 1847 when Sir Henry Pottinger, for a few brief months, had held the position of Governor of Cape Colony and High Commissioner for South Africa. The latter position simply involved at that time some very limited powers of control over border tribes and certain specified authority in negotiation. There were then no recognized independent states in South Africa and no self-governing rights at the Cape to complicate matters. In time these conditions developed and yet the Governor of the Cape, responsible to his Ministers and to Parliament for every detail of local government, remained the centre of a thousand strings of diplomacy and negotiation throughout all South Africa and the Governor of various regions, with undefined powers and with responsibility only to the Colonial Office or to the Crown. In 1889, for example, Cape Colony was under complete self-government and Natal only partially so, the latter having a Governor of its own. Basutoland, Pondoland, Bechuanaland, the Khama country and the sphere of British influence to the far north were under the Governor of Cape Colony as High Commissioner only. In the same year the last-mentioned region came under the direct control of Cecil Rhodes as Chairman of the British South Africa Company, while Mr. Rhodes, in 1890, became Premier of Cape Colony and the responsible adviser of its Governor. Zululand and Tongaland were at the same time subject to the joint control of the Governors of Cape Colony and Natal, though not in any way governed by the Ministers of either official. Meantime Swaziland (north-west of Tongaland) was managed by alternate British and Boer Committees, and ultimately was allowed to pass into the hands of the Transvaal, while the latter Republic was nominally under suzerainty and the Orange Free State was absolutely independent.

Such a complication, it is safe to say, never existed in any other region in the world, or in any other record of colonization and expanding empire. That government was possible at all reflects great credit upon the administrators and shows that as years passed on the Colonial Office had at last risen to the level of its responsibilities, had grasped the true spirit and the absolute necessity of Imperial growth, and had learned that the man in charge of distant regions must have the confidence of rulers at home and a policy with some degree of continuity in plan, and principle and detail. What really caused this change in policy and the subsequent expansion of Great Britain in South Africa, is an interesting historical question. The position of late years has been so different from the developments of the "fifties," and the dominating ideas and ideals of the Manchester School, that some explanation is necessary. The discovery of gold and diamonds does not afford an adequate one. There was none of either in Basutoland, or Zululand, or Bechuanaland or Tongaland, or in the great regions which the Chartered Company acquired and held under the Crown. Much was due to the slow but sure subsidence of the Little Englanders after 1872, when Mr. Disraeli in a famous speech had expressed the first formal antagonism of a great party, as a whole, to any further playing with questions and principles of Imperial unity. More was due to the sustained Imperialism of his succeeding Ministry; to the purchase of the Suez Canal shares and increasing public appreciation of the value of the Cape in connection with the route to India; and to the growing popular comprehension of the value of India itself. More still was due to the subsequent rise of a new school of British states-

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men, in all parties, who were instinct with the spirit and pride of empire and inheritors of the sentiment which Disraeli, in his later years, and under his new designation of Lord Beaconsfield, had so strenuously propagated. The Imperial Federation League, formed in 1884, with strong support from leaders such as the Earl of Rosebery, Mr. W. H. Smith, Mr. Edward Stanhope, Mr. Edward Gibson, Mr. W. E. Forster, Sir John Lubbock, Sir Lyon Playfair and Lord Tennyson, constituted a most important educative influence. Writers like Froude, and Dilke and Seeley took the place of philosophic disintegrationists of the Molesworth and Cornwall Lewis school; whilst even Radical politicians of the Chamberlain and Cowan type came gradually into touch with aristocratic Imperialists such as Salisbury, Carnarvon and Rosebery.

The rise of Cecil Rhodes and his enthusiastic perception of the necessity for South African expansion and unity had also much to do with the change; and the discovery of diamonds did something to create, at the time, a fresh interest in a country hitherto chiefly notable for wars and natives and missionary explorations. So with the rivalry aroused by German and French and Italian efforts at African acquisition of territory. The Transvaal annexation and war, 1877-81, had an effect also of considerable importance. It projected South Africa into the wide publicity of a place in British politics and taught many an opponent and supporter of Mr. Gladstone more than they had dreamt of in all their previous philosophies. The result was unfortunate, as a whole, but in a somewhat undefinable degree it cleared the way for the knowledge of local conditions and Imperial necessities which made the expansion policy of 1884-95 possible. The sending of Sir Bartle Frere to the Cape in 1877 was an illustration of the Imperialistic principles which actuated the Beaconsfield Government. No more brilliant and honourable administrator had ever graced the service of the Crown in India than Sir Bartle Frere. He was loved by subordinates, respected by all races and creeds, trusted by Ministers at home and, like all the greater Governors of the Empire, was a strong believer in the closer union of its varied portions. Reference to his connection with the local confederation question, the Zulu war and the Transvaal annexation can only just be made and then passed over. But something should be said here as to his general treatment by the Imperial authorities. He went out with distinct powers in connection with the unification of South Africa and, with the additional ones given Sir Theophilus Shepstone in Natal, held practically a free and full hand.

The annexation of the Transvaal and the subjugation of Cetywayo were duly accomplished, though success to the policy as a whole was prevented by the war of 1881; and the latter was greatly encouraged, if not practically caused, by the eloquent theories presented in England by Mr. Gladstone. There seems to have been no very clear comprehension of the issue, and there was certainly no accurate knowledge of Boer character and history, in Mr. Gladstone's mind. They were simply to him a pastoral people asking, and then fighting to obtain, a freedom for which they had struggled steadily during half a century. He knew nothing of the land and cattle and liberties stolen by them from unfortunate native races; of the bitter and ignorant hatred felt by them towards England and British civilization; of their contempt for missionaries and religious or political equality and their ambition—even in those days of weakness—to expand north and east and west, and to cut off British power to the north and eventually in the south. He never had an Imperial imagination and cared little for the ideal of an united South Africa under the Crown. An historical imagination he did possess as was shown in his devotion to the cause of Greek independence and his willing transfer of the Ionian Isles, in earlier years, to the new Hellenic Kingdom. But that was based upon his love of Homer and

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ancient Greek literature—not upon so modern and material a matter as the welfare of British settlers in a distant and storm-tossed colony.

However that may be, his eloquent attacks upon the Government hampered their further action, and when the Transvaal rebellion broke out Sir Bartle Frere —to the lasting discredit of the new Gladstone Administration--was promptly recalled. Then and to-day his name is none the less the most loved in the list of British rulers of South Africa—not even excepting Sir George Grey. In the *Diary* of Prince Alfred Victor and Prince George of Wales, written during their cruise around the world in 1880-81 there is a reference to the Governor, who had just left the Cape, of interest in this connection: "Ask any Colonist haphazard—Afrikander or English—and in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred you will be told that he was conscientious, able, far-seeing, magnanimous, truthful and loyal." The reversal of his policy followed and was embodied in the Convention of 1881. The new Governor and High Commissioner — Sir Hercules G. R. Robinson—was a man of considerable ability and of prolonged experience. After the temporary settlement of the Transvaal troubles he was given a certain amount of latitude in dealing with the natives and in controlling the Boer disposition to seize territory in every outstanding direction. The annexations and protectorates already alluded to followed in due course and Sir Hercules claimed before he left Cape Town in 1889, after eight years of administration, that: "As Governor of a self-governing Colony I have endeavoured to walk within the lines of the Constitution; and as Her Majesty's High Commissioner for South Africa I have, whilst striving to act with equal justice and consideration to the claims and susceptibilities of all classes and races, endeavoured at the same time to establish on a broad and secure basis British authority as the paramount power in South Africa."

To this claim there was certainly one exception. The treatment of the Swaziland question during these years was a distinct evasion of responsibility on the part of both High Commissioner and the Imperial Government and appears to have been better suited to the earlier fifties than to the developments of the eighties. It was, however, a fitting sequel to events such as the somewhat indifferent agreement of the British Government—in the days of Lord Granville's weak administration of the Foreign Office—to the German acquisition of Damaraland and North Namaqualand on the western coast, for no other apparent reason than to have some territory contiguous to that of Great Britain. Fortunately, the vigorous protests of the Cape Government prevented Walfisch Bay, the only useful harbour on the shores of all that parched and arid region, from being given up to the same power as Angra-Pequena had been at about the same time. The Swazis were a branch of the Zulu race and their territory was bordered by the Transvaal to the northwest and by Tongal and the Delagoa Bay region to the east and north. Its acquisition meant that only Portuguese territory would lie between the Boer country and the great harbour at Lorenzo Marques. But, apart from the immense strategetic importance of the country—afterwards so strongly realized—it was the duty of the British Government to have in this case withstood the covetous designs of the Transvaal.

Protected by the terms of the Convention of 1884, when their practical independence was guaranteed, and appreciating the policy by which the infant Boer republics of Stellaland and Goshen had been suppressed in Bechuanaland by the Warren expedition, the Swazis naturally looked to England for support when they found numerous individual Boers settling amongst them and preparing for further and more active aggression. In 1886 and 1887 the Swazi Chief appealed to the British Government for the establishment of a formal protectorate, but was refused on the ground that the Convention of 1884, in guarding their independence,

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practically prevented Great Britain from taking such a step. For years prior to this period the Swazis had been friendly to the British, and had stood by them in war and peace. Promises of consideration were given but nothing was done. The fact of the matter is, that the Afrikander party in Cape Colony wanted to help the Transvaal to a seaport, and from some motive of conciliation, or strange error of judgment, Sir Hercules Robinson shared, or appeared to share, the same sentiment. So far as this was concerned the protectorate established over St. Lucia Bay and Tongaland neutralized the evil of the subsequent acquisition of Swaziland by the persistent Boers, but nothing can ever compensate the loyal and friendly Swazis of that time for their apparent desertion through the final refusal of the British Government, after discussion with a delegation of chiefs in 1894, to interfere with the action of the Transvaal in taking possession of their country. It is only fair, however, to say that the issue had become complicated by extensive Swazi grants of land to individual Boers.

In this connection some reference must be made to the Portuguese territory of this coast, and especially in view of the important international issues since involved. Delagoa Bay is perhaps the most important harbour on the east coast of Africa, and a vital naval factor in the protection of the trade with India and China. The surrounding region is of little value and, in the main, a hot-bed of malarial fever. The harbour was claimed for many years by Great Britain under terms of cession from a native chief to an exploring party in 1822. Portugal resisted the claim, and in 1872 the matter was referred to the arbitration of Marshal MacMahon, President of the French Republic. As usual, in such cases, the decision was against Great Britain, but with the curious concession of a first right to purchase the territory at any time that Portugal might desire to sell it and to the exclusion of the wish of any other Power in the same connection. It is stated that Portugal was actually ready at that time to sell her rights for £60,000,* and Lord Carnarvon, British Colonial Secretary in 1874-78, afterwards stated that: "When I succeeded to office I had reason to think that the offer of a moderate sum might have purchased that which a very large amount now could not compass. Unfortunately *the means were not forthcoming*, the opportunity was lost, and such opportunities in politics do not often recur." The inference from this statement is that the Chancellor of the Exchequer, Sir Stafford Northcote, was the obstacle. If so, and in the light of the many millions sterling which Great Britain, in 1900, would give for this bit of territory, his name certainly merits recollection.

Sir Henry Brougham Loch, a most successful Australian Governor, and afterwards created Lord Loch, became Governor and High Commissioner in 1889, and in 1895 was succeeded by Sir Hercules Robinson again for a couple of years. It does not appear that the latter was recalled in 1889, but was simply not reappointed at the expiration of his term of office. He left the country in the midst of much and strongly expressed regret, and when he returned six years later was welcomed with open arms. Shortly afterwards he became Lord Rosmead, and in 1897 his health compelled a retirement, which was soon followed by death. Sir Alfred Milner was then appointed, and at a most critical period. He had to assume charge of a complicated political and racial situation, and to supervise the relations of Great Britain and the Colonies with the increasingly aggressive Transvaal Republic and Afrikander organization. A strong Imperialist, a man of high reputation for ability in conducting the finances of Egypt for some time, and as Chairman of the British Board of Revenue for the preceding five years, he went out to Cape Town with large powers, and with the complete confidence of Mr. Chamberlain and the Im-

* Molteno: *Federal South Africa*, Page 87.

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perial Government. The immediate result of his general policy need not be considered here, but whatever verdict the historian of the future may have to give upon data and documents and secret developments not now available, there is no doubt that he will accord to Sir Alfred Milner a high place for honest statesmanship, conciliatory personal policy, and absolute conscientiousness of action in events and amidst surroundings calculated to disturb the equanimity of the coolest statesman, and to influence the reasonableness of even the most strong-minded representative of the Crown. Unlike Sir Benjamin D'Urban, Sir Peregrine Maitland, Sir Harry Smith, Sir George Grey and Sir Bartle Frere, he has had the rich and rare privilege, in South Africa, of being endorsed and supported through all the tangled threads of a complicated situation by the Colonial Office, the Imperial Government, the British Parliament, and, eventually, by the people of the Empire. Of this he will always have reason to be proud, whatever may be the arduous labours and responsibilities and, perhaps, changes of the hidden future. And the fact, in itself, affords a fitting conclusion to any consideration of British policy, or policies, in South Africa, and marks the wonderful change which has come over the face of affairs since the days of D'Urban and Lord Glenelg, Grey and Bulwer-Lytton, Frere and Hicks-Beach—the Governors in Cape Colony and the Secretaries of State in London.

TYPES OF ARTILLERY.

By Malcolm Ross, C Battery, R.C.A.

THE most casual observer must be struck with the wonderful and rapid improvements in the manufacture of big guns, and it is often a matter of difficulty for the ordinary reader to understand why there should be such a variety of guns in use, and to estimate their value for different purposes.

For convenience of description the guns of the Field Artillery may be placed in three divisions :

1. Machine guns, firing small projectiles, which accompany cavalry, artillery, and infantry.
2. 7 pr. mountain guns and 12 pr. field guns.
3. Howitzers and siege guns.

MACHINE GUNS.

The regular machine gun of the British army is the Maxim ; other machine guns, such as the Colt and Gatling, may be mentioned, a few of the former having been taken out privately to South Africa for trial and comparison with the Maxim.

The chief feature of the machine gun is its tremendous rapidity of fire ; this is obtained by means of mechanism which utilizes the force of recoil from one explosion to eject the empty case, to remove a fresh cartridge from the belt, place it in the barrel and fire it. The weapon now issued is known as the .303, and fires the same ammunition as is used in the Lee-Metford rifle ; the cartridges are fed to the gun on belts which contain 250 each. The feeding of the belts is attended to by one man, the firing and aiming being performed by another ; the remainder of the detachment when in action, being employed in refilling the empty belts. The first cartridge is placed in the barrel and fired by pressing a button which releases the striker, and as long as the button is pressed the gun will continue to feed the belt, load, and fire automatically. In order to prevent the heating of the gun by the rapid fire, the barrel is surrounded with a metal casing which contains

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nearly a gallon of water. The .303 pattern fires 620 shots per minute, and when firing at this rate the water in the jackets will commence to boil in about two minutes. The range of this gun, though using the ordinary rifle ammunition, is greater than that of the rifle, owing to the fact that much of the loss of force due to the recoil of the rifle is expended in the Maxim upon the bullet, only a small amount being required to perform the ejection and loading. The range at which Maxim fire was commenced in the fight at Omdurman was 2,000 yards, at which distance section fire also commenced.

These guns, owing to their convenient size, may be mounted in many ways so that they may be suitable for transport and use with the various branches of the service. When intended to accompany cavalry or artillery, they are mounted upon carriages somewhat similar in principle to those of the 12 prs.; the limber carries 2,500 rounds and is drawn by two horses, one ridden and one in the shafts.

When attached to an infantry column the gun is mounted on a lower carriage, and the trail is modified so as to serve both as a handle to be used in moving the gun and also as a seat for the man who performs the laying and firing. When on the march the trail handle is lifted and carried by two men, the remainder pulling on drag ropes attached to washers on the axle outside the wheels. For some patterns mule draught is used. Four thousand rounds are carried with the infantry gun.

The mounting when the gun is to be transported by mules or by bearers, consists of a tripod, the near leg being longer than the others, and provided with a seat for the gun layer; in transport two mules are required to carry the gun and ammunition. All patterns are provided with a steel shield, which may be placed on the gun, and which is intended for protection against rifle fire.

The gun being mounted upon a pivot, the bullets may be distributed, once the range is found, without its being necessary to cross fire, as would be the case if the gun were fired upon the mounting.

The Colt rapid fire gun already mentioned, which proved to be so effective in the Spanish-American war, is entirely different in construction from the Maxim.

Four of these guns have been taken out to the Cape by officers at their own expense, and it is probable that the War Department will shortly send out a further supply.

For the British service the gun is constructed for the .303 bullet; the loading and firing are carried on automatically, the power being obtained from the gas caused by the explosion, which is secured before the bullet leaves the barrel, and is communicated by means of a small opening near the muzzle to a tube under the barrel, which is connected with the breach mechanism by means of a piston and lever. An ordinary pistol handle and trigger replace the button of the Maxim, the firing continuing as long as the trigger is pulled. This gun is not provided with a water jacket to prevent heating, but the barrel is heavily constructed, and is of a special composition, which prevents, to some extent, the rapid heating. The rapidity of fire is 420 shots per minute, the cartridges being fed in belts as in the Maxim. The special advantage claimed for this gun is, that owing to the difference in the manner of connecting the breech mechanism with the barrel there is less danger of its becoming jammed from expansion due to heating than is the case in the Maxim.

The machine gun is useful both for attack, at a comparatively long range, and for defence, in opposing a charge, and is most deadly when used against compact bodies of troops; they are also especially efficacious in the defence of fords, bridges, and passes.

Quite recently the Maxim mechanism has been adapted to guns firing small shrapnell shell. This shell must, according to the St. Petersburg Declaration of 1868, not be of a less weight than 400 grams (about a pound). Even

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if using a projectile of this small size, the great difficulty in its use will be in supplying the gun with ammunition.

Although the first serious disaster in the Transvaal war was the loss of an entire battery of mountain or screw guns, very little information as to the composition of these batteries has been obtainable by the Canadian papers. There are only ten of these batteries in the service and, strictly speaking, they constitute a division of the Garrison Artillery. They may be considered as special purpose batteries, and they were originally constructed for the purpose of suppressing the rebellious native tribes of India, who were in the habit of retiring to the mountains, which are inaccessible to ordinary artillery.

The gun is called a screw gun because when in transport it is carried in two pieces, which are joined, when in action, by screwing them together; it is then placed on its carriage, which has first been placed on its wheels and connected with the elevating gear, all these pieces being carried separately strapped on mules. The projectile is a shell weighing 7 lbs., the gun weighing 150 or 200 lbs. This gun has proved most successful in dislodging the unruly natives from their previously secure positions, but it remains to be seen whether it will be effective against an enemy equipped with powerful artillery. No. 4 battery has been ordered out from England to replace the captured battery, the remaining ones being still in India.

THE TWELVE POUNDER.

The gun with which the British Field and Horse Artillery is provided is a 12 pr. breech-loader; this pattern has also been supplied to the permanent artillery in this country and to a few of the Provincial batteries. It is an exceedingly good gun, but is inferior in several points to that of the French artillery, and to several of the guns in use by the Boer force.

The best Boer field gun is a 14 pr., and is known as the Schneider-Creusot, Schneider being the name of the inventor of the breech mechanism and Creusot the name of the town at which the great French gun factories are situated, lately much in evidence as the scene of the great socialistic riots. The extreme effective range of the 14 pr. is 9,900 yards, as opposed to 5,400 for the 12 pr.; in addition to this the gun is a quick firer, the official reports of its trials stating that it is capable of firing 8-10 shots per minute; in actual service it would, however, be impossible to lay the gun accurately with such rapidity and the maximum rate of fire in practice would probably not exceed six or seven shots per minute. The 12 pr. has no quick firing attachments and could scarcely fire more than three accurate shots per minute. Another great advantage possessed by this gun, and which is lacking in the British gun is, that it is so constructed that the recoil is reduced to a minimum; this is the chief characteristic feature of the gun and is the means whereby the rate of fire is increased. Various devices are made use of in order to reduce the distance of recoil; in the 12 pr. ordinary drag shoes are attached to the trail with wire rope and placed under the wheel, thus preventing it from recoiling and so utilizing the whole weight of the gun and carriage as a check; without these the gun would recoil, when on ordinary ground, about 10 or 12 ft., and even when they are used the force of recoil is sufficient to throw back the gun and carriage bodily, and so necessitates complete relaying of the gun after every shot. By means of the devices attached to the Boer gun, any delay from running up the gun and traversing is obviated. This is an advantage which can only be fully understood by those who have been obliged to run up the old 9 pr. on rough ground; not only is it extremely fatiguing work but, what is of more importance, it occupies a great deal of time, both loading and laying being delayed until the gun is returned to its proper alignment. These devices consist of a spade or anchor, which projects from the trail and is forced into the ground by the first explosion. Attached to the

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gun-carriage are two cylinders exactly similar to those of any steam-engine, and fitted with pistons. The cylinders are filled with oil and the heads of the pistons are slotted or bored so that they pass down the cylinder through the oil, the piston-rods are connected with the gun and on its recoiling the piston-head is forced back in the cylinder and controlled by the oil. A strong coiled spring also absorbs some of the recoil and forces the gun back to its original position on the carriage, when it expands. The recoil, as measured on the testing grounds, was: after firing six rounds in 45 secs., the gun being placed on solid rock, a total of only 3.6 yds., when on ordinary soil the total recoil only amounted to 33 inches.

When limbered up the muzzle of the gun comes into a position level with the axle, and is thus not liable to be injured in crossing rough rocky ground. The gun is fired by means of an automatic percussion apparatus and electrical attachments are provided.

Again, it is so constructed that the layer can obtain a certain amount of lateral duration without requiring assistance from the man at the handspike, and can proceed with his laying while the gun is being loaded. The British gun is fired by means of the friction tube, and the loading interferes with the laying, which is not completed till after the gun is loaded. The only compensating advantages in favour of the British artillery being that 50 rounds more of ammunition are carried with the 12 pr. than with the 14 pr., and in addition our gunners have undergone a longer and more accurate training than have those of the enemy; this has been plainly shown to be the case in many of the engagements where the Boer shells frequently fail to burst, owing, it has been stated, to the incorrect adjustment of the fuses.

In no branch of the service is individual accuracy so necessary to general success as in the artillery. A gun is served by a limited number of men, each of whom has a responsible function to perform, and the slightest oversight by any one of these, caused by neglect, ignorance, or excitement, will not only render the fire of one gun useless, but may in certain circumstances cause delay and a waste of ammunition throughout the whole battery. The capability of our officers and gunners has been evident whenever they have been able to get within range of the enemy, and would be even more so were they provided with a sufficient number of more powerful weapons. The outlook, as far as artillery is concerned, is slightly more hopeful owing to the reports received of the arrival of some of the howitzers and siege guns.

HOWITZERS AND SIEGE GUNS.

The howitzer and the siege gun are constructed, as is the screw gun, with a special object, which is the destruction of fortifications, and guns and troops protected by fortifications.

While the ordinary types of guns are most deadly and demoralizing to unprotected troops, they are almost useless against men or guns sheltered behind strong and properly constructed earthworks and fortifications. The reason for this is that the line of flight followed by the projectile is comparatively straight and low, and a shell fired so as to clear the top of an embankment, would continue its course beyond at too great a height to injure the men under protection; and even supposing the shell bursts over the wall, the fragments still continue to fly in the same direction in which the shell travelled, and in all probability will fly over the sheltered men. In order to overcome this difficulty recourse is had to the use of the howitzer. This gun is so mounted that the muzzle can be elevated to a considerably greater degree than that of the field gun, and on this account the projectile is fired to such an elevation that it will descend more perpendicularly, and strike the ground at a greater angle than it will when fired from an ordinary gun. In this way the shell is placed close in rear of or upon the fortifications, and on explosion will be

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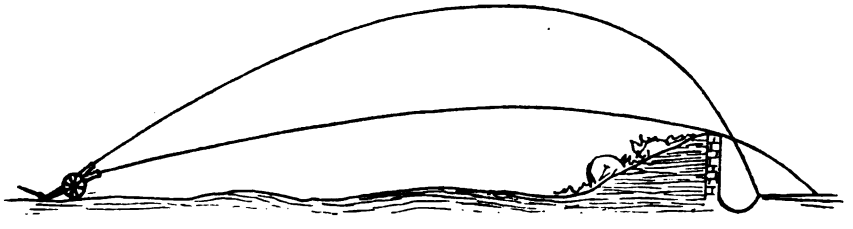
sufficiently near to the men and guns to destroy them. It is with the howitzer that the lyddite shell is particularly useful; their peculiarity being that the force of explosion is extended not only in the direction of the line of fire, as is the case with shrapnel, but in all directions, the danger behind the explosion being just as great as in front of it. In order to render the explosion more effective, the shell is exploded by means of a delay fuse; this fuse is ignited by percussion on striking the ground, but the slow burning composition allows the shell time to completely bury itself, which it may do to a depth of 12 ft. or more, before igniting the charge of lyddite. The ordinary percussion fuse is also used in these shells. Lyddite is so named from Lydd, which is the name of one of the testing grounds in England, and is merely picric acid, a substance of everyday use in certain industries and scientific laboratories, and is the basis of the substance known as mélinite, which is used as an explosive by the continental armies. Although its use is said to have been objected to by the Boers, it is really far more humane as a destructive agent than the ordinary shrapnel shell, for while the latter is filled with bullets and causes destruction by lacerating and wounding the enemy, the lyddite shell contains no bullets, and although the flying fragments of the shell are hurled with far greater force than are those of the shrapnel, still the greater proportion of deaths are caused by concussion, that is, by compression of the air, and are instantaneous, often causing no wounds whatever.

The siege train first ordered to South Africa was composed of 6 in. howitzers, which fire a shell weighing 118 lbs. containing 19 lbs. of lyddite; their range being up to 10,000 yds. Also 5 in. and 4 in. howitzers on field carriages, and 5 in. siege guns firing a shell of 50 lbs. in weight. The propelling charge of cordite for howitzers varies with the range; it is desirable to obtain a fairly uniform angle of descent for the shell which would not be possible were the propelling charge uniform, as in that case the closer the target to the battery, the less the angle would be.

As siege batteries, as a rule, are expected to remain in one position for a prolonged period, it is necessary to conceal them as far as possible, in order to gain protection both for the men and guns. For this purpose pits are dug, concealed from view as far as possible by masking them with bushes, etc., in conformity with the surroundings. The men working the guns are thus unable to see the object to be fired at, and it may even be behind a rise in the ground and invisible from the surface of the ground around the pit. Probably nothing will help one better to realize the accuracy of modern guns and their capabilities when scientifically managed, than the knowledge that it is possible to fire projectiles of the enormous weights already mentioned at an object anywhere within five and a half miles, with the certainty of placing a comparatively large percentage of shells within a few feet of it, when once the range has been ascertained, and this when the target is invisible from the firing point.



A HOWITZER GUN.

This drawing shows the effect of elevating the muzzle in order to drop a shell close in the rear of fortifications.

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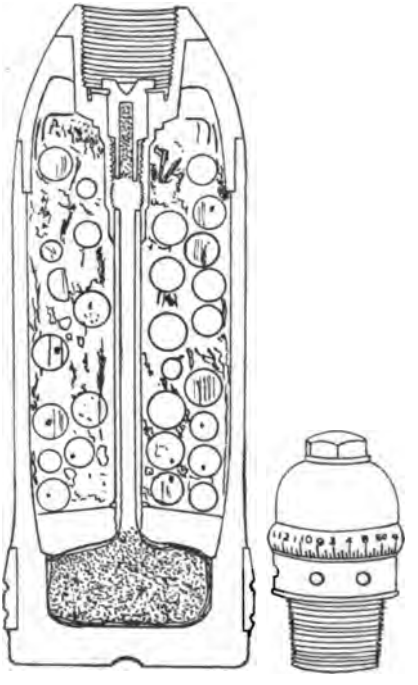
RANGE FINDING.

Of course, the first consideration in opening fire with any gun or rifle is to ascertain the correct range. There are two methods of ascertaining the range for artillery fire. One is by means of instruments; this method is used in connection with guns firing large and expensive ammunition and when the objects to be destroyed cannot be seen from the battery. In the latter case the range-finder takes up his position at some point from which he is able to see both the battery and the target, and by measuring with his instrument the angles formed by a triangle whose base is the line between the range-finder and the battery, or some other fixed point, and whose apex is formed by lines drawn from the target to the ends of the base, he is enabled to calculate the distance of the battery from the target. The result is then communicated by signalling or otherwise, and the guns are given the necessary elevation by means of another instrument, called a clinometer, which is held against the muzzle of the gun, or placed on an accurately prepared portion of the gun near the breech, the direction of fire is marked out either behind or in front of the gun, which is then brought into line with the marks; the point which the falling shell strikes is noted by observers and correction in elevation made if necessary.

The usual method of range-finding when the target is visible, and the projectiles small and inexpensive, is for the commanding officer to give the distance as nearly as he can judge; two guns are then fired together at the necessary elevation, common shell with percussion fuse being used; the puff of smoke where the shell bursts, which it does on striking the ground, shows whether it has gone over or failed to reach the target. Two more guns are then fired at either a longer or shorter range than the previous pair, according to the distance their shells fell in front or in rear of the target; as soon as the shells are found to be bursting on the correct spot, the range is found. If firing at men or guns in exposed positions, the command is then given to load with shrapnel. The illustration shows the composition of this projectile; the case is composed of steel, the interior being divided into two compartments; the one at the base is filled with a small quantity of ordinary black powder, that in front containing a large number of lead bullets. In the centre, and connected with the powder chamber, is a tube containing powder; this is ignited by the composition contained in the fuse, which is shown on the right of the shell, and which is screwed into the recess at the point.



SHRAPNEL SHELL FOR 12 PR., WITH FUSE.

Height of shell, 8½ inches.

This fuse is of the most ingenious construction, and its accuracy can be estimated when it is stated that although the shell leaves the gun with a velocity of over 2,000 ft. per sec., and traverses one thousand yards in a little over two seconds, the gun can be so adjusted that it will explode the shell at any desired point during its flight.

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ROYAL CANADIANS MARCHING UP STRAND ST., CAPETOWN.

FIRST CONTINGENT IN SOUTH AFRICA.

By a Canadian Officer.

THE First Canadian Contingent, so quickly organized and so loyally contributed in October last, has reached Cape Town and is now near Lord Methuen's army at Modder River. The Second Battalion Royal Canadian Regiment of Infantry, as these thousand soldiers are designated, are ready to fight and to die in the service of the British Empire to which Canada is proud to belong. Before leaving they were thoroughly impressed with the idea that they bore Canada's name and Canada's fame, that their honour was Canada's honour, and that in their conduct the nations would read the quality of Canada's manhood.

The Royal Canadians sailed from Quebec on October 30th, and November 30th the troops were landed at Cape Town and marched through that beautiful city to Green Point where tents were pitched. The stay here was very brief. The next day at eleven o'clock the Battalion broke camp and marched to the railway station, where two trains were waiting to convey us to De Aar Junction, five hundred and one miles north. At the Cape Town station Sir Alfred Milner, the Mayor of Capetown, and other officials and citizens gave the Canadians a hearty send-off. The colonists of South Africa gripped hands with the colonists of North America and bade them God-speed, as a day or two before they had cheered the Australians who had gone in the same direction. The ends of the Empire had been drawn together.

The Montreal *Herald's* correspondent describes the first fling of the Canadians, after the disembarkation, in graphic language.

"They were a marvel to the Cape Town people. Every man had been paid his month's pay a couple of days before arrival, so that every man had gold and plenty of it. Not only had these men received gold in pay, but they had plenty of money of their own, some of the privates having letters of credit and drafts for amounts varying from £20 to £400. Some of the men, on leaving Quebec, deposited their

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money with Col. Otter for safety, so that he had some $20,000 in his possession belonging to the men. The wild and reckless manner in which these men spent their money made the Cape Town people fancy that Canada was a gold mine. At the Grand Hotel, the most expensive hotel in Cape Town, some seventy-five privates dined on Wednesday evening, when champagne flowed like dish water. The other guests looked with wonder and amazement at private soldiers dining at such an expensive hotel and drinking champagne. They wondered what kind of

ROYAL CANADIANS—THE PEOPLE OF CAPETOWN WAITING IN ADDERLEY ST. TO SEE THE REGIMENT MARCH TO THE STATION.

men they were, and conjectured all sorts of things about the wealth officers must possess when privates could live like millionaires."

Early on Sunday, December 3rd, the Royal Canadians landed at De Aar where four days were spent in perfecting the Battalion in drill and camp duties. On the 7th they moved up to Orange River where they learned more of camp fatigues, guards and picquets. Here also two hundred of them were employed in making a railway siding and platform. On the 9th the right hal batta ion moved up to Belmont, where next day it was joined by the left half. Here C Company formed part of an escort for a section of Royal Horse Artillery stationed at this place. More was learned of outpost and picket duties and of the construction of trenches. Targets were erected and the Maxim guns and the rifles were given practice.

During the stay at Belmont Col. Otter received the following letter from the Commander-in-Chief :

WAR OFFICE, LONDON, S.W., Dec. 5, '99.

DEAR COL. OTTER,—Thank you for your letter of 30th October, and for the very interesting state you sent with it of the regiment under your command, of which I have the honor to be Colonel-in-Chief. I shall watch the reports of the fighting in South Africa with the greatest interest to see whether the regiment is engaged, and am confident that when it does meet the enemy it will well uphold the honour of Canada and of the Empire.

With my best wishes for you and all ranks of the Royal Canadian Regiment of Infantry, believe me,

Yours most sincerely,

WOLSELEY.

December 13th was marked by the burial of the first of the Royal Canadians to die on African soil. On the morning of that day Pte. Montrose C. Chappell, G Co., a native of Landsdowne, N.S., but more recently of Lawrence, N.B., died of tonsilitis. In the afternoon he was buried on the veldt, his grave being marked by a small mound of stones piled up by his comrades.

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This war promises to revolutionize the drill of the British army. Lord Methuen was the first to order the officers to leave their swords in camp. Rank badges, gold buttons, sergeant's stripes and all similar distinctions have been removed from Methuen's army, and officers and sergeants are in the ranks with the privates when within range of the enemy. Last year Canadian soldiers were practised in a new form of attack, but the Canadians at Belmont have been forced to discard it. The formation taught in Canada was an advance by alternate half-companies or sections, one advancing under cover of the other's fire. The new formation as introduced into Lord Methuen's force is thus described by Capt. Frederick Hamilton, the correspondent of the Toronto *Globe* :

"The rear rank supports the front rank at a distance of thirty paces. The men in each rank are at intervals of not less than five paces—remember, non-military reader, means space from front to that 'distance' rear, 'interval' space from flank to flank. The companies in rear follow in the same formation at a distance from each other of from 80 to 100 paces. Thus a half battalion of four companies advancing on the enemy would present eight waves of thinly-scattered men. Col. Buchan has evolved the formation from what he has heard from the front, and it closely resembles the formations used by Lord Methuen's army. The men of one regiment which has done good work without incurring too heavy a butcher's bill have told me that in their regiment—which underwent its battle-training in the Tirah campaign—the interval was ten paces.

"One corollary of the extension adopted is that volley-firing seems likely to be abandoned, for the attack at all events. The men are too extended, and the control exercised by the officer would endanger him unduly. An officer's duties practically simmers down to giving the word for and starting each successive rush."

Major Weeks and Lieut. Caldwell have been detailed on engineering duty, making topographical maps. This species of duty has recently found much favour among Canadian officers at home, but there are very few experts in our militia. Lieut. Caldwell is thoroughly acquainted with the work, and Major Weeks (of Charlottetown) has also a very fair knowledge of it.

ROYAL CANADIANS—LED BY THE PIPERS OF THE CAPETOWN HIGHLANDERS.

Duties were carried on by the Canadian Regiment from day to day without any exciting event occurring until on Sunday, 31st, when a flying column was taken out by Col. Pilcher, made up as follows :

One company mounted infantry.
Two guns R. H. A.
Two companies Queensland mounted infantry, with two Maxim guns.
One company Canadian Regiment, with two Maxim guns.
Two companies of the Cornwall Regiment.

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One-half Beaver company, New South Wales.

Supplies were taken for four days and the infantry were all carried in the transport waggons. The force amounted to about 650 all ranks, and leaving Belmont at 2 o'clock in the afternoon encamped at Thornhill, a distance of some 13 miles. The two companies of the Cornwall Regiment were taken as a reserve and were some miles in rear. The next morning the column advanced in two bodies, one made up of the two guns Royal Horse Arlillery, one company Royal Canadians with two Maxim guns and two sections of the mounted infantry company of the Munster Fusiliers. This party was placed under the command of Major de Rougemore, R. H. A., with orders to converge upon the enemy's laager, which was situated at the foot of the Northern Spud Hill, and shell him thoroughly, while Col. Pilcher with the main body advanced from the south, sending strong mounted patrols to the east. In the meantime Lieut. Ryan, who commanded the Mounted Fusiliers, reported the veldt to the right of the enemy clear whereupon the guns were rushed up at the trot, and when within about 1,800 yards, opened fire with shrapnel. The Boer laager at the side of the kopje was the target. After two shells had been fired, killing several of the enemy, they left the laager and rushed for the kopje, opening fire on the artillery and the Canadians. The Canadians extended to 10 paces and advanced on a small kopje in front, and on arriving there opened fire at a range of about 1,100 yards. The two Maxims also opened fire and were with the infantry. The guns were pushed farther forward, and the Canadians continued their advance up the kopje.

ROYAL CANADIANS—THE MAXIM GUN SQUAD AT THE CAPETOWN CAMP.

Col. Pilcher, with the Queenslanders, in the meanwhile was working around and towards them, adopting the Boer tactics. One Company kept moving among the kopjes, while the other company moved along the ridge. The Queenslanders, in their advance, took advantage of every bit of cover, moving slowly but surely, only shooting when they saw the enemy, who began to be nervous at the steady advance, and gradually retired. During this advance, and when within 100 yards of the laager, the Boer's fire suddenly ceased, the white flag was hoisted and they surrendered to the Australians. The Royal Canadians then moved across the front of the guns and entered the laager. The enemy who were on other kopjes immediately fled. In the laager were found fourteen tents, three waggons, saddles, camp equipment, forage, etc.

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ROYAL CANADIANS—MOUNTING GUARD AT THE CAPETOWN CAMP.

The casualities were: Lieut. Adie, Queenslanders, wounded; two men killed and five wounded. Fourteen Boers were buried, and forty-three taken prisoners, including five wounded ones. Not a Canadian was even wounded. The Canadian officers present were: Major Denison, quartermaster; Major Wilson, medical officer; Lieut. Lafferty, troopship officer; Capt. Barker, and Lieuts. Wilkie, Marshall and Temple, of "C" Company. Thus, on New Year's day, colonial troops from Canada and Australia fought alongside British soldiers in South Africa for British supremacy, and scored a brilliant victory. After destroying the laager, the column marched the next day on to the village of Douglas, which was in the hands of the Boers, who fled on hearing of the previous day's engagement, and allowed the British to enter unopposed. The loyal British were gathered together, and on Wednesday they were given transport on the waggons to Belmont with the column for safety. The whole column returned to Belmont on Friday morning, after having traversed about 130 miles, without further incident. This was the first engagement in South Africa taken part in by the Canadians, and has given great satisfaction throughout Cape Colony, the Governor, Sir Alfred Milner, having wired his congratulations.

That is the latest piece of news which can be sent the CANADIAN MAGAZINE in this article. There is very little more to be described, unless one trenches upon the domain of the newspaper correspondent. As for the coun-

ROYAL CANADIANS—THE BARBER.

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try itself, the farther one gets north in Cape Colony the better the country appears. Around Belmont there are farms, cattle and sheep, and the farmers are well-to-do Dutchmen. Their houses are large, roomy and comfortably furnished, and there is evidence of thrift and comfort in their appearance and in their homes. Wells are dug and large tanks constructed for water, so that their cattle are fat and healthy. Not only do these farmers have cattle and sheep, but they also have ostrich

"Special Service Officers," and are not attached to corps. There is a large number of them, owing to the length of the railway, and the necessity of protecting it. On arrival at Belmont, the Munster Fusiliers left, so that the whole duty of outposts, guards, etc., fell on the Canadians. Earthworks were constructed to protect the camp and the kopjes strengthened by stone breastworks. Lieut.-Col. Pilcher, of the Border Regiment, arrived, and took over the duties of Station Com-

Lieut. Wilkie. Capt. Barker. Lieut. Marshall.

ROYAL CANADIANS—THE OFFICERS OF THE TORONTO COMPANY ENGAGED AT SUNNYSIDE. PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN ON THE SARDINIAN.

farms, out of which they make a good deal of money.

There are some 10,000 troops employed in guarding the lines of communication. Every eight or ten miles along the line of railway there is a guard commanded by an officer, and at other points Infantry, Artillery, Cavalry and Mounted Rifles form small garrisons, available to reinforce any point. These stations are commanded by officers who are termed "Station Commandants," with such staff officers as are required. These officers are

mandant. The chief duty of the troops at this station is to protect the railway from being blown up or injured by the Boers. This is of vast importauce, as the railway forms the line of communication by which the troops get their supplies and ammunition. In addition to guarding it in this way, there is an armoured train, which consists of an engine and three cars covered with steel plates, and having in the rear car a quick-firing gun. The other cars are manned by Infantry

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THE SECOND CANADIAN CONTINGENT.

By Norman Patterson.

CANADA'S First Contingent had hardly passed out of sight on their way to South Africa before the Canadian Government began to consider the propriety of offering a Second Contingent. On November 2nd, we are officially informed, an offer of a second force for service in the Transvaal war was sent to the Colonial Office. On the 7th, Mr. Chamberlain replied to the Governor-General thanking him for the generous offer made by the Canadian Ministry, but regretting that the Secretary of State for War and his military advisers were unable to accept a second contingent at that time.*

It was not until December 18th that another move was made. On that day a meeting of the Dominion Cabinet was held, and a lengthy discussion ended in the handing out of the following statement:

"The Imperial Government has at last cabled its acceptance of the offer of the Canadian Government made on November 2 last, of a Second Contingent. A Cabinet Council was held this morning and instructions given the Militia department to prepare this Second Contingent to go forward at the earliest possible moment. A cable to this effect has been sent to the War Office."

This was a surprise to a few people, and an expected event to the many.

It was a surprise to the few who thought that a Cabinet containing two or three French-Canadian members would go no farther than one contingent. It was an expected event to the many who had been closely observing the course of events in the first half of December, when the British forces were having serious engagements with a strong enemy in South Africa, when division after division of reservists and volunteers were being ordered to mobilize in England, and when second contingents had already been accepted from some of the Australasian Colonies.

Expected or unexpected, Sir Wilfrid Laurier and his Ministers must have been surprised at the eagerness of officers and men to serve in that Contingent. As soon as the announcement was made hundred of telegrams poured in upon the Minister of Militia from all over Canada, and even from distant points in the United States. Officers of high rank were willing to serve in any capacity. Men from all classes of society and all branches of the Militia were anxious to be enrolled as privates. There was no scarcity of volunteers.

As events turned out, it was quite evident that the Militia Department had been well prepared. The permanent forces of artillery and dragoons had been well canvassed early in December through the various D.O.C.'s, and the Department was fully apprized of the feelings of all the officers. There was every reason for

AN HISTORIC GATEWAY—TETE DU PONT BARRACKS, KINGSTON

*Official Correspondence relating to Colonial Contingents to South Africa, Letter No. 89.

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supposing that artillery and mounted infantry would form a large part of the Contingent, and the Department seems to have been well aware of this, and well prepared.

In spite of the fact that the Department was in possession of this information two weeks before the announcement of the Second Contingent on December 18th, it was not until the 21st that the first detailed announcement was made. This said that the Contingent should consist of three squadrons of mounted rifles, and three batteries of artillery. A squadron of mounted rifles was to be enrolled in Ontario, Quebec and the Maritime Provinces; B Squadron at at Winnipeg, Portage la Prairie, Virden, Brandon, Yorkton, Regina and Moosejaw; C Squadron at Prince Albort, Battleford, Moosomin, Qu'Appelle, Lethbridge, Fort McLeod, Medicine Hat and Maple Creek. The artillery was to be enrolled in Eastern Canada and at Winnipeg; C Battery concentrating at Kingston, D Battery at Ottawa, and E Battery at Quebec.

GATEWAY OF STANLEY BARRACKS, TORONTO—OFFICERS' QUARTERS IN THE DISTANCE, THROUGH THE ARCHWAY.

It was not until a week later (Dec 27th) that the list of officers was announced. It was then seen that the Contingent was to be increased by another squadron of mounted rifles. This part of the Contingent was divided into two battalions, one raised in Manitoba, Ontario and the Eastern Provinces, and the other recruited from the North-West Mounted Police and the ranchers of the Territories. It was a happy thought to divide the mounted men into two battalions, one distinctively western and one distinctively eastern. With the ranchers and the police in one battalion by themselves there will be a bond of undisturbed unity which will make for strength; and the Royal Canadian Dragoons will work well in the second battalion with the eastern mounted infantry. It would be very interesting to know in whose brain the idea originated. His name should be given to history.

It was not until January 2nd that the list of officers was completed. This list, with a few changes afterwards made, stood as follows:

CANADIAN MOUNTED RIFLES.

FIRST BATTALION (A AND B SQUADRONS).

Staff—Lt.-Col. F. L. Lessard, R.C.D., in command; second in command, Lt.-Col. T. D. B. Evans, R.C.D.; adjutant, Capt. C. M. Nelles, R.C.D.

Transport officer—Capt. C. F. Harrison, Eighth Princess Louise Hussars, N.B.

Quartermaster—Capt. J. A. Wynne, Second Regiment Canadian Artillery, Montreal.

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LIEUT.-COL. LESSARD, R.C.D.—IN COMMAND FIRST BATTALION CANADIAN MOUNTED RIFLES.

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MANITOBA QUOTA TO SECOND CONTINGENT.

Medical officer—Surgeon-Major H. R. Duff, Fourth Hussars, Kingston.

Veterinary officer—Vet.-Major Wm. B. Hall, R.C.D., Toronto.

Majors—Capt. and Local Major Forrester, R.C.D., Toronto; Capt. and Local Major V. A. S. Williams, R.C.D. Winnipeg.

Captains—Capt. C. St. A. Pearce, R.C.D.; Capt. H. S. Greenwood, Third Prince of Wales Dragoons, Peterboro'.

Lieutenants—Lt. J. H. Elmsley, R.C.D.; Capt. H. Z. C. Cockburn, G.G.B.G., Toronto; Capt. R. M. Van-Luven; Major A. H. King, First Hussars, London; Lt. C. T. Van Straubenzie, R.C.D.; 2nd Lt. F. V. Young, Manitoba Dragoons; Capt. R. E. W. Turner, Queen's Own Canadian Hussars, Quebec; Major H. L. Borden, King's Canadian Hussars, Canning, N.S.

SECOND BATTALION (C AND D SQUADRONS).

In command—Commissioner L. W. Herchmer, N.W.M.P.; adjutant, Insp. M. Baker, N.W.M.P.

Transport officer—R. W. E. Eustace, Moosomin.

Quartermaster—Insp. J. B. Allan, N.W.M.P.

Medical Officer—Surgeon Lt. J. A. Devine, 90th Battalion.

Veterinary Surgeon—Robert Riddell, V.S., Calgary.

Majors—Supt. J. Howe, Supt. G. E. Sanders, N.W.M.P.

Captains—Insps. A. E. R. Cuthbert, N.W.M.P., and A. C. Macdonell, N.W.M.P.

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COMMISSIONER L. W. HERCHMER, N.W.M.P.—IN COMMAND SECOND BATTALION CANADIAN MOUNTED RIFLES.

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Lieutenants—Insps. J. D. Moodie, J. V. Begin, H. J. A. Davidson, T. A. Wroughton, N.W.M.P.; Capt. W. M. Inglis, Calgary, (late H.M. Berkshire Regiment); Lt. John Taylor, Manitoba Dragoons; Lt. T. W. Chalmers, Edmonton, R. of O.; Insp. F. L. Cosby, N.W.M.P.

ROYAL CANADIAN ARTILLERY.

Staff — Lieut.-Col. Commanding, Lieut.-Col. C. W. Drury, R.C.A.; Adjutant, Captain H. C. Thacker, R.C.A., Quebec; Medical Officer, Surgeon-Major A. Worthington, Fifty-Third Battalion, Sherbrooke; Veterinary Officer, Vet.-Major J. Massie, R.C.A., Kingston.

"C" BATTERY.

Major—Major J. A. G. Hudon, R.C.A., Quebec.

Captain—Captain H. A. Panet, R.C.A.

Lieutenants—1, Lieut. J. N. S. Leslie, R.C.A., Kingston; 2, Capt. W. B. King, Seventh F. B., St. Catharines; 3, Capt. L. E. W. Irving, R. of O., Toronto.

"D" BATTERY.

Major—Major W. G. Hurdman, Second Field Battery, Ottawa.

Captain—Captain D. I. V. Eaton, R.C.A.

Lieutenants—1, Capt. T. W. Van Tuyl, Sixth Field Battery, London; 2, Lieut. J. McCrae, Sixteenth F. B., Guelph; 3, Lieut. E. W. B. Morrison, Second Field Battery, Ottawa.

MAJOR WILLIAMS, R.C.D., NOW FIRST BATTALION CANADIAN MOUNTED RIFLES—WINNIPEG BARRACKS IN BACKGROUND.

"E" BATTERY.

Major—Major G. H. Ogilvie, R.C.A.

Captain—Major R. Costigan, Third F. B., Montreal.

Lieutenants—1, Lieut. W. P. Murray, Ninth Field Battery; 2, Lieut. A. T. Ogilvie, R.C.A.; 3, Capt. W.C. Good, Tenth Field Battery, Woodstock, N.B.

Attached for duty is Capt. H. J. Mackie, Forty-Second Lanark and Renfrew Battalion.

By a militia order issued Jan. 15th

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CAPT. NELLES AND N.C.O'S. OF R.C.D., WINNIPEG, NOW WITH FIRST BATTALION CANADIAN MOUNTED RIFLES.

the following officers and nurses were added to the Contingent :

Surgeon Lieut.-Col. G. S. Ryerson, unattached list.

Capt. H. J. Mackie, 42nd Battalion, attached for duty to the brigade division of field artillery.

Lieut. A. L. Howard, unattached list (with two horses).

Lieut. F. Vaux, C.A.M.S.

Chaplains—Revs. W. G. Lane, W. J. Cox, J. C. Sinnett.

Nurses—Miss D. Hercum, Senior Nurse ; M. Horne, M. Macdonald and M. P. Richardson.

The enrolment and organization of the Contingent was practically completed by the end of the first week of January, with the exception of Col. Herchmer's two squadrons in the West, which had not fully been decided upon until the last days of the old year. The enthusiasm in the various portions of the country where enlistment was going on was sufficient to provide double or treble the number of men required. This enthusiasm was very marked in every town from the Rocky Mountains to Halifax, with the exception of the Quebec district. Men had to be enlisted in Winnipeg and Toronto to fill up the deficiencies there, as the French-Canadians were not enthusiastic. Capt. Laliberte of the First Field Battery, Quebec, was the only French-Canadian militia officer in the preliminary draft, and he was unable to accept. It is to be regretted that the French section of our people is not better represented in this Contingent. Some of the North-West Mounted Policemen in Col. Herchmer's battalion are French-Canadians and were among the first to volunteer, so that the original Canadians are not wholly unrepresented.

January 20th was an important date in the history of the Second Contingent. Two batteries of artillery were that day embarked on the *Laurentian* at Halifax, and Col. Herchmer's battalion arrived from the West and was reviewed at Ottawa by the Governor-General.

This review at Ottawa was a magnificent affair. The people of E astern Canada had heard much of the N. W.

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M. Police since their organization in 1873 and 1874, but only a small percentage of them had ever had an opportunity of seeing these famous soldier-police. Of the 325 officers and men under Col. Herchmer 130 were policemen or ex-policemen. The rest were ranchers from the Territories. The whole body were drawn up in a hollow square in front of the broad flight of steps leading up to the main building on Parliament Hill. On the top of these well-known stone steps were grouped Sir Wilfrid Laurier, Sir Louis Davies, Hon. Clifford Sifton, Hon. R. W. Scott and the officers of the Ottawa corps. Shortly afterwards, escorted by a dozen troopers, the Governor-General rode up in his sleigh, accompanied by Lady Minto and two of the inevitable A.D.C.'s. The Governor-General inspected the three lines of men, and Her Excellency presented three silk guidons which she herself had embroidered for them, saying, "I know I am giving these guidons into very safe keeping." His Excellency spoke as follows:

"Colonel Herchmer, officers and men of the Northwest Mounted Rifles —I am very glad to have this opportunity of seeing you during your short halt at Ottawa on your way to the front, and I congratulate you cordially on the splendid material composing your battalion. You are leaving Canada to take part in one of the hardest fought wars the empire has ever had to wage. I have no doubt of the reputation you will win for yourselves, and I know I may say to you without being accused of undue flattery that in my opinion you represent a body of men peculiarly well suited to take a useful part in a war against gallant irregular troops, in which the experiences of a rough outdoor life, the quick eye of a sportsman and the habit of understanding the natural outline of a wild country will stand you in far greater stead than the somewhat theoretical training of an ordinary soldier. I hope

Lieut. Irving. Capt. Mackie. Major Hudon. Lieut. King. Capt. Leslie. Major Massie.

C BATTERY R.C.A. OFFICERS AND N.C.O'S.

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A 12 PR. READY TO MOVE—KINGSTON BARRACKS IN BACKGROUND.

C BATTERY R.C.A.—TORONTO QUOTA OF GUNNERS AND DRIVERS.

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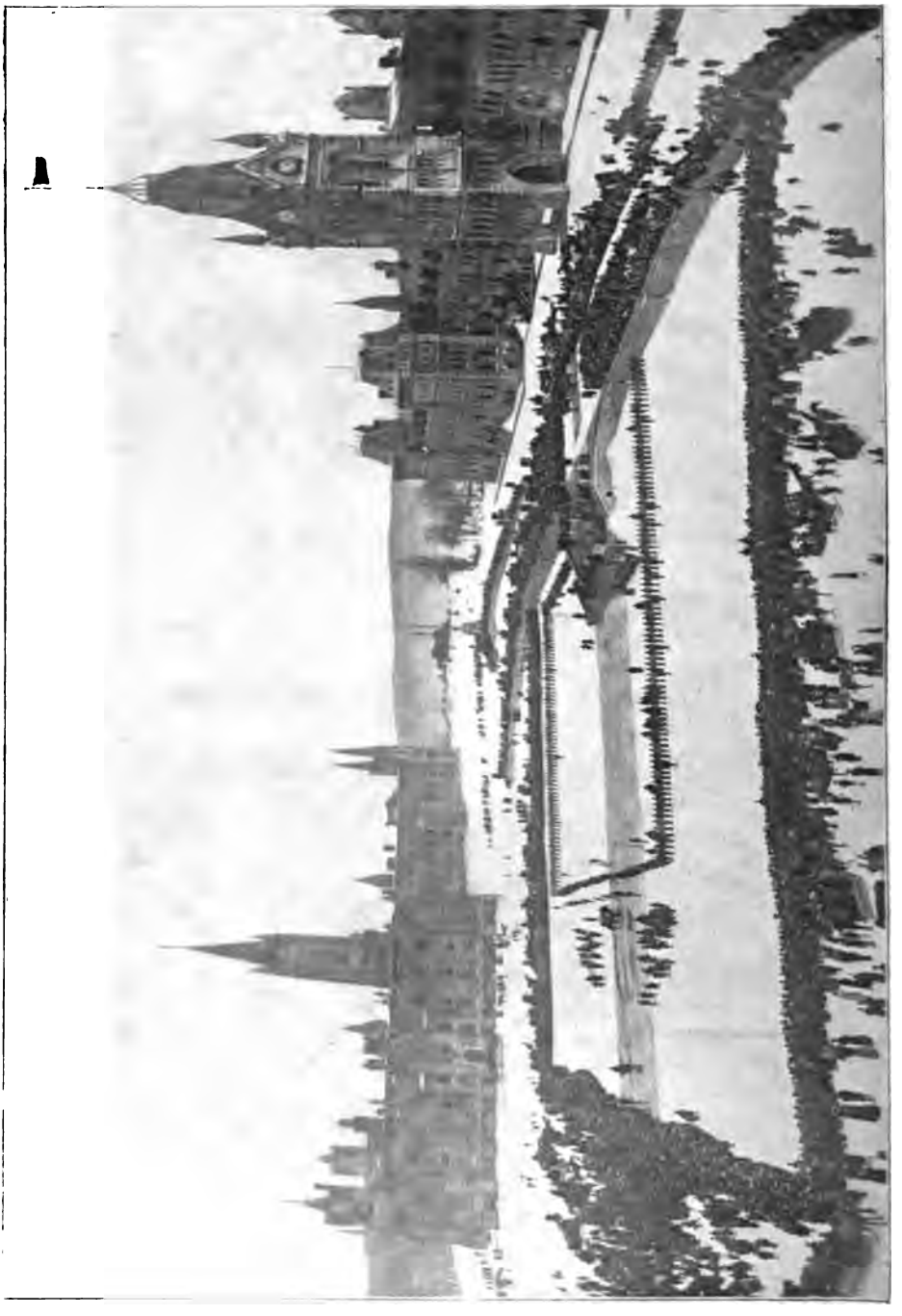

REVIEW OF SECOND BATTALION OF CANADIAN MOUNTED RIFLES BY HIS EXCELLENCY THE GOVERNOR-GENERAL AND THE PREMIER—PARLIAMENT HILL, OTTAWA, JANUARY 20TH, 1900.

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that, as the scouts of our army, you will always be in front. Your presence here to-day, drawn as you are from the best stuff of the Northwest Territories, brings back to me my own stirring recollections of the campaign of 1885 and of French's and Boulton's Scouts, with whom I served so much, and I hope I may still have some old comrades in your ranks. In the campaign you are now going to you will be ably aided by well trained leaders of your own, and I feel sure that when you come back from this far more severe contest you will have earned further laurels for the scouts and rough riders of the Territories. We shall watch your doings with the greatest interest, and shall long for your glorious return. Col Herchmer, officers and men, I now wish you goodbye and Godspeed."

On January 26th, Col. Herchmer's force was embarked on the *Pomeranian*, at Halifax. The remainder of the Contingent consisting of one battery of artillery and the first battalion of C. M. R., left Halifax on Febuary 20th, on the *Milwaukee*.

One of the most remarkable features in connection with both contingents—remarkable in a nation that has known so little of war as Canada—is the spontaneous liberality with which the people have provided extra comforts for the men who have volunteered and adequate provision for those who may be dependent upon these "absent-minded beggars." The men of the first contingent were given sums of money and many individuals and firms sent contributions of food-stuffs, books, clothing and general supplies. When the second contingent was organized similar generosity was in evidence. The city of Toronto gave each officer, who was a resident of that city, a present of $125, a pair of field-glasses and a revolver; while each man received $25 and a souvenir match-box. The Corporation of that city had done the same by the members of the first contingent. The citizens by private contribution placed $1,000 life insurance, paid for one year, on each member of the first body of soldiers; a similar provision was made for the members of the second body by the Corporation. The Corporation of Montreal gave each member of the second contingent two sovereigns before the embarkation at Halifax and provided two sovereigns more to be given each after the landing at Capetown. The city of Hamilton gave each man $50; London gave $10; Guelph gave $5 to each of the 54 men recruited in that district; Port Dover gave one of its sons who enlisted $75 and an insurance policy; Berlin donated to its representative $100 and an insurance policy; Petrolea, Elora, Picton, Ayr and other smaller Ontario towns were equally generous. In the Maritime Province, no man went away empty-handed. Sydney gave each volunteer $15, while Halifax and other Nova Scotian places treated their representatives quite liberally. New Brunswick proposes to give each volunteer in both contingents recruited from that province 50 cents per day while on service. In the west, the liberality was equally noticeable. Winnipeg citizens contributed about $40 to each volunteer, $10 of this being given by the Corporation. Edmonton, Calgary and other western towns gave considerable amounts of money and rounded off the generosity with farewell banquets.

In addition to all this, the people of Canada have contributed many thousands of dollars to the Red Cross Fund. Greatest of all their liberal work is their prompt response to the appeal of the Governor-General for a "National Patriotic Fund." Already this fund amounts to over $100,000, and it is quite probable that it will pass the quarter of a million mark before it closes.

The promptitude of Canadians in enlisting, and the generosity of the people in providing for the comforts and welfare of those volunteering, are proofs of a strong national life. Faith without works is dead, but such is not the quality of the faith exhibited by the people who inhabit this portion of Her Majesty's Empire.

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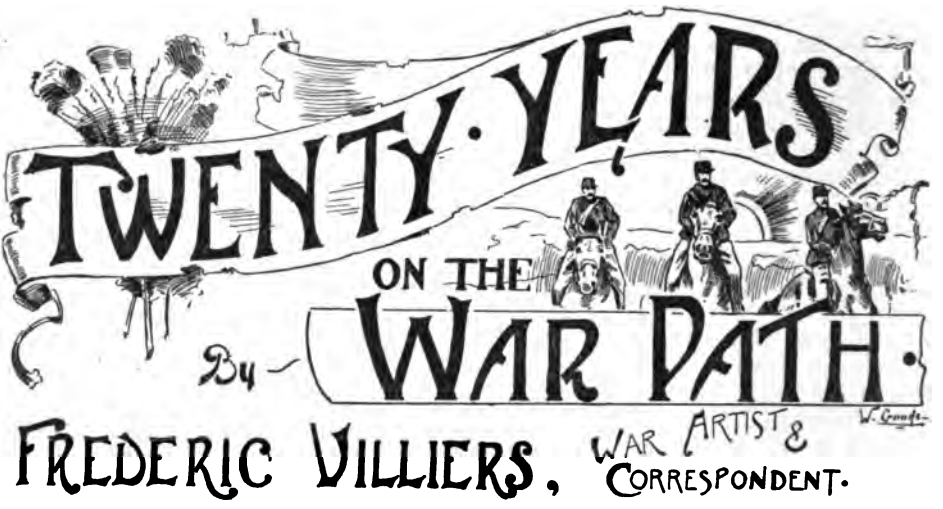

V.—OPENING THE BALL IN EGYPT.

MEN who to-day are still middle-aged cannot have forgotten how Arabi, the Egyptian, began to figure as a great national leader in the Land of the Pharaohs in the early months of 1882, and how an outbreak of fanaticism among his followers caused the memorable massacre of Europeans in Alexandria on June 11th of that year.

I had received orders to repair promptly to the scene of the disturbance on behalf of the *Graphic*. I little thought at the time that the incident in the famous historic Egyptian port would be the indirect cause of sundry campaigns in and about the valley of the Nile, the vicissitudes of which it would be my good fortune to share with the gallant soldiers of our beloved and revered Sovereign.

Since that little flare-up some fourteen years ago set Egypt ablaze and ignited the Soudan, seven distinct campaigns have taken place in that country, which practically finished with the great victory at Omdurman in 1898.

When I landed in Alexandria in June, 1882, Arabi Pasha, the Egyptian patriot and Commander-in-Chief of the Khedivial Army, had just entered the town with a strong force of infantry to restore order and protect the property of Europeans. Nevertheless, Europeans had very little confidence in Arabi, and were leaving the port daily with their goods and chattels to seek safety on board ships in the harbour. The soldiers whom Arabi commanded were a slip-shod, musket-nursing set, and lacked the discipline and smartness of their British-officered brethren of to-day. In those days a fellah soldier calmly seated on a chair borrowed from an adjacent shop, sewing buttons on his uniform, while on sentry-go, or standing bootless in his sentry-box to keep his feet cool, was a common sight in the streets of Alexandria.

Yet withal the Egyptian soldier was cleanly in attire, sparkling with metal buttons on his dazzling white tunic, and also picturesque in colour, in virtue of his deep red fez, in tone with the olive-brown of his countenance.

But in those days sewing buttons on his tunic was about the only martial accomplishment in which he excelled. Still, the populace feared him, and Alexandria was tranquil till the morning of July 11th, just one month after the bloody massacre, when avenging British shells began singing through the air.

Long before this date things had become excessively uncomfortable in the town. The flight of the terror-stricken Europeans made the Arabs very inso-

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lent, and the hotel accommodation suffered from lack of service and scantiness of food. I was therefore glad when the commander of Her Majesty's gunboat *Condor*, whom I had met in Scotland, asked me to take pot-luck on board his ship, suggesting in his cheery way that it might be safer and even more comfortable than quarters in the town. He was right. A bed in a swinging cot, a bath in a silver tub, and the freedom of a well-stocked wine store were things certainly not met with ashore.

The *Condor*, in virtue of her short draught, was moored in the inner harbour, close inshore under the shadow of the Ras-el-tin Palace, the summer residence of the Khedive. There were many stories afloat regarding the close proximity of Beresford's gunboat to the palace. One was that she was told off to assist the ladies of the Khedivial harem to escape if Arabi, the rebel, should suddenly show his teeth and surround the palace with revolting soldiers.

If this story were true, surely there was no man in the service fitter to do this delicate work than Beresford, for his gallantry to all ladies in distress was proverbial. As the naval officer deputed to look after the refugees from the city now on board the numerous "tramps" in the harbour, by his urbanity and gentleness he had gained the admiration and confidence of the womenkind of all the various nationalities seeking the protection of the British fleet. Many a scheme was suggested by those on board the *Condor* for the rescue of the Khedive's wife and children, if things came to a crisis. And I often think that if the present Khedive of Egypt, Abbas, only knew what anxiety and trouble he in his infancy gave us, regarding his personal safety and welfare, he probably would possess a more friendly regard for the country to which, from his earliest childhood, he owes so much.

About two hundred yards from the palace, at the beginning of the narrow isthmus on which stands the lighthouse of Ras-el-tin, was apparently a gigantic mushroom, with its white top glistening in the strong glare of the sun. The commander of the *Condor* always had a very great regard for this suspicious object, for it was the cover to the only dangerous piece of ordnance that Arabi might possess when the rupture with the British Fleet took place, a breech-loading, quick-firing gun in barbette, and could be raised and lowered, and therefore capable of a plunging fire.

Beresford was, however, equal to any trouble that might arise from this battery by converting the shore-side of the *Condor* into a temporary ironclad, by dressing her in chain armour. Every scrap of spare iron and chain on board were hung over her bulwarks, giving her a rakish list to starboard. Day and night a watchful glass was continually turned towards the distant mushroom; but the top was never raised, for we found out afterwards it could not be worked by the enemy, owing to many defects in its machinery. So the *Condor* had no occasion to test her coat of mail.

After a hard day's work in the stuffy streets of Alexandria I looked forward to Lord Charles Beresford's breezy hospitality at night—the dinner on deck under the soft light of an Egyptian moon, the table graced with all the artistic odds and ends which embellish the tables of well-appointed homes, right here in face of the guns of the enemy's forts. Here we would enjoy our evening meal, eating our fish and meat, when to-morrow, at the same hour, we might be meat for the fishes; for each day's dawn brought us nearer to a rupture that would set the ships blazing at the forts, and the forts blazing at the ships. This event came to pass rather sooner than we expected, and I happened to be the indirect cause of precipitating the inevitable affray.

I had landed one morning at the Marina, when I met a smart, enterprising Scotchman, a store-keeper of Alexandria, who supplied the British Fleet with fresh beef and coal. He was full of some important news, which he presently imparted to me. Arabi

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Pasha, he said, had defied the ultimatum sent in by the British Admiral, by mounting additional guns in the forts. This was important news, for Sir Beauchamp Seymour had intimated to the Egyptians that if any guns were mounted after a certain date he would regard the act as a *casus belli*, and the British ships would immediately resort to bombardment.

"What are your proofs?" I asked Rose, "that Arabi has thus defied the Admiral?"

"You shall soon have them," said he. "Take this carriage, drive to my brother's house overlooking the old harbour, ask for his wife, and she will show you what work the Arab gunners have been doing during the night."

I hurried to the address given me, and with the assistance of a telescope, from a balcony overlooking the water, I sketched the cannon that had been dragged into position during the night and had been deserted by the gunners as soon as daylight discovered their movements. I returned to the carriage, drove straight to the Marina, and rowed out to the *Condor* and informed the commander, who promptly carried the tidings to the Admiral. An officer, disguised as an Arab boatman, was sent to corroborate my information, and eventually the order was given for the British ships to clear for action.

During the day all available canvas had been got out and draped round the inboard of the ship's bulwarks. Hammocks had been slung round the wheel to protect the steersmen from splinters. The main-mast was lowered, and the bowsprit run in, and the Gatling in the main-top surrounded with canvas. Even the idlers who constituted the engine-room artificers, stewards and odd hands on board were continually practised in drill.

Nothing, in fact, was left to the morrow, but oiling the racers of the guns and sanding the decks to lessen the chance of slipping, by giving a firmer grip to their bare feet when the men worked the muzzle-loaders.

Shortly before sunset on the following day Lord Charles Beresford, who had been in close consultation with the Admiral on board the flag-ship, returned to the *Condor*, at once called the crew together, and from the bridge gravely addressed them to this effect:

"My men, the Admiral's orders to the *Condor* are to keep out of action, to transfer signals, and to more or less nurse her bigger sisters, if they get into trouble." Eloquent groans burst from the men. "But," continued Beresford, "if an opportunity should occur," and he (their commander) rather had an idea that it would, "the *Condor* was to take advantage of it and to prove her guns." The crowd of upturned faces listening to these significant remarks now shone with satisfaction in the ruddy after-glow of the sunset, and then Lord Charles added that no matter what happened, he was confident that they would give a good account of themselves and their smart little ship. To see the gleams in their eyes, who could doubt but within them beat hearts as stout as in those hearts of oak of the grand old days?

Never shall I forget the last meal on board the *Condor* before the fighting commenced. The commander of the vessel had invited the captains of the French, German and American ships to dinner, and a right jovial little party we made on deck. How peaceful the city looked as the glorious moon lit up its mosques and minarets! "Ah! by this time to-morrow," I reflected, "that peaceful city may be in ashes, or yonder fleet calmly shadowing the sparkling waters may be at the bottom of the harbour!" But soldiers and sailors were too busy and too light-hearted to think of what to-morrow might bring. We were all very merry that night. There was but one gloomy man at the cheerful board, and that was the French captain; and the reason of his melancholy was that he would have no opportunity of distinguishing himself the next day, since his Government had decided to keep out of the trouble and had politely refused the British invitation to join in the enterprise.

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Characteristic speeches were made by the guests. The American said many good things, but one I shall always remember. "Well, Beresford," said he, "I guess I should just like to be waltzing round with you to-morrow, dropping a shell in here and there, and I know"—pointing at the German captain—"that I am expressing the sentiments of that Dutchman yonder when I say that he would like to do the same."

The German arose in his wrath, grew red in the face, then saw the joke, sat down again, and we all burst out laughing. It's a common thing in America to call a German a Dutchman, but in Germany it is not advisable to try it on with a Prussian officer, naval or military.

The Frenchman was quite pathetic at parting, pressed the hand of his host and sorrowfully said:

"M. le Capitaine, it is the fault of my Government that I am absent to-morrow. But if I am not with you in body I shall be with you in spirit. Adieu."

There was little sleep that night. As I lay in my cot, courting slumber, I could catch the familiar squeaking noise of the fiddle coming from the fo'c'sle, as the crew passed the feverish hours before the impending action with a hornpipe or some popular ditty. Even the old gunboat seemed to bestir herself long before dawn, for the hissing of steam and rattle of coal told me that the engineers were firing her for the eventful struggle with Arabi's forts. At the first peep of day the *Condor* steamed off from her moorings and followed the other vessels out of the harbour as they took up their stations for bombarding.

Our grand opportunity came at last. After assisting the *Téméraire* off the Boghas reef, which her chain was fouling, Lord Charles resolved to divert the fire of Fort Marabout, then annoying the Admiral's ships, concentrated on bombarding Fort Mex, opposite which the British ships were anchored and were peppering away at the forts in good old Nelsonian fashion. The *Condor* steamed ahead. Our men stripped off their jackets. The decks were sanded, and the racers, or rails on which the guns run, were oiled.

As we neared Fort Marabout, and its terraces and embrasures bristling with Armstrong guns, loomed out of the morning haze, not a man aboard but knew the peril of our audacity—for a little gunboat, one of the smallest in Her Majesty's service, to dare to attack the second most powerful fortress in Alexandria—but the shout of enthusiasm from the crew when the order was given to "Open fire!" readily showed their confidence in their beloved leader.

The guns, run out "all aport" blazed away. The smoke hung heavily about the decks. The flash of the cannonade lit up for a moment the faces of the men, already begrimed with powder, and steaming with exertion, for the morning was hot and sultry. The Captain from the bridge, with glass in hand watching anxiously the aim of her gunners, would shout from time to time: "What was that, my men?" "Sixteen hundred yards, sir." "Then give them eighteen this time, and drop it in." "Aye, aye, sir,"

Then a shout from the men in the main-mast told us on deck that the shot had made its mark. The little ship quaked again with the blast of her guns. The men were now almost black with powder, and continually dipped their heads in the sponge buckets to keep the grit from their eyes. One of our shots had fallen well within the enemy's works, another had taken a yard of a scarp off—for a slight breeze had lifted the fog of smoke, and all on board could plainly see the enemy working in their embrasures. Tbe Arab gunners now trained one of their Armstrongs in our direction. Our engine-bell sounded, and the *Condor* at once steamed ahead. A puff of smoke from the fort, a dull boom, a rush of a shell through the air, and a jet of water shot up far astern, followed by a shout from our men. The enemy had missed us. When the Arabs reloaded and brought to bear the *Con-*

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dor steamed back again, and the shell whistled across her bows.

The enemy's fire on the ships attacking Fort Mex slackened, and soon ceased altogether. Irritated by the constant fire of the little *Condor*, the Egyptian gunners now devoted their entire attention to us. They set about slewing their other Armstrongs in our direction. Their long black muzzles slowly turned their gaping mouths towards us. We looked at each other, then some of us looked at the Captain, for the situation was becoming critical. It is difficult to unnerve a Beresford, whether his name be Billy or Charlie. In an instant he decided, and gave the order for the *Condor* to run in closer; and we came within twelve hundred yards. We all saw in a moment the wisdom of the seeming audacity. We were well within their guard; though the Gippies blazed at us, they could only practice at our masts, they could not depress their guns sufficiently to hull us.

We cheered again and again as their abortive attempts to get at us failed; for a shot below water-mark, with the lurch the *Condor* was already making with all her guns abroadside, would have sent her down into Davy Jones's locker in less than ten minutes.

The Egyptians, in their rage, opened fire with their smooth bores from the lower parapet. The round shot would whistle through our rigging, making us lie low awhile, but we would scramble to our feet again, dropping another 9 in. shell well within their works, scattering their gunners, and making things quite unpleasant for them. Only once did the enemy touch us, when a deep thud started the little ship trembling from stem to stern. The carpenter was ordered below. There was an anxious moment or two; when at last he returned, reporting the glad news that "all was well," we had only been grazed.

It was a scorching, thirsty time on deck. The particles of carbon from the powder floating in the air dried our throats till we almost choked. The Captain's steward was always ready to quench the thirst of the guests, Mr. Moberly Bell, the now famous manager of the *Times*, and myself, with cool drinks whenever we found time between the shots to rush below; but just as the tumbler reached our lips the blast of the guns would almost shatter the glass against one's teeth, and we would rush on deck to see how the shot had told.

All the time the navigating lieutenant, with eyes fixed on the chart, was calmly moving the vessel up and down a narrow tortuous passage which we could distinctly see by peering over the side of the vessel, for the reefs on either flank of the narrow channel glistened from out the blue black of the waters.

After we had silenced two of the enemy's guns, and were then obliged to retire for want of ammunition, how the Admiral in return signalled "Well done, *Condor*," is now a matter of history. The episode of the *Condor* was one of the pleasantest I have ever taken part in. There was no blood or hurt about it—at least with us. Archibald Forbes, in one of his charming lectures, refers to the early days of the Russo-Turkish Campaign as a perpetual picnic, with a battle thrown in here and there for variety. This affair of ours was a little trip to sea, with just sufficient powder burnt to create an appetising thirst, with a long drink thrown in now and again to quench it.

After having for a short time covered the landing-party sent to spike the guns of Fort Mex, the *Condor* was ordered to carry the Admiral's despatches to the *Chiltern*, the telegraph-boat out at sea. Poor Cameron came on board —the *Standard* special correspondent, who died with other heroes in the struggle for the relief of General Gordon. Many Englishmen must remember those remarkable telegrams of his, giving the exciting details of the bombardment, that from hour to hour were cried through the London streets in special editions of the *Standard*. But few knew under what trying circumstances this brilliant *coup* in journalism was achieved. Directly we put to sea the *Condor*, whether intoxicated with the excitement of battle or inebri-

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ated with her newly-acquired fame, behaved herself when outside the harbour like a Channel packet-boat in choppy weather. Poor Cameron suffered much through *mal-de-mer*. From the Captain's cabin to the upper deck and the side of the vessel he was continually rushing to and fro, scribbling away at his telegrams in the intervals of his paroxysms of seasickness. When we reached the *Chiltern* he staggered on board more dead than alive; but his despatches had plenty of vitality in them, and formed one of the ablest pieces of work he ever did for his journal and English readers.

When we returned to Alexandria, the ironclads had finished their work of destruction.

About five in the afternoon the fleet rallied on the rendezvous outside the reefs and passes. The famous historic city lay wreathed in smoke, and as the shades of night fell the glare of the burning harem of the Ras-el-tin Palace was apparently the only sign that the great God of War had that day sailed on Egyptian waters.

To be Continued.

DAILY LIFE OF A PRIVATE SOLDIER.

PART II.—TO INDIA AND BACK.

By Phil Wales.

AS our regiment was ordered to India, furloughs were granted to almost every one for a few days before leaving and on our return new colours were presented. The scene was a very impressive one, but very tedious for those who took part in it. At least I found it so, standing rigid with a heavy rifle at the shoulder for an interminable time whilst a hymn of seven long verses was being sung. As we were to spend Christmas on board, our Christmas dinner was eaten in advance. Memories are still fresh in my mind, and give me indigestion when I think of it. I had returned the night before from a very jolly furlough and did not feel particularly inclined for barrack-room fare. Of course, we had turkey or rather goose, it all tasted alike, and roast beef. Each plate was piled up with the exact quantity allowed for each man, and almost weighed in a letter weight in order to get it more exact. When my plate was handed to me I spent some time in analyzing the contents. First came a huge wall of cabbage well plastered together and garnished round the edge with roast and boiled potatoes alternately. On one side a large block of lukewarm roast goose half buried in the cabbage to keep it from falling off, and on the other side another block of semi-lukewarm roast beef treated in the same way; a variety of pickles were placed here and there, the whole thing well saturated with Worcester and other sauces and crowned with a large dollop of plum-duff. This was handed to me with a piece of bread and a pint of beer. It was certainly very wholesome, and I would not for the world complain about good food, but that afternoon I was not very hungry and so could give up more time to watching the enjoyment of the others.

One youth, with a very large mouth and evidently a throat to match, positively fascinated me. Putting a potato whole in his mouth, he had only to shut his eyes and the thing disappeared; as for the beer he simply poured it down his throat. I offered him mine, which he eagerly accepted, and afterwards drained what was left in the dif-

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ferent pails in which the beer had been brought; next day he was still alive!

The last few days in camp consisted of one wild rush and bustle, bugles going all day and everything being packed. Incessant medical inspections to see who were fit or unfit for the Indian climate, and all sorts of things arranged, and then finally the departure.

It was not a happy day, and it is not necessary to dwell on it, so many of those men, strong and healthy, died a few months after of the beastly Indian fever. Some of them as nice fellows as one could meet.

FIRST DAY ON BOARD.

It was a cold raw day when we went on board the trooper, which was to convey us to Bombay.

At first there was nothing but confusion, but soon the various companies were made up into messes and order began to reign. The tables and forms in the men's quarter were so arranged that they could be lowered at night, thus forming a part of the flooring.

Before starting there were all sorts of things to be seen to, and we were kept pretty busy all day wheeling barrows and hand carts containing officers' luggage. Towards evening things calmed down a little, and men came on board selling little saucers full of shelled periwinkles, caught at low tide off the rocks and wooden piles in the harbour, good strong pepper being used to hide the already strong flavour.

Next day we steamed out of the harbour; it was bitterly cold, and many hearts were sore. Greatly did I envy the periwinkle sellers, who were not obliged to go to India!

When night came, blankets and hammocks were given out and as many of the latter hung as there was room for, the rest of us slept on the floor. When a thousand people are put in a space intended for five hundred, the result becomes a little peculiar, and in this case, towards morning, the atmosphere also became peculiar and decidedly muddled. When reveille sounded, such a scrimmage followed as would beat description; the upheaval of those below meeting with the descent of those from above created a good deal of conversation. Under the circumstances it was somewhat difficult to dress and roll one's blanket and hammock, which had to be handed to the mess orderly, who in turn was responsible for the number. This little performance over, we started for the wash-house. There the sight was worthy of a "crush" at a fashionable London house. One-half of the regiment having managed by some supernatural means to squeeze inside the place the men were all trying to wash at the same time at a very limited number of taps, most of which invariably never ran. In the meantime the other half of the regiment were outside and trying their very best to get in, their struggles preventing those inside from getting out.

At seven the breakfast bugle sounded; the meal consisted of a small tin pan half-filled with tea (of course no milk) and a pound of bread or biscuit, the latter having to last us for the whole day. As the bread was heavy a pound did not go very far. After the meal was over we were all turned loose on deck so as to give the mess orderlies an opportunity of washing up.

The deck was divided very accurately into portions by ropes. One little square kept sacred and select for the staff sergeants and their wives; a long strip for the women and children of the humbler folk; another bit for the sergeants; one portion kept for those soldiers who were on watch; and a good bit of the bows of the ship occupied by the sailors, the Tommies having to fit themselves in to the various odds and ends of space left over. Getting about was as good as solving a Chinese puzzle, and if the ship rolled it was at times quite exciting.

The great blessing was that the majority of us had our special duties to perform, thereby taking away somewhat from the ghastliness of the voyage.

At half-past eleven came dinner; a small shred of beef or pork, with occas-

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ionally a little soup. On some days tinned beef known as "bully beef," and sometimes preserved potatoes. Twice a week we had plum-duff, boiled in canvas bags made of what looked like sailors' old clothes. Of course I would not for the world make any false statements, so I only say it looked like it. The duff itself, however, was very nice, and so were the plums if you were lucky enough to get any in your share.

Tea at half-past three, another mug of tea, taken with whatever bread you had left over from your other meals, that is, if you were lucky enough to have any left, for the sea air gave one a very keen appetite.

Those of us who were the happy possessors of any money, visited the canteen and bought extra bread; as a rule there was such a crowd waiting their turn that the petty officers in charge, if they thought enough had been sold, simply closed the doors and left us to return with our money, but no bread. At night coffee was made and sold by the pannikin for a small sum. A fellow Tommy and I clubbed together and invested twopence in a cup of coffee and a piece of bread, which we considered a good supper. Of course those who were not lucky enough to have any money had to go without and trust to their pipes. A pint of porter was allowed each man, but for those men who neither smoked nor drank, nor had any money, the experience was a disagreeable one.

A false alarm of fire was given once a week at half-past ten a.m., everybody being ordered to his place so as to know exactly what would happen in the case of a real fire.

THE BATHING PARADE.

On entering the tropics, two things happened which, to my mind, did certainly create a diversion. Bathing parades were started, and sea kits had to be worn. The former were decidedly comical; every morning two companies were wakened at four and ordered on deck, where a large sail had been arranged on each side and in such a way as to hold water. The order was then given to undress and the names of the men called over, the bath being taken alphabetically. As the water was not changed and my name came low on the list, I did not linger long in that bath!

The sight of four hundred men, parading about the deck of a trooper, in mid-ocean, at early dawn, and with absolutely nothing on, must have been rather a novel one; luckily there were only sea-gulls in sight.

I always felt sorry for the poor orderly officer on those occasions as he stood with a bored look and chattering teeth, in order to see that we all washed ourselves! Ye gods!!

The sea kit consisted of a pair of very, very loose brown canvas trousers, made quite regardless of shape or fit; a blue jersey and a jelly-bag cap. In addition to this gorgeous get-up we had to go about barefooted, and as I had had my hair cropped very close all over my head (for sanitary reasons), the general effect was somewhat startling. As a contrast to me there was an enormously fat colour-sergeant, the outlines of his figure showing to advantage in his tight-fitting jersey. It was quite bad enough having to wear this costume at all, but it was worse still when I was on watch, and had to post the sentry on that part of the deck where the officers and their wives sat.

A variety entertainment was got up one evening, local talent being much in demand. Both soldiers and sailors joined in, and gave the public the benefit of their vocal talents. One sailor in particular interested me; he had his hair neatly parted in the middle, and well oiled and plastered down. Sitting on the top of a barrel and placing his hands on his knees, he warbled a little love song, the chorus being,

"Will yer be my 'oneysuckle?
Will yer be my love?
Won't yer be my 'olly-'ock?
Or will yer be my *dove?*"

If I were a girl I should certainly object to being spoken of as an "'olly-'ock." However, there is no account-

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ing for tastes, and perhaps it was a nautical compliment.

Several Tommies with their faces blackened for the occasion gave a sort of Christy Minstrel show, one of the riddles being, "Why is a soldier in the guard-room like a monkey cracking a nut?" The answer was, "Because 'e 'opes to see the kurnell." The colonel, who happened to be seated in the front row, was much tickled.

Christmas day we spent at Port Said *and* coaled! Anyone who has never spent Christmas day at Port Said, coaling on a trooper, and as a Tommy, had better try the experiment; it is really worth while. It develops the character, besides extending one's vocabulary; for certainly I heard words and language which I had never heard before.

However, all good things come to an end, and so did the voyage; and if I wept on leaving the ship, it was certainly not from grief.

EXPERIENCES IN INDIA.

Landing at Bombay, we waited all day under a shed till the cool of the afternoon, when we started for Poonah.

Once more we moved, and finally arrived at our destination at Secunderabad, where everything was in fearful confusion. We gladly accepted an invitation to breakfast from the corporals' mess of the regiment stationed there, sent to our corporals, a similar invitation having been given by the sergeants' mess to our sergeants, and from the privates to the rest of the men. That being the etiquette amongst soldiers, it gave us a little breathing time before commencing the innumerable fatigues which went on for the next few weeks.

At Secunderabad the companies slept in bungalows built of stone; one large room in the centre with a long narrow one on each side, smaller rooms built at each end for the sergeants and colour-sergeants. A verandah surrounded the whole bungalow.

Numerous were the parades, for the purpose of receiving helmets and white clothing, and then fresh parades in order to see how we looked in them, besides all the hundred and one things necessary for the regiment on first arriving in a new country. I got perfectly sick of the name of clothes, and longed for the simpler costumes of blue paint which our ancestors so delighted in.

Kit inspection was a thing which most Tommies hated; every single garment and accoutrement folded, and arranged according to regulations, on, under and round the bed, and Tommy himself standing to attention by the side, so that the officer could, at a glance take in everything. The various parts of the kit had to be folded in such a way as to show the number on the garment, and if anything was found missing, the man was crimed. One of the best tricks I heard of was attempted by a man who was short of a shirt; taking the solitary garment and tearing it in half, he wore the front half, and stuffed the back with straw, folded it so as to display the number correctly, and also look like a whole shirt. Unfortunately the officer was also an old soldier and he discovered the trick.

Secunderabad proved to be a regular Aldershot for duty, as there were all sorts of night marches and field days. One especially I remember. We marched out some ten or fifteen miles on a somewhat hot day, and three of us were picked out and made to sit down on a flat open plain with no shelter but that afforded by a blade of withered grass. We were told to keep our eyes open, watch all the movements of the enemy, keeping ourselves well out of sight by means of the shelter of the grass. After waiting for three hours we were relieved, and found on returning that the battle had been fought and, of course, won, without our knowing anything about it.

Life in India for a soldier is a very different one to England; most of our men found it very tedious, and many of them longed for Aldershot, several of them declaring that they would rather serve in England even though they had to drill every day in full marching order. As appearing in

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marching order is what a Tommy dislikes most, you can imagine how they hated the place.

THE LEISURE HOUR.

All sorts of methods were used for killing time; one of the men learnt to knit socks, and taught the others, and they sat, looking very wise, knitting sundry pairs of socks of gorgeous colour in all sorts of patterns. The next craze was making woollen belts; the brightest coloured wools were procured, representations of all the insects and reptiles of India were made on canvas, and the groundwork filled in with black; the effect of course was ghastly. The sight of a a vermilion scorpion in close proximity to a bright green centipede with orange-coloured legs, and resting on a black background, can be imagined.

Some others went in for embroidering sprays of very red roses, with equally green leaves, and "Remember me," or "I love you always," of course with a black background. These things, after being carefully packed, were brought to me to address to their various "pushers," as their sweethearts are called.

A soldier's letter can be decidedly entertaining sometimes, for apart from the peculiarity of the spelling and the total absence of any stops, capital letlers are flung in everywhere.

It is quite needless to go into particulars as to what we did day by day. Soldiers are quite human, though many people don't seem to think so; and, therefore, their manners and customs are those of human beings. I am very fond of soldiers and have never regretted the step I took which enabled me to get to know them better. There are few things they dislike more than not to have their salute properly returned; there are some (and I am glad to say a very few) officers, as a rule very young ones, who hardly deign to return the salute of a Tommy. If they could hear the opinions expressed about them, they would not feel flattered. But Tommy is very quick at discerning a true gentleman, and nothing escapes his notice. One of the smartest men and strictest officers in Aldershot was the most respected and liked, and I myself have heard the men say, "When I meets Major 'Alliday, I gives him an extra military salute, for he always returns it *like a gentleman*." I had good reason for seconding that sentiment, for both Major and Mrs. Halliday were amongst the best friends I ever had, and at whose house I spent many a pleasant evening.

At Secunderabad we were stationed within the fort, and, in case of an attack by natives, each company had its own special gate or spot to defend, and a parade for that purpose was ordered. "There will be a false alarm of natives at four p.m. to-morrow;" this appeared in the day's orders. At three-thirty next afternoon each man was busy brightening his buttons and soaping his hair, so that he might be ready like a true British soldier for any emergency. At four, when the bugle sounded, every man was ready! It is a pity that the natives do not always announce their arrival beforehand.

Many of the men availed themselves of the shooting passes, which were granted, and so secured for themselves the opportunity of a little sport.

THE NATIVES.

The natives interested the Tommies very much, some commenting pretty freely on their scanty costumes, for sometimes they did not even wear the troubled look I wore on the day I enlisted.

One man remarked to me that he thought "that them nigger chaps was just the most disgustingest fellows" he ever saw; "they had jest ought to be ashamed of themselves, they ought."

A young bandsman took a violent fancy to me. His devotion was positively startling. Once, feeling somewhat seedy, I informed him of my intention of dying shortly. A few minutes after the silence which followed was broken by a little splashing sound, caused by the poor, unfortunate youth's

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tears falling on the stone floor, where they had collected in quite a little stream.

The great idea of the Tommy was to go off to town and be photographed, displaying a vast quantity of collar, cuffs and watch-chain, things which of course he would never have dared to appear in before the officers.

I had the pleasure of attending a picnic got up by some of the men. We got round the cook, and had provisions sent on ahead, and the party started for what was known as the Nizam's gardens, close to Hyderabad. We first visited that city, and, after making a few purchases to send home, started out in search of further adventures, and visited the animals belonging to the Nizam. Amongst them were a very fine Bengal tiger and several hideous monkeys; the latter were not caged but just chained to trees.

One of the Tommies, seeing a particularly hideous monkey, went up to it to look more closely, remarking at the same time, "My eye, 'ow like Old Johnnie that monkey is." He, however, unfortunately had not judged distance correctly in this instance, for, getting rather closer than was wise, and the monkey seeing him within reach of his chain, and no doubt feeling annoyed at the simile, after one withering look, without any further warning, flew at the man's leg and bit it, afterwards returning to his tree with great dignity and not a smile on his face!

We lunched under some trees close to a pond. Tea was made on this occasion in a somewhat novel way. My handkerchief was borrowed, and after being dipped in the pond by way of washing, the tea was put into it and the whole thing soaked in the boiling water.

Once a few cases of small-pox had been reported in the bazaars, so great precautions were taken to keep the men away. However, one fellow got very drunk, slept out all night in the open, and was fearfully bitten by black ants. Next morning he felt somewhat indisposed in consequence, and went sick. The doctor, seeing a very dilapidated-looking man complaining of "pains," and having little red spots all over him, at once came to the conclusion that it must be small-pox, and admitted him to the hospital, keeping him in a special ward. In due time the "rash" disappeared, and no small-pox appeared, which caused a great deal of surprise; Tommy in the meantime had quite recovered and also got rather sick of hospital diet, so explained to the astonished doctor what caused the "rash" and "pains." That man's hospital career was nipped in the bud.

A slight indisposition necessitated my experiencing the interior of a military hospital; the nursing sisters were most kind and gentle, and every care and attention bestowed on the unfortunate inmates. One sister especially was a great favourite, and it would have done her heart good could she have heard some of the opinions expressed about her.

ON FURLOUGH IN INDIA.

After I had been some time in hospital, a furlough was granted me and I started for the hills. Travelling as a civilian, and travelling as a Tommy, are two totally different things, as I found to my cost. Arriving in Calcutta early in the morning, and having to wait there the whole day, I drove to a very second-rate hotel, in order to have a place to stay. I chose this place as, being shabby and slummy, I thought it would be more suitable to my station of life. When I arrived I was refused admission, as the man said he had orders not to serve anyone under the rank of sergeant; it was decidedly humiliating. I was recommended to a boarding house kept by a Mrs. Chowringhee, in Sootiker's Lane, who, I was assured, would admit even a soldier. The name and address sounded slummy enough, in all conscience, being almost suggestive of the nigger quarters. When I got to the house, I insisted upon the driver going in first, in order to see whether I would be allowed admission; as the

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lady gave her gracious permission I followed, and was received by an enormous person of dusky complexion, who sometime after, becoming confidential, said to me, "When I saw you wouldn't come in at first I thought you was drunk." I hastened to explain to her that I was a teetotaler, and that my drunken appearance was due to the climate.

The company in that house was very mixed, both as regards colour and other things; all shades were represented, from India ink to burnt Sienna. I was very thankful when the time for starting arrived, and the next day when I got to Kurseong, after six nights in the train, I was more like a crumbling cinder than anything else.

It was very nice to be amongst old friends again. Promotion here was very rapid, for next morning I was greeted by a native as "Captain Sahib," and, when I got to the house, was announced as the "Colonel Sahib." There is no knowing what I might have been promoted to if I had stayed long enough. My furlough was a very memorable one in many ways, but it is unnecessary to go into particulars.

When I got back to the regiment, more dead than alive, I found that an epidemic of fever had been raging, and many of our best men had died. It was so cheerful, on inquiring after some one, to be told, "Oh, 'im? we buried 'im yesterday," and so on. The day after my return I had to attend one funeral in the morning and two in the afternoon, and this, I was told, had been going on for the last six or seven weeks. A soldier's funeral is indeed a very solemn thing; before the coffin is nailed up the men are all allowed to go and have a last look at their comrade's face, and then the dead march following gives an extra solemnity to the occasion.

I found my friend the bandsman in the hospital, the constant strain of playing at the funerals having proved too much for his nerves, and he was simply suffering from "funks," a disease which kills many people; however, he managed to pull round again. A batch of invalids were to be sent home, and it being decided by the authorities that I was neither useful nor ornamental, I was sent in the batch.

A FAREWELL TEA.

I gave a farewell tea to some of my chums, and great was the eating and speechifying. One man got quite sentimental and almost maudlin, and decided to make a speech. After bowing profusely, he said:

"I rise to propose the 'ealth of our esteemed friend Corporal W., who unfortunately is about to leave us shortly. Though Corporal W. has only been amongst us a short time, we 'ave all learned to love 'im as a friend and esteem 'im," and then getting to the stage where he thought tears would be effective, he was just making preparations to squeeze a few out, and was lifting the corner of the tablecloth to mop them up with, when one of the company evidently thought he had had enough of it and settled matters by throwing a somewhat over-ripe banana at the man, which hit him right in the eye, and looked like a poultice. The effect was miraculous, for the tone of the speech was at once changed, and the friend who loved and esteemed me so much turned round and said, "Cheese it now, will yer; I'll punch yer bloomin' 'ead, I will; so now." However, I restored order and returned thanks for the speech, and my friend once more got up, still having traces of the banana sticking in his eye, and said, "Corporal W., I have much pleasure in presenting you with this, and it is to be follered by a larger present later on." "*This*" being a carte-de-visite of himself, taken with the usual display of collar and cuffs. The larger present has not yet arrived, though it is over seven years ago since it was promised!

Bidding farewell to the regiment and Secunderabad, we started for Deolali, a most out-of-the-way and forsaken place, where every "time-expired" man and invalid has to spend ten days

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at least before starting for England (or, rather, it was so in my day).

Deolali was most monotonous, the day being spent in endless fatigues and inane duties, which just kept us out of mischief, and no more. Here were specimens from every single regiment almost, and it was very interesting to see the various types of faces.

THE VOYAGE HOME.

At last the day of starting came, and the voyage home commenced; it was just a repetition of what it was going; the only thing was that now I was returning to England I felt I could put up with anything. We had several deaths on board, and one especially cast quite a gloom over the ship. A soldier died just on entering the Suez Canal, and the body was taken on shore at Ismailia to be buried; on the return of the firing party the launch capsized, and the officer in charge was found drowned. He was quite a young fellow, and had just obtained his commission through the ranks. The body was brought on board and buried with military honours at Port Said.

When we got to the English Channel it was bitterly cold, the Isle of Wight looked cold and bleak, but I thought I had never seen anything so exquisite; and as for South Sea beach and Portsmouth harbour, I felt I could have hugged them both in one huge embrace; in fact, I would have gone so far as to eat the periwinkles caught off the rocks without any vinegar, and that, I assure you, was a great deal to promise.

AT NETLEY HOSPITAL.

Next morning we were all taken off to Netley hospital, where we had to wait and go through the form of being invalided out of the service.

How delicious the food seemed after the trooper; and as for the beds, one man told me he kept himself awake all night, as he did not wish to lose the sensation of comfort by falling asleep. Here we also had our separate duties to do, and I had the pleasure of scrubbing out the ward. The nursing sisters were again as kind as they could be.

The costume worn in the hospital is not exactly beautiful. Pale blue single-breasted frock-coat sort of thing; Eton jacket and trousers to match, white socks and large, loose yellow slippers, with a jelly-bag cap. The frock-coat, of course, was only to be worn when walking in the grounds.

The clothes were doled out indiscriminately, and my bundle consisted of a pair of trousers, which had evidently been made for a boy of twelve, and rather short for him; and an Eton jacket meant for an enormously stout man. As I am over six feet high, and in those days particularly thin, the effect produced by having to wear those clothes was a little peculiar. When the doctor saw me clothed in these garments he put up his eye-glass, and stared pretty hard at this pleasing sight, and then said to the nurse, "I think this man had better be given some other clothes, as those he has on do not seem to fit him exactly." Of course I felt a most unutterable fool.

A kind lady having left a legacy to be spent in supplying all soldiers invalided from India with warm clothing before landing, we were each given two mysterious-looking pieces of flannel, with a great many long pieces of tape stitched on. I could not make out how they were supposed to be worn, and so after having got my head hopelessly entangled in the tapes, I sold my share to another man for three teaspoonfuls of Eno's fruit salt, and he stitched all the portions together and made a shirt, which was more than I could have done. The hospital was very full and furloughs were readily granted to any of those who were not exactly bedridden. It was decidedly disagreeable to have to return to the hospital, and once more don the blue clothes.

The monotony of hospital life was very much broken by a parrot belonging to one of the men, which could speak beautifully, and was constantly

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giving us pressing invitations to put our fingers in her mouth, assuring us that she wouldn't bite; but a parrot's promise is not always to be trusted, so I did not avail myself of the opportunity.

DISCHARGED.

After appearing in a variety of costumes before different medical boards, I was finally invalided out of Her Majesty's service, receiving ten pounds and a halfpenny as reserve pay. Great preparations were made by the men who were returning to civil life; a tailor on the spot supplied ready-made suits at a cheap rate. The morning of my departure a great many questions were asked me as to what trade I was going to return to. My career as a Tommy was short and sweet, but I succeeded in getting a good deal of fun and instruction out of it, and neither deserted nor bought myself out, nor did any of the innumerable imbecile things which my friends felt sure I would do, knowing me so well as they felt they did.

THE END.

"CHILDREN OF THE QUEEN."

SHE hath raised her hand, the Island Queen,
For a brand's been thrown in the Lion's den,
And the answer's borne by armèd men
With champ of steed and clatter of steel,
Rumble of guns and bugle peal,
Waving of colours, a last good-night,
And cheers for the boys who go to fight,
Children of the Queen.

She hath raised her hand, the Island Queen,
And the black smoke leaps from the funnel's mouth
Of a flying squadron, speeding south;
Free to the winds their pennants stream,
Where stormwrack drives and seabirds scream
And the surges kiss the muzzles grim
Of the war hounds leashed in the turrets dim,
Children of the Queen.

She hath raised her hand, the Island Queen,
From the frontier hills a flood pours down
Of stern-faced men in khaki brown.
Ghoorka, Afridi, Sikh, Sepoy,
Highlanders, heroes of Dargai,
Line and cavalry, rifleman, guide,
Hurrying down to the trooper's side,
Children of the Queen.

She hath raised her hand, the Island Queen,
And a shout comes up from the Austral land—
"We send our best for the Motherland;"
While Canada's cry rings round the world
Wherever the meteor flag's unfurled,
"Saxon sired, full kin are we,
Sprung from the 'Mistress of the Sea,'"
Children of the Queen.

She hath raised her hand, the Island Queen,
And Buller 's a hundred thousand men,
And, standing behind them, millions ten,
Or twenty, if ever the need should be,
Ready that all the world may see,
Ready to stand or fight or die,
With "Queen and Empire" battle-cry.
Children of the Queen.

She will raise her hand, our gracious Queen,
And the lightning seal the Maxim's breath
And hush its messengers of death,
When a stubborn foe is forced to yield
And red swords sheathed on a hard-fought field—
"Ye are beaten fair, brave men are ye,
Go to your homes and henceforth be
Children of the Queen."

R. D. Meyers.

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CANADIAN CELEBRITIES.

NO. XI.—HON. FREDERICK WILLIAM BORDEN, MINISTER OF MILITIA.

THE Militia of Canada has been fortunate during the past three years in having as Minister of Militia a most enthusiastic member of the force. The Hon. Frederick William Borden, B.A., M.D., Minister of Militia, is descended from one of the old colonial families whose names are identified with the story of the reclamation of this continent from the rule of the savage. He is the son of the late Dr. Jonathan Borden, and was born at Cornwallis, Nova Scotia, on the 14th of May, 1847. The connection of his family with Nova Scotia antedates the Revolutionary war. His great-great-grandfather, Samuel Borden, of Tiverton, Mass., who was sent to Acadia by the Governor of Rhode Island to survey the lands vacated at the expulsion of the Acadians, took up some of the land which he surveyed and settled his son Perry Borden upon it, himself returning to Tiverton to reside. Among the treasured relics of the family are the title deeds to the land in question, which bear date 1758. On his mother's side Dr. Borden also traces his lineage to an old U.E. Loyalist family who migrated to Nova Sootia at the time of the Revolutionary war. Tracing his descent back to U.E. Loyalist stock on both sides, the sturdy Canadianism which is the striking characteristic of the Minister of Militia is but the natural product of many generations of loyal and patriotic devotion to British institutions.

Dr. Borden was educated at King's College, Windsor. Taking his B.A. in 1867 he proceeded to Harvard Medical School, Boston, to pursue his medical studies, receiving his degree M.D. in 1868. He immediately took up the active practice of his profession at Canning, N.S., and has continuously practiced there since. In addition to the practice of his profession Dr. Borden displayed considerable aptitude for finance and, for many years previous to his appointment to the Privy Council in 1896, was agent at Canning for the Bank of Nova Scotia and the Halifax Banking Co. of Nova Scotia respectively. He was for some years a member of the Provincial Board of Health of Nova Scotia, to which he was appointed in 1893.

From his early days Dr. Borden has taken an active part in political affairs, and in 1874 he was returned to the House of Commons for King's Co., N.S.; and in 1878, when the great N.P. wave swept over the country and decimated the ranks of the Liberal party, he was one of the comparatively few supporters of the Mackenzie Government who retained their seats. At the next general election in 1882, however, he was defeated, but in 1887 he regained the seat, which he has since held. Upon the formation of the Laurier Government in 1896 he was called to the Cabinet and became Minister of Militia. Entering the militia service in October 1863 at the age of sixteen years, while still a youth at college, he has since continued an enthusiastic member of the force. In 1869 he was appointed Assistant Surgeon of the 68th King's Co. Battalion, was promoted Surgeon-Major in September '83, and became Hon. Surgeon Lieut.-Colonel by promotion in October 1893.

Immediately after entering upon the administration of the Department of Militia, Dr. Borden with energy and enthusiasm threw himself into the work of improving the militia force and bringing it up to the modern standard of organization and equipment in order to make it an effective and mobile force. The Major-Generals commanding had for many years offered suggestions and recommendations

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THE HON DR. BORDEN, MINISTER OF MILITIA AND DEFENCE.

for increasing the efficiency of the force to which is entrusted the defence of the Dominion, but although some progress had been made by the aid of sympathetic Ministers of Militia, the opportune time for the thorough reorganization, which alone would be productive of the desired results, had not arrived.

The march of events, and the growth of the Imperial sentiment, however, brought about a change in the situation, and Dr. Borden was prompt to take advantage of the opportunity.

His first step was to strengthen the headquarters' staff, and he succeeded in surrounding himself with a staff sufficiently capable and strong to carry on any work, either of an ordinary or emergent character, which might devolve upon the Department.

One of the great weaknesses of the militia force of Canada was the practice which allowed officers to hold command irrespective of age and length of service. Under the system which existed, majors waited

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patiently for promotion for twenty-five or thirty years, and then resigned in disgust, without attaining the coveted and deserved honour; and lieutenants, fifty-five and sixty years of age, who had spent a life-time in the service, were not infrequently to be found upon the militia list. The result of such a system was, that ambitious young men who would make excellent officers were deterred from offering their services. The Minister's practical experience as an officer in the militia, enabled him to find an effective remedy, and by the radical measure of instituting both an age and service limit and strictly enforcing it, a complete revolution in the system was brought about. By the operation of the new regulation about sixty commanding officers have been retired, and although the rule has been regarded in a few instances as arbitrary, some good men having been compelled to step down and out, upon the whole its operation has been most beneficial.

Another useful regulation which has been promulgated, insists upon every officer obtaining a certificate of qualification, and staff officers are required to undergo a course in equitation. The small boy will be deprived of the fun of seeing a brilliantly uniformed officer ignominiously unhorsed at the review of the future, but the militia will be spared the humiliation which they were compelled too frequently to undergo in the past.

For a number of years the Royal Military College had been suffering from a steady decrease in some of the applications for admission, and as a natural result criticism and murmuring on the part of the public replaced the pride which had formerly characterized the language in which Canadians referred to the institution. This condition of affairs was doubtless produced largely by the lack of interest in military matters arising from the stagnation in promotion before referred to. The next care of Dr. Borden was to grapple with the question of increasing the efficiency and promoting the usefulness of a military educational institution which has turned out many graduates whose service in the Imperial Army has reflected the highest credit upon their Alma Mater and upon the Dominion. That his efforts in this direction have been successful is testified to by the fact that to-day it is not a matter of getting a full quota of cadets for the College as it was prior to 1896, but there is keen competition at each year's matriculation examination to be among the first thirty who are accepted and admitted. The result of this competition is that the standard of the graduating classes is naturally higher. The College has also been brought into direct touch with the active militia by the inauguration of a staff course for officers, and a valuable adjunct for increasing the efficiency of the force has by this means been provided without extra cost.

A fruitful source of complaint by the Majors-General commanding for many years was the fact that the efficiency of the rural battalions of militia was seriously impaired, and much of the benefit of the training they received was lost, owing to the fact that they were called out for training only in alternate years. The chief objection to the annual training of all the militia force was the expense which it would involve, but Dr. Borden seized the opportunity offered by the revived interest in Imperial and military affairs to adopt the system of annual drills. That Canadians were ripe for the change is evidenced by the fact that the increased expenditure has been cheerfully borne without criticism.

In addition to providing for annual drills the Department of Militia has, at an expenditure of a quarter of million dollars, provided the entire militia force with the new Oliver equipment, probably the best in the world, in lieu of the obsolete knapsack which had done duty for a century. The city infantry battalions have been armed with the Lee-Metford rifles, and as fast as the rural battalions obtain proper armouries in which to store their weapons they too are armed with this modern weapon. The Department has also made provision by which all

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the battalions will gradually be provided with suitable armouries.

The other branches of the volunteer militia have not been neglected. Ten of the eighteen batteries of field artillery have been armed with new 12-pounder guns of the most modern type with equipment complete. The other eight batteries will be similarly equipped in the near future and the Dominion will then have an artillery force equal in equipment and offensive power to any force of similar numbers in the Imperial Army. The cavalry force has also been equipped with an entirely new outfit inclusive of saddlery and camping gear.

Plans have also been prepared and partially carried out for organizing a proper medical staff corps, which when completed will comprise fifteen bearer-corps and fifteen field hospitals distributed over the Dominion and attached to the different divisions into which the militia force has been divided. Each of the bearer corps and hospitals forms a complete unit in itself. The officers have been selected for many of the units which will spring into existence as soon as official sanction has been given. Meanwhile the department has arranged for the necessary equipment, which will be available when required.

The staff is also engaged in formulating plans for the organization of an army service corps and a commissariat department which the Minister of Militia has determined to establish. When this is accomplished the Canadian militia will form a combative force, complete in itself, and ready to take the field at any moment.

The work of the Department in the mobilization of such of the militia service as was needed for active service during recent years has given most satisfactory proof of the capability of the Department to meet emergencies. When the necessity arose in 1898 to send a detachment of the militia to the Yukon, the wisdom and foresight which had in the hour of leisure made preparation for vigorous and systematic action in emergency enabled the Militia Department to mobilize and despatch a well-armed and thoroughly equipped force to the frozen region of the Klondike with a celerity and ease which produced a most salutary impression upon the turbulent element among the miners.

MAJOR H. L. BORDEN, LIEUTENANT IN CANADIAN MOUNTED RIFLES AND SON OF THE MINISTER OF MILITIA.

The experience gained in despatching the Yukon contingent was also valuable in preparing the Department for the more serious work which was shortly to fall upon it. Possessed of

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the true instinct for organization, and with a prescience of coming trouble, the Minister of Militia at an early stage of the Transvaal question foresaw the possibility of Canada being called upon to contribute her quota of troops to aid the Mother Country. Knowing the loyalty of her people, and realizing that, as England's greatest colony, Canada would be among the first to offer assistance should the necessity arise, Dr. Borden quietly and carefully prepared his plans, throwing himself into the work with all the enthusiasm of an old militiaman. The result was that when the question assumed a serious phase, the preparations were all complete. The call came, and within an incredibly short space of time after the offer of the Dominion Government to furnish a contingent of 1,000 infantry, the Royal Canadian Regiment had been enrolled, mobilized, equipped and had embarked upon their long voyage to South Africa. The rapidity with which the force was mobilized and despatched to the scene of hostilities will forever reflect the greatest credit upon the Militia Department of Canada.

One word is sufficient to convey a comprehensive idea of the task which the Department carried to a successful and triumphant conclusion. On October 14, the Dominion Government decided to offer the services of 1,000 men two days later Her Majesty's Government intimated by cable, to His Excellency the Governor-General, the grateful acceptance of the offer. The contingent was enrolled, its units, scattered over a territory stretching 4,000 miles from ocean to ocean, were mobilized, clothed, equipped, armed and concentrated, and on 30th October, fourteen days after the offer of troops was accepted, His Excellency was enabled to cable to the Colonial Office the gratifying intelligence that 1,000 stalwart Canadians, picked shots and trained militiamen, had sailed for Cape Town.

Before the work of organizing the first contingent was well under way, the unwelcome conviction was forced upon the public mind that the struggle in the Transvaal was more serious in its nature than the ordinary small frontier war of which the Empire usually has several on hand, and acting on instructions from the Minister, the Department prepared for the enrolment of a second contingent. Two days after the first contingent sailed, the Government intimated to the Imperial authorities the readiness of the Dominion to at once send another contingent if Her Majesty's Government deemed it advisable. Subsequently the offer was accepted, and the Department having continued its work of preparation in the meantime, three battalions of Artillery and two battalions of Mounted Rifles were speedily enrolled and equipped, the first detachment sailing on 21st January and the second six days later. Owing to an unfortunate difficulty in securing transport, which was beyond the power of the Department to avoid, the departure of the third detachment was delayed nearly a month.

Dr. Borden also deserves credit for taking up the cause of the veterans of 1866 and 1870. As a result, a general service medal has been granted to those who served in the Fenian Raid and the Red River campaigns. Authority has also been obtained to issue a long service medal to men of the Cadadian militia.

Such is the record of the Militia Department under Hon. Dr. Borden, who has inspired his officers with his own energy and enthusiasm. To-day, should the necessity unfortunately arise to test our defensive force, the enemy would find Canada prepared with a cohesive and effective force, well equipped, organized, and properly officered, with an efficient and skilled general staff to direct operations, every officer knowing his duty, every unit assigned beforehand to its proper position, and every man animated by a spirit of lofty patriotism, with a determination to maintain the integrity of the Dominion.

C. A. Matthews.

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PHOTOGRAPH BY GAUVIN & GENTZEL, HALIFAX.

THE CANADIAN MOUNTED RIFLES PARADING WITHOUT HORSES PREVIOUS TO EMBARKING ON POMERANIAN.

THE EMBARKATION AT HALIFAX.

By J. S. O'Bryan.

THE first quota of the second contingent of Canadian volunteers for service in South Africa, embarked at Halifax on January 20th, on S.S. *Laurentian*, and the scenes of rampant enthusiasm at that occasion are long to be remembered. The quota consisted of D and E batteries of Field Artillery, numbering about 350 men of all ranks. The two batteries, along with those to follow, were quartered at the Exhibition Grounds, and the night preceding their departure a gigantic "smoker" was given at the Armoury, at which all the Canadian troops then in Halifax were entertained. Next morning the really serious part of their mission confronted them when the frolic was over and they found themselves face to face with the stern duty they had undertaken. Shortly before 11 o'clock the two batteries were lined up before General Hutton, who inspected and finally addressed them. The General congratulated the men upon being the first regiment of Canadian artillery to take part in a foreign campaign, and told them that the responsibility rested upon them of sustaining the reputation of Canada. Short addresses followed by Lord Seymour, the General on the

PORTION OF MOUNTED RIFLES PARADING AT HALIFAX AS ESCORT TO THE PORTION WHICH SAILED ON THE POMERANIAN.

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PHOTOGRAPH BY GALBRAITH & LUCAS, TORONTO.

KINGSTON QUOTA TO C BATTERY, R.C.A.

PHOTOGRAPH BY GALBRAITH & LUCAS, TORONTO.

WINNIPEG QUOTA TO C BATTERY, R.C.A.

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PHOTOGRAPH BY GAUVIN & GENTZEL, HALIFAX.

THE LAURENTIAN AT HALIFAX—OWING TO THE FOG ON DAY OF SAILING, NO PHOTOGRAPH OF THE EMBARKATION WAS OBTAINABLE.

EMBARKATION ON THE POMERANIAN AT HALIFAX.

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Capt. Harrison. Lieut. Elmsley. Lieut. King. Lieut. Cockburn.

Capt. Pearce. Major Evans. Capt. Nelles.

OFFICERS OF FIRST BATTALION CANADIAN MOUNTED RIFLES.

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MAJOR-GENERAL HUTTON INSPECTING RECRUITS IN CANADIAN MOUNTED RIFLES—THE GENERAL IS ON FOOT, AND THE RECRUITS ARE PASSING IN FRONT OF HIM (RIGHT OF THE PICTURE).

station, Major-General Hutton, the Lieut.-Governor and the Minister of Militia.

Major-General Hutton spoke somewhat as follows:

"Officers, non-commmissioned, officers and men of D and E Batteries,—I congratulate you upon being the first regiment of Canadian artillery to take part in a foreign campaign, and the responsibility rests upon you all of sustaining the reputation of Canada. What is your honour is also our honour, and unquestionably you will fight a good campaign. You have a month's voyage before you get to the theatre of war, and there is nothing to try soldiers as much as a long voyage with horses on board ship. Major Hurdman, if your batteries fail in anything it will be on account of inexperience and not from want of patriotism, diligence or effort. Men, you are brought together representing every district in Canada and in a very short time. The equipping of a regiment as quickly as this one was done, cannot be without some shortcomings. I have no doubt but that you will all do your duty on board ship, and in camp as

PHOTOGRAPH BY STEELE & CO., CALGARY.

A GROUP OF COWBOYS IN THE WEST—NUMBERS OF THIS CLASS OF MEN ARE IN THE SECOND BATTALION CANADIAN MOUNTED RIFLES.

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A GROUP OF ARTILLERY OFFICERS AT BARRIEFIELD CAMP, 1899.

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well as on the battlefield. I wish you God-speed."

The address was received with enthusiasm, after which General Lord Seymour, Lieut.-Governor Sir M. B. Daly, Hon. Dr. Borden, Minister of Militia; Hon. W. S. Fielding, Minister of Finance ; Hon. Wm. Mulock, and Hon. Jas. Sutherland were introduced to the departing soldiers. The 63rd Band then played the National Anthem.

Lieut.-Governor Sir M. B. Daly addressed the troops. In part he said:

"Officers and men of D and E Batteries,—I take this opportunity, before you undertake your long and perilous journey, to say only a few words of

THE LAST LETTER HOME

encouragement and hope. You have heard the words of advice from the general commanding the troops of Canada. I ask to be allowed to endorse every word of advice that he has given. May God speed you. Remember that the eyes of all Canada will follow you to South Africa. Victory is hovering near us. You, loyal soldiers of Canada, will do your duty. I am glad and proud to see you going to foreign service. This is a day of which Canada has a right to be proud. The best in the Dominion are at the disposal of England. I wish you a good voyage, and may the seas be tranquil and not toss you around too much. I

A TYPICAL WESTERNER.

This portrait of one of Colonel Herchmer's battalion was taken at Halifax by Gauvin & Gentzel.

have no doubt but that you will do honour to the country from which you are sent."

Hon. Dr. Borden, Minister of Militia, said:

"I do not feel that I could add

"GOOD-BYE, AND GOD BLESS YOU, MY BOY."

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PHOTOGRAPH BY GALBRAITH & LUCAS, TORONTO.

PART OF FIRST BATTALION CANADIAN MOUNTED RIFLES UNDER MAJOR EVANS AT TORONTO.

anything to the words so eloquently and so forcibly expressed by the previous speakers. I wish to state on behalf of Sir Wilfrid Laurier that he was prevented by public duties from coming to Halifax to see you off, but he extends the strongest of wishes and hopes for your welfare and successful results. Thousands of men in Canada were willing to go to the front, but the good fortune has fallen to you to represent this Dominion of ours. You will be sure not to forget the responsibilities on your shoulders. What you do will do honour to yourselves as well as to all Canada. I wish you God-speed, a safe voyage, and a successful campaign and a happy return."

Major Hurdman, in command of the batteries, replied, and his words were received with spontaneous applause. He said:

"On behalf of the officers, non-commissioned officers and men of D and E Batteries, I wish to thank you for the kind words and feelings ex-

A TROOP OF CANADIAN MOUNTED RIFLES ON HALIFAX COMMON.

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pressed. I assure you we will do our duty. You will have good accounts of us if we are sent to the front."

The procession through the city from the Armoury to the dockyard, marked an epoch in the history of Halifax and of the Dominion of Canada. Never before had the citizens turned out so strongly, never before had there been so much enthusiasm manifested as on this occasion. It was the spectacle of a life-time, hard to duplicate, and the attendant scenes will linger long in the memory of the citizens as well as of those who came from far and near to

REV. J. C. SINNET, MONTREAL.

witness the departure of the troops. The soldiers received a continual ovation along the route of march, and, in addition to being loudly cheered at every point, ladies were to be seen standing in carriages throwing small bunches of flowers to the men; the batteries were accompanied by the three militia bands of the city, as well as by the Leinster band, of the garrison, and an escort of all the Canadian Mounted Rifles who had reached Halifax up to that time.

The appearance of the men was the subject of rather diverse opinion, but

REV. W. J. COX, CHARLOTTETOWN.

they were unfortunately seen at a disadvantage. Although mid-winter, the mud in the Halifax streets was at least ankle-deep on that day, and the favour-

REV. W. G. LANE, PARRSBORO, N.S

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A DRAYLOAD OF SADDLERY.

ite fog upon which Halifax seems to pride itself came down thick and rich like a regular "Lunnon partickler"—not to be seen elsewhere on this side. To Halifax eyes batteries of artillery are made up of those "Five-meal meat-fed men," that Kipling has written about, and to such eyes the artillery then on view naturally looked inferior; many of the men appeared to be under the average size and weight, but the chief criticism was that they did not look *hard*—which was scarcely to be expected, as they were not old soldiers.

By the time the troops reached the dockyard they found as many thousands of the public outside the gate as it was possible to pack in the roadway; here perhaps the wildest scenes took place. In order to facilitate the embarkation the public had been excluded from the dockyard, but directly the troops got inside, the crowd, with uncontrollable ardour, attempted to rush the gate; this was prevented, however, by the quick movement of two companies of the Leinster regiment which had been kept on duty inside the yard in wise anticipation of such an attempt. Soon alongside the trooper the men were told off in subsections and quietly embarked in that manner and were immediately shown to the quarters they were to take for the long journey to the Cape. The horses having been previously got on board, the eventful moment soon came when the *Laurentian*, a mountain of smoke, steam, squealing pigs, cackling fowl and cheering men, cast off her moorings and laboriously backed out into Halifax harbour and into a brewing storm. The captain in his wisdom did not put out to sea, but lay at anchor in the shelter of the harbour for the night. This was fortunate not only for the troops, but also for the deck load of horses and other live stock, as early in the evening the threatened storm broke with awful fury, the wind blowing on the coast at times with almost hurricane force, while the rain came down in fierce sheets. The storm, however, wore itself out through the night, and in the early sunshine of Sunday morning the good ship *Laurentian* quietly rolled out on the Atlantic.

A SECTION C.M.R.

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The second quota of the second contingent for service in South Africa left Halifax just a week later, January 27, and Halifax again turned out *en masse* to witness its departure. The First Battalion, consisting of the Winnipeg Dragoons, the King's County (N.S.) Hussars and the New Brunswick men, were lined up on the common early on the morning of Saturday, January 27, under the command of Major Williams. They were all mounted and awaited the arrival of the Second Battalion from the Armoury, whose escort they were to be over the route. At half-past nine the departing soldiers were ordered to fall in. This quota consisted of men enrolled at Prince Albert, Battleford, Regina, Medicine Hat, Calgary and Edmonton, and although now under the name of the "Canadian Mounted Rifles," were until a few weeks ago cowboys and members of the North-West Mounted Police. The send-off at the Armoury was not as ceremonious or impressive as on the previous Saturday as the Ministers had returned to Ottawa and the troops were addressed by the Lieut.-Governor only. He, Sir Malachi Daly, appropriately referred to them as the flower of the active manhood of Canada, and briefly wished them good luck, adding the title of the song "Au revoir, but not good-bye." Colonel Herchmer responded, after which the departing soldiers, escorted by the Mounted Rifles yet to go, proceeded through the city to the dockyard where the *Pomeranian* lay. The street scenes were a repetition of the Saturday before, but in favourable contrast, as the bright, crisp winter day that it happily turned out to be, gave full effect to the gay decoratious. The contrast with respect to the men was also marked, and there was no diverse opinion as to their apparent ability to perform the duty they had undertaken. All the men looked beefy, well fed, strong and hard, and with their countenances brightened by the breezy winter day, provoked the universal comment that they were fit for anything. The dockyard was reached at about noon, and the men were immediately marched to the transport, and were soon on board. The public having been admitted to the yard on this occasion, the actual departure made a more interesting and lively scene than the previous embarkation, the vast number of enthusiastic people staying to wave farewell until the ship cast off. Early in the afternoon the *Pomeranian* moved slowly out and anchored in the stream, where she was viewed by thousands along the waterside, and at five o'clock she started down the harbour. The signal was a rocket fired from the ship, and she was at once surrounded by a flotilla of tugs and excursion boats, which accompanied her some distance down, giving forth a deafening chorus from their steam whistles, and which no doubt prevented the soldiers hearing the lusty cheers poured out from thousands of throats along the wharves. In the bright January twilight the good ship *Pomeranian*, gayly decked with flags and firing rockets and bombs at frequent intervals, left her consorts and Canada behind, and smartly steamed out into the Atlantic and out of sight with the "Gift of the West" on board.

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DRAWN BY ARTHUR HEMING.

A GRIZZLY BEAR.

THE BIG GAME OF CANADA.

V.—BEAR, COUGAR AND WOLVES.

THE Dominion is not by any means a country abounding in ferocious animals. We have bears, wolves and mountain lions, but with the exception of one species of the former, none of them offer any serious resistance to an intruder on their solitude. Very often, after reading some of the thrilling bear stories of the daily press, I have felt pity for the poor fellows who had to write them as a means of subsistence. It must be desperately hard to manufacture a really good, blood-curdling yarn, such as, for instance, those that the Sunday *Sun*, of New York City, has served up to its readers with undeviating punctuality once a week, for the past twenty-five years, with the common black bear as a central figure. It speaks volumes for the industry, perseverance and trained imaginations of the gentlemen who supply these "Sunday fillers," that they have been able to continue so long in harness without becoming inmates of an asylum for the weak-minded. Had nature but decreed that some species of really dangerous game should have its habitat in North America, one can see how enormously it would have lightened their labours.

But unfortunately our black bear is just about as dangerous as a Berkshire piggy, which, indeed, he somewhat resembles in his habits and tastes.

The first one I ever saw outside a zoo, almost walked into my camp one fine July morning at the Pabineau Falls of the Nipisiguit, in New Brunswick. I had just gone down to the famous Flat Rock pool, and was looping a small Silver Doctor fly to my cast, when the Indian by my side gave a low whistle and sunk down beside a boulder. I looked up and there was a fair sized bear, rather ragged in his summer coat, ambling a-down a slop-

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ing slab-rock face just across the river. He did not see us, and smell us he could not, on account of the direction of the wind; so I stood quite still not fifty yards away, as unable to stop him as he was to harm me—for I had no weapon. Master Bruin seemed playful, and frisked about most good-humouredly. Once he came down to the edge of the stream as if to cross, but the current would have swept him to death in a second and he evidently knew it. We lost twenty minutes of the best fishing hour of the day watching him, before a yell sent him flying back to the shelter of the forest.

A year or two later I met a couple of bears on a lonely Mirimichi road, and was delighted that they cleared off as I had nothing but a fishing rod in hand. With the exception of a couple of trapped bears I never succeeded in getting any in the Lower Provinces, though there are plenty and some 800 or so are trapped each year. The peculiarly dense forest growth gives the animals too much in the way of odds. A good many have, however, been shot on the upper Nipisiguit, where there is a great stretch of burnt, granite country, covered with blueberry bushes, the fruit of which attract the bears in August and September. Unfortunately a bear-skin is of very little use until the middle of the latter month at the earliest, so it is almost a pity to kill them before that time.

Black bears abound in every Province and territory of the Dominion, from Nova Scotia to British Columbia, with the exception, of course, of parts of Saskatchewan and Alberta, where the open plains repel every forest-loving animal. It is on the Pacific coast, in the passes and fiords of the Coast Range that Ursus Americana reaches the summit of his prosperity. In the dense forests clothing the flanks of that mighty range, the black bear is exceedingly abundant, and, strange to relate, it is there that his weight is greatest, and his pelt the most glossy and luxuriant. The fur on most animals becomes richer and more valuable in direct proportion to the winter cold to which they are exposed, but the black bear seems an exception, for his coat is at its best in a wet and comparatively mild climate.

I think a man who stuck closely to business might bag a dozen bears every autumn in the Coast Range. When the dog-salmon are running, and the streams and their tributaries choked with fish, while the shores are odoriferous through wind-rows of decaying salmon, the bears live by the water side and gorge themselves with the putrid remains. I have had six chances in one afternoon, bagging two and wounding another. The best way is to ascend the stream by canoe as far as desirable, and then to drift slowly down with a good Siwash in the stern, the sportsman making himself comfortable in the bow with his rifle ready for a snap shot.

A few years ago the closet naturalists asserted that there were but three or at most four species of bear in North America. Now I believe they have gone to the other extreme, and are prepared to welcome with open arms half a dozen new species. Hunters have all along maintained that there were several additional species which could be added to the grizzly, black and polar, recognized by science. They speak of cinnamon and silver tips, Ranger bears, and many another variety and species; but, be this as it may, it is known that there are great differences in temper, appearance and habit among bears. Without wishing to detract from the ferocious reputation of the grizzly by one iota, I must confess that I am by no means convinced that we ever had in Canada those imposingly large and particularly savage animals that, according to our American cousins, once roamed in large numbers through their west. Even granting that such animals flourished, nay that they still exist, it is probable that the animal never attained its greatest vigour in our more northern latitudes. The creature known as a grizzly in British Columbia is a large, sufficiently savage bear, but it certainly does not weigh 2,000 pounds, nor does it charge a man or pack-train

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at sight. If wounded our grizzly may be an ugly customer, and a she-bear with cubs is always worthy of respect, but otherwise the grizzly is not a very terrible animal. I was present when one was shot in the Selkirks, in the Lardeau district, and when weighed on an ore scale it only tipped the beam at 560 pounds. Yet while not one of the largest of its species, all the local hunters seemed to consider it by no means a small one.

The cinnamon is now believed to be a cross between the grizzly and the black, at least it is not known to occur unless the range carries each of those species. It has a great reputation for ferocity, and together with its running mate the silver tip, furnishes the *pièce de resistance* of many a bar-room story. The cinnamon, in size and colour, is certainly just what might be expected as the result of a cross between the grizzly and black bear, but its temper is said to be worse than that of either.

There is a very large brown bear found in parts of the Yukon territory, of which the Indians stand greatly in dread. Its western range extends far into the United States territory, some gigantic specimens having been secured on Kadiac Island. It is undoubtedly a most formidable animal, and possibly as savage as it is big, but uncommonly little is known of its habits.

An old friend of mine, who passed all the best years of his life in the Hudson's Bay service, told me of a very large brown bear that inhabits northern Labrador. When in charge of the post at Ungava he traded many of its skins, and they had sold at the annual fur sales of the company in London as grizzlies. It would appear as though this may be the same species as is found in the Yukon, although I am not aware that any similar animal has been reported from the intervening country. It might well be, however, that wanderers found their way through the barrens at some time or other, and finding northern Labrador sufficiently cold and desolate to be enjoyable, remained there and multiplied.

The polar bear is an old friend, although few of us have met him in the flesh. We all remember in the days of our boyhood how jolly it was to hunt him all through the long winter evenings in the books on Arctic travel. The old worthies seem to have found him a difficult customer to tackle with boarding-pikes and muskets, but Mr. Jackson, during his winter in Franz Joseph Land discovered that the .303 laid them out unfailingly. Nansen did as well with a Mauser, hence the polar bear is by no means the terrible animal we were led to believe in the days of our confiding youth. So it goes; each year sees some old idol shattered, some cherished belief shown to be a myth.

Our Canadian wolves are unworthy to rank beside the Loup Garou of the French, or even the milder old-woman-and-children eater of Germany and Scandinavia. I have not been able to substantiate any of the many yarns with which my lumbermen friends have enlivened the long evenings I have passed in their shanties. If there is any place in the Dominion where wolves should have dined on Canadian flesh, it is in the region adjacent to Lake Winnipeg, for there the grey timber wolf is really fairly numerous, and there are some Icelander settlers who would probably offer but a feeble resistance. But if any person has evidence that any of the said settlers were ever turned into wolf-meat I should like to have it.

The grey timber wolf will kill stock, deer, poultry and dogs, but is not dangerous to mankind. A few roam in the Lake of the Woods country, and a very large one was poisoned by a trapper near Dynent station on the C.P.R. last spring. It was, however, the first that had been secured for a long time.

The common wolf of the west is the cayote, or prairie wolf. It is a miserable brute, capable of much mischief, but without a vestige of pluck. There is no fun in shooting it, though there is a great deal of merit in the act, as the cayote is one of the trials of the rancher's life; it gives excellent sport,

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however, when coursed by good deerhounds, or to a scratch pack of foxhounds, such as hunt the country about Moosomin, N.W.T. On many of the ranches in Assiniboia and Alberta there are capital Scotch deerhounds, and it is glorious sport to follow them on a good pony, with a cayote leading a lively chase over the plain. As a rule, two good dogs will let but few wolves get away, though a cayote can leave an ordinary one with ease.

In the extreme north grey wolves are said to be numerous. The barren lands swarm with them, the great herds of caribou and musk oxen affording a living. When they have seen but little of man they are much bolder than further south, and Tyrrell mentions an instance of their daring, which would seem incredible to those who know the wolf only in more southern regions. During the winter of 1898, the cold in Manitoba was more extreme, and of longer duration than usual, and the cayote became desperate from hunger. They were then quite a scourge in parts of the province, and were seen daily in the outskirts of Winnipeg. They were known to lie in wait for small dogs trotting behind the farmers sleighs, and to dash out and snap them up before their owners could interfere. At such times the brutes became exceedingly adroit in luring small curs away from the farm house, when they fall victims to a general onslaught by the pack, most of which remained in hiding while the dog was being decoyed away. The best that may be said of the cayote is that his skin makes a pretty mat.

With the exception of the two lynxes, the Canada and Bay, our only representative of the felidæ is the cougar, or mountain lion. This is another skulking brute, and notwithstanding its name and appearance, as rank a coward as anything on four legs. It is most abundant in British Columbia, more especially on Vancouver Island. On the mainland it is very sparingly distributed, but is occasionly shot. In the neighbourhood of Victoria the climate and dense forest growth are favourable to the animal's habits and requirements. One was shot a few years ago by a sentry on duty at Esquimalt, and several have been killed by men out for a day at the pheasants. They are death on small dogs, poultry, sheep and calves, but do not attack human beings, at least they do not do so in Canada.

No one ever thinks of going off

DRAWN BY ARTHUR HEMING.

A BLACK BEAR.

cougar hunting in British Columbia, because it would be more profitable to hunt for a needle in a hayrick; the odds against meeting the brute in the island jungles would be long, and there are so many more profitable ways of passing the time in that pleasant land by the Pacific.

The cougar is more of a United States animal than a Britisher. In Washington Territory, Idaho, Montana, Wyoming, Utah and New Mexico, they have far more of these animals than we ever had, and I need hardly add they are welcome to all the fun they are able to extract from these great

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cowardly cats. We of the Dominion have a sufficiently long list of glorious game animals, without worrying after a scarcity of cougars.

With this animal I have come to the end of the list, with the exception of the sheep and the goat, which will be dealt with in another article, and I venture to forestall criticism by pointing to the vastness of the subject. Although I have spent a good deal of time, energy and money in getting at Canadian big game, and have been over an immense area of country, yet no one realizes better than I do that the half has not yet been told. There are regions as large as the British Isles in which the rifle of the sportsman has never cracked; there are ranges, as yet almost untrodden, that must carry many a record head; and although civilization is making great strides in the west, I hope that common-sense laws will ensure a supply of game for our children's children.

There can be no finer training for the manhood of a nation than the pursuit of big game, rifle in hand. A man used to judging distance and to shooting at moving objects is already half a soldier, and should the day ever come when Canada needs men to repel the invader, she will always find them among her frontiersmen, trappers, lumberers, miners and sportsmen, for they have been taught in a grand school. Therefore let our statesmen see to it that our big game is not sacrificed, for it would be a thousand pities were one of the great incentives to skill with the rifle to cease to exist.

To be Continued.

A CANADIAN OF THE MUTINY.

By Prof. A. MacMechan of Dalhousie College.

THE year the native army of Bengal refused to bite the greased cartridges dates, perhaps, the blackest page in British annals. In spite of the heroism that gilds the shadows, '57 will ever remain a year of mourning and lamentation and woe. Stevenson thought the glory and sorrow of it almost too much to ponder over; and to fathom his meaning one has only to read in a father's letter, "My little Polly, how could anyone have the heart to kill her!" or to look in the face of a man whose kindred lie in the well at Cawnpore. If one reads the account of what kind-hearted surgeon Munro and private Forbes-Mitchell, of the 93rd, saw in the blood-stained "Muchee Bawn," the wonder will be that the vengeance of the English left a native alive in all India.

Though Canada was not then one country, and though she was not then bound to the mother-land by such close ties as she is at this day, she, too, had her part in the sorrow and the glory of that tragic year. On the Grand Parade at Halifax, the regiments in garrison volunteered for service in India to a man; and one of the last public days of solemn fast observed in Nova Scotia, was held in grief and humiliation for the victims of the massacres. One of the bequests of the war to a Canadian mother was a little packet containing two letters, endorsed in a lady's fine hand, "Last letter but one," and "Last letter of my poor boy." These two letters were written by a boy from Quebec in the camp before Delhi, and tell a story worth noting.

The history of the mutiny revolves about three cities in the very heart of India, not far one from the other:—Cawnpore, the city of massacre, whose very name seems to suggest some obscene, cruel monster; Lucknow, the

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city of heroic defence, in which also Canada has her part; and Delhi, the city of heroic assault. This stronghold of Mogul power was the centre of the storm. Hither all the mutinous regiments headed, as by instinct. Once fallen, the rebellion was at an end. To call the British operations before it a siege is a misuse of terms almost farcical. The forces available could not really invest the city; they simply clung to their works along the ridge, through that fearful summer, until the genius and will of two subordinate officers forced their commander to accept a plan of attack, which proved successful, and *might* have won the city weeks before.

Our Canadian, James Hill Bradshaw, joined his regiment, the famous 52nd, in February, 1856, as Ensign, and bought his step as Lieutenant the same year. When the mutiny broke out he was on sick leave in the Hills, but hastened back to the colours, marched with his regiment into the camp before Delhi, on August 14th, and was killed in the general assault, exactly one month later.

His first letter, dated August 27th, he opens with an apology for not writing before. "What with long marches and duty coming round so fast, there is not a great deal of time for anything"; surely an adequate excuse. "We arrived here about fifteen days ago and found everything remarkably quiet; nothing but picquet duty going on, and no end of that." At Umballa I found myself on treasure guard, though I had fancied we would have left it all there" (the treasure amounted to nine lacs of rupees); "but instead of that we got £10,000 more, so that I was stuck in a guard-room all day and then we marched at 2 o'clock a.m., and I was not to be relieved until we came into the next camp." Umballa was deserted and there was nothing to see in it. "The road got so bad that, though we had only eleven miles, it took us nearly twelve hours to get the treasure and ammunition into camp. We halted for a day three marches from this, and though more than thirty miles from here, we could hear the booming of the guns quite plainly, and on the day we marched in I never smelt anything like the stench of the dead bodies for the last six miles. On all sides of us we could see traces of the havoc that had been committed and dead camels and oxen and horses all along the road. But we got into camp at last with our own and the 61st bands playing us in; and then the old Colonel of the 60th came out to meet us and insisted on all of us going over to their mess tent for breakfast." It was a very jolly breakfast, for Bradshaw met old friends, and the Rifles have a reputation for hospitality to sustain; noon came before the end of that breakfast.

To the great delight of the 52nd, they were brigaded with the 60th and the Ghoorkhas. The young officers were "in and out of each other's tents all day," and went, apparently in a party, as an afterpiece to the breakfast, to visit the various batteries. "All the next day I was knocking about among the 75th and 61st regiments, seeing old Chatham friends and talking over all that had happened since we had last met." Bradshaw was much impressed with the Ghoorkhas, whom he describes as "a race of men who come from the Hills, and are very short, very strong and very ugly and fight like fiends." They "are considered the most plucky and best fighters here and are very fierce in their hatred of *Pandy*."

These were the days when the British soldier held that there was only one regiment in the service—his own, an opinion which an officer of the 52nd had good grounds for holding. "The 60th got the credit of being the best regiment here before we came, and the Ghoorkhas asked to be brigaded with them, as they said they were the only regiment here who knew how to skirmish properly, but they have not seen us at it yet, and as we have had the credit of being the best drilled light infantry regiment in India, I think we will get them to say as much for us, too. They are such jolly little fellows, and so sharp and active. The other

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day one of the 60th sergeants got a bag of 50 rupees off a Pandy whom he had shot, and held it up to show his comrades what he had got, and while he was holding it up to be seen, a little Ghoorkha slipped up behind him, snatched the bag out of his hand and bolted over a wall with it. Before the other fellow had recovered from his astonishment, Master Ghoorkha was in the thick of the row again."

The tone of the letter does not indicate that the writer perceives the magnitude of the crisis, or else he studiously conceals the danger and terror of it from the dear home people. Statements which might alarm are modified and slipped in as a sort of aside. Simpson, poor fellow, is wounded by a spent ball, "just after he had left me, when I relieved him at the Crow's Nest," but "he is nearly well now." The 60th have only 200 effective men now out of the 500 who marched into camp two months ago, "but then they have had all the hard work as yet." It is at the Crow's Nest that our Quebecker comes under fire for the first time. His account of his experience is engagingly frank.

"I fancied I would not like picquet duty on account of the bullets and round shot and shell continually flying about, but before I had been two minutes in the Crow's Nest, I did not mind the whistling of the bullets at all. And then Pandy always fires so high, that if anyone is hit, it is quite by mistake, and he may be sure the bullet never was intended for him," which must have been a soothing sort of plaster for a gunshot wound. "The niggers have plenty of cover in front of the Crow's Nest, where they can pepper away at us without being seen, and sometimes the bullets come flying over the breast-work of the Crow's Nest by volleys. And if they even took a very bad aim they ought to hit some of us, as the breast-work is not above my waist, but somehow or other they don't. Then we have capital chances for practising with the Enfield rifle at long ranges. I have managed to tumble over two fellows though I killed neither. I did not run any risk, as I sat down quietly on a stone in the battery, with my rifle resting on the breastwork, and caught my men while rushing across a gap in a wall."

To reassure his correspondent further, he explains what constitutes "a close shave." "I had one or two close shaves up in the Crow's Nest, and yet I hardly think they deserve to be classed as such, as none of the balls touched me. One passed across my chest, and struck a piece of rock not four feet off, and another came in through the door of the tent, and I felt the wind of it as it passed over my face while lying on my bed in the tent, and then it went into the ground about three feet from me, but," he adds, consolingly, "it must have been spent or it would have gone further."

The incident of which Mrs. Steele makes so much in her tale of the mutiny, receives confirmation from Bradshaw's unpretending narrative. "I nearly forgot to tell you about a lady who made her escape from the city the other day. One of our Afghan spies managed to get her out of the city, and, as they were going along they were seen, and one of the men (for there were two with her) was shot. Then she and the other had to crawl along on their hands and knees under cover of the bushes till they came up to our picquet at the Subzee Mundao, where Bailey, of ours, sent her into camp in a dooley. She gave a frightful account of the massacre in the city, and had her own three little children killed before her eyes. The youngest was shot in her arms, and the bullet, after passing through the body of the child, wounded her also. Another child had its throat cut so as almost to sever the head from the body, and the third poor little thing had its mouth cut across from ear to ear, and lived for six or seven hours afterwards. I heard her tell it myself when she was brought in, and she says there are still about twenty European women in the city. Perhaps our fellows won't pay the niggers off when they get into the city! All I'm afraid of is they will kill the

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women and children, but I hope for the name of a British soldier, they won't disgrace themselves so."

Through all these horrors—the burning Indian summer, disease, battles, wounds, death—when it looked as if the siege must fail through sheer lack of men to carry it on, so swiftly did the regiments dwindle, these mad English must have their games and their amusement. The possibility for failure does not, however, occur to our young officer; he writes with calm confidence of the time when they shall get into the city. Meanwhile there is a daily routine. "We generally get two days on picquet, and two in camp, during which we have pony races and play cricket, etc., and the band of some regiment plays almost every evening in front of the General's tent, to which if we go we are obliged to wear our Charkie Rung uniform and forage caps. It is very jolly, and the circle we meet there is, *of course*, very select, but then there is one drawback—there are no young ladies, so that it does not present the same amount of attraction by any means as a band day in Quebec." They have no "jolly rides" either, and their horses have so little to do, and are getting so fresh that Bradshaw is glad he has only one to look after.

During the affair of Nujufghur, of August 25th, Bradshaw was on duty at the Mosque, and tells merely what he saw of this brilliant episode. The mutineers tried to cut off the siege-train, but Nicholson checkmated them. The heavy guns came in, breached the walls, and made the daring capture possible. From the Mosque, Bradshaw had a good view of the skirmish on the 26th, and helped to disperse the reinforcements hurried from the city to aid the "bies (or brothers as they call them)." At this post the rich, tropical moonlight makes him think of the dear ones, "over the sea the thousand miles," and the old home he was never to look upon again. "I had a capital two days of it, and then at night it was such beautiful moonlight that it reminded me of moonlight nights in winter at home so much that I sat up on the edge of the roof for a couple of hours before going to bed, quietly thinking to myself." It must have been a sight well worth spending two hours over, but there is a great difference between moonlight on the Canadian snows, on the roofs and spires of Quebec, and moonlight on the domes and towers, and long red wall of Delhi, the difference between peace and war. The night brings counsel to the young soldier, and he tells his mother the thoughts that come to him. They concern the two only, and must not be written down here.

In his off-hand way he gives us a glimpse of life at this particular post, which could be ill-spared. "There were six of us on the Mosque picquet together, and all had our beds in one little room, which just left a passage between the feet of our beds, which were ranged three and three on each side of the room. I had the head of my bed just at a hole where a corner of the building had been carried away by a round-shot. And so I had plenty of fresh air and slept like a trooper, as I always do. We had a very jolly time of it for the two days we were there."

This long despatch, written in the fine, sloping hand of the time and carefully "crossed" to save weight, ends with the casual mention of some facts which must have impaired somewhat the cheerful impression which the writer tries to create; for it is not worth while sending doleful letters all the way from Delhi to Quebec. He tells of the coming of the siege-train, and "supposes" that another fortnight will see them inside of Delhi. There is no doubt in his mind as to the final result. Then, queerly enough, he tells the high prices that a dead officer's belongings fetch, and adds that there is a good deal of cholera in camp, "but latterly more fever." But unimportant details of this kind may very well be crowded into the tail-end of a letter home, simply to fill up. Among the messages to friends, and the cheerful account of his "jolly times," such trifles will hardly be noticed.

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THE WOMEN OF ST. HONORIA'S.

*By John McCrae.**

THE *Servia* was lying at anchor in the Mersey one bright May morning, and a hundred passengers who had risen sufficiently early were watching the tender approach the vessel's side. Mrs. Agnes Creighton, who was so young, and so little like a widow, that her vis-a-vis at table had always called her Miss Creighton, was leaning over the rail, wondering which of the tender's passengers was Billy Creighton, her late husband's brother, whom she had never seen. He was, she knew, a lecturer in the College of St. Honoria, whither he had gone after leaving Oxford. St. Honoria's, she had concluded, was an abode of blue stockings, and she was by no means free from apprehensions that her brother-in-law might be old—that is, moderately old—and musty.

"I hope it's not that horrid old man with the long whiskers," said she to herself, with a shrug of her shapely shoulders. "But it may be!" But her fears were groundless, for Creighton was a clean-looking man of thirty, who was at this moment catechizing an obliging steward.

"I think Mrs. Creighton's the lady with her arm around the stanchion. I'm not sure!" said the man of buttons. "Pardon me," said he, as he went up to her, "but I am looking. Could you tell me if there is a Mrs. Creighton on board—a widow?"

"There is," she answered with a smile. "But you need not proclaim the fact that she is a widow. She mightn't like it. But are you Mr. Billy Creighton, my new brother?"

"Yes," cried Billy, eagerly seizing her hand. "I was afraid I might miss you. Can you come ashore at once?"

"Yes, as soon as I get my handbag."

While she was below, Creighton amused himself by listening to the conversation of two very youthful passengers, who had climbed up on the rail to inspect the tender's deck. A natty dragoon who was on board caught their eyes.

"Look at the soldier," shouted the younger, in glee.

"That ain't a soldier," retorted the six-year-old gravity at his side. "That's a policeman!"

"Then where's his club?"

This was a poser, but the youthful instructor was not floored. "He don't need one. He's got spurs."

The younger mouth was an unconscious interrogation mark. "Why, don't you see," pursued the wise-acre, "if he was ketchin' a burglar, and the burglar'd climb a tree, he'd just climb up after him with his spurs."

The younger boy's jaw fairly dropped; this was as realistic as a bear story.

"An' if the burglar'd try to kill 'm," went on the youthful Munchausen, "he'd just jab him with his spurs—jab 'em dead!"

At this moment Mrs. Creighton arrived. "I'm ready!" said she. "Good-bye, boys!"

"Are you going away with that man?" quoth the younger, with a point of his finger at Creighton. "What are you going with him for? Do you like him? Are you going with him because——"

"Good-bye," said she, laughing. "I'd better not commit myself."

The same evening they found themselves at Honorton, a Devon town, which owed its name to the College, or to the College's patron saint; Mrs. Creighton was domiciled in the same house as her brother-in-law, who, however, lived most of his time at his

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rooms in the College. Agnes Creighton's widowhood found her without a near relative in America, and she had gladly accepted the invitation to spend, at least, a couple of years in England. For the next two months her life was delightfully novel. She met most of the professors and many of the undergraduates, and was almost constantly in the companionship of Creighton and his colleague Watson, until at last these two wondered how they could have so enjoyed their walks before she came. Watson, be it said, was much like Creighton in age and manner, but had been elevated in the minds of his fair students to an ideal plane; and this was not entirely undeserved, for his scholarship had been proven in the writing of an abstruse work relating to Greek syntax. He had sufficient sense to dislike this adulation, for he knew that many of his students were but impressionable girls, who respected his opinion to the utmost, and eagerly seized upon his beliefs on any subject whatever for incorporation in their own creeds.

"Some have greatness thrust upon them," quoted Creighton.

"Confound it all!" growled Watson. "I think I had better adopt some vices to stave off this growing popularity. Seriously, old man, do you think if I took to chewing tobacco they would drop me?"

"You might try," said Creighton, gravely.

"Because it's too much of a good thing. Miss Boxham came to me yesterday, wanting to know the significance of some particle or other in Homer. It wasn't my line, but I said that I believed it had none whatever. Miss Lee asked me to find her the best work on the use of the quarter-arch in Corinthian architecture. I had never heard of a quarter-arch, and said so. Then Miss Winter"—Miss Winter was the matron and general supervisor of the welfare of the undergraduates—"thanked me for my exposition of the Persian deities; said it had wonderfully enlightened some questions that had perplexed her regarding the Trinity; said I had a broad soul. Humph!" Watson concluded, with a dissatisfied grunt.

"They are a strange combination," said Creighton. "Take them individually, they are the pick of womankind, but collectively, they are the very—deuce! 'The girls' say this, and 'the girls' think that. They are not very fond of me. But Agnes seems to get on well with them, and perhaps they'll take me to their favour on her account. Let's go and get Miss Rodney and her and go for a walk!"

These walks had been almost of daily occurrence, and thanks to them, as well as to a year's previous acquaintance, Creighton had come to know Maud Rodney very well indeed. On this occasion they sauntered slowly behind the other two, across the trim meadow that lay behind St. Honoria's and stretched up to the top of the slope, at the foot of which, a mile distant, lay Honorton.

"Suppose we go up to the fountain," said he. She acquiesced, and they walked slowly up the slope, nearly to the edge of the wood, where some kind soul had built little marble steps around a spring. Miss Rodney sat down on the last step, and busily dug holes with her parasol in the soft mould. This particular afternoon she had little to say, but Creighton had less.

"Why are you so quiet, Mr. Creighton?"

"I don't know. Just thinking!"

"About what?"

"You, if you must know."

"I am flattered. No, I don't mean that—flattered is an empty word. I mean—well, but what about me?"

"I was thinking of the many pleasant times I had spent with you."

"You have not enjoyed them more than I, I am sure," said she. "And I hope we shall have many more."

"Not many more," said Creighton, with a quiet smile.

"Why?" said she, apprehensively. "Are you going away, or something like that?"

"Yes," he said. "Things are not quite as rosy as they might be, and I

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am going to clear out. I haven't told anyone about it yet!"

"I am glad you regard me so much a friend, Mr. Creighton, that you tell me first; even if it is something I shall not be glad to hear. But I hope it isn't!"

Creighton said nothing.

"I don't want to be curious," she said. "But you seem bothered about something. Can't I help you?"

"I'm bothered about Agnes," he said, somewhat diffidently. "You see, I'm almost the only relation she's got, and I expect to have to leave St. Honoria's soon."

Miss Rodney looked surprised.

"For good?"

"Yes, for good!"

"And—and will you take her with you?"

"That's just it. I can't—and I would like to see her with a home."

Miss Rodney spoke after a long pause. "But is it certain that you go? Have you decided?"

"I'm giving this in confidence! I hate to make a fuss about it, but I am promised only a couple of months——"

"A couple of months! What do you mean by that?" said she, with a puzzled expression.

"A couple of months longer to live, that's all!"

The girl was looking away at the horizon, as if she scarcely had heard what she said. He thought even at that minute that he had never seen a handsomer girl.

"Is that true?" said she suddenly.

"True as—well, as true as anything I ever say," he replied, with a careless little laugh.

"But I would not dare," he went on, "to involve any woman's happiness in my own misery, or trouble rather. I don't think a man should ask a woman to share his troubles when he hasn't any joys for her to share! But it's getting late. Let us go!"

Miss Rodney made no movement, but continued to dig in the earth with her parasol. Then she said without looking up, "I think you ought to tell her that!"

"Tell whom?"

"Agnes! Mrs. Creighton!"

"It is not Agnes. It's you!"

Miss Rodney gave a little gasp and turned to him. "Oh, Billy!"

It was not what she said, but it must have been the way she looked, for Creighton picked up her hand and kissed the tips of her fingers. It was the only familiarity he ever permitted himself with the woman who loved him, and when he said goodbye to her for the last time he did no more.

Two days later Watson was sitting at the window that looked out of his room across the meadows, enjoying the comfort of a smoke; it was late twilight, and he had not yet lighted his study lamp, when a knock came to the door and Creighton entered. The host pointed silently to the tobacco-jar.

"No, thank you, I'll not smoke just now. Hullo, what's this?" said he scrutinizing a card he had just picked up from the floor. "C. & D. 1604. Feb. 8. What's that mean?"

"C. & D. means Chatham and Dover, I expect," said Watson through the smoke.

"I expect not, my friend," retorted Creighton. "Now, *my* translation would be Carey and Doppelstein, Pawnbrokers. 1604—reference number of watch or other article. Feb. 8th—date of incarceration of the same. What is it now? Your overcoat?"

"I think poor old Dawson must have dropped that when he was in—he wanted the usual half-crown, and as usual I reviled him."

"And ended up by giving it him, I'll wager," said Creighton.

"Well, yes, I did," Watson admitted. "I thought it was worth it to bullrag him."

"Poor old Dawson is pretty far through," soliloquized Creighton. Then he added abruptly, "And Agnes is in the same caravan!"

"Don't joke that way, Billy, for goodness' sake," said Watson, with a sober look coming over his face as he spoke. "What do you mean?"

"By gad, I wish I *were* joking!" said Creighton, with a bitter smile.

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"I'm very serious these days. This is on your strictest honour, and because I believe you have done her the honour of asking her to marry you. She is a drunkard!"

Watson's pipe went out between his lips, and he pulled himself up in his chair until he sat bolt upright.

"*Where* did you get that information?"

"It's too true. I saw it."

"I won't believe it."

"I wish I had been in my grave before I needed to believe it," said Creighton, miserably.

"I *won't* believe it, Billy," said Watson decisively.

"Then don't!" said the other, with a shade of temper. "Will you take Granton's word for it? He was with me when we brought her from old Mrs. Bolton's tipsy. I've no doubt it was that cursed old hag with her genteel swilling that did it." And Creighton finished with an oath.

"I never knew Granton say anything I couldn't believe," said Watson despairingly.

"Then take his word for another fact. I'm on my last string."

"When did he say that?"

"Two days ago."

Watson was staggered; he did not know what to say Creighton reached out for a pipe and the tobacco-jar. "I'll have a smoke. That's all the bad news I've got, I think. No, it isn't either. You see, this happened at Bilton's"—and Creighton dropped into a sing-song tone, which sounded as if he were a reader, utterly careless of his meaning—"and as we were getting her into a cab three of the students and Miss Winter came along, so it's all up for a scandal. They may not have known her, but they saw me, and they cut me dead, too; there is some chance that they did not know Agnes, but none for me. Jack," said he, laying his hand on Watson's, "will you stick by her in this—I mean, keep it quiet?"

"You can count on me, old fellow, at any time or for anything," said Watson, eagerly.

The two sat silent for some minutes. Watson broke the silence. "When did Granton tell you this—about yourself?"

"To-day. You know I've been operated upon twice already, but it's all up this time."

"What are you going to do?"

"Do? Why, I'm going to grind on as usual, just the same as if I expected to reach four-score," said Creighton, cheerfully. "Before this happened—about Agnes, I mean—I had decided to put in my resignation in the College. I can't tell them now about my health. They will likely raise a fuss about me, and then they'll think I resign on that account. Well, let them! I don't care much."

The same evening there was a meeting of the Women's Board of Control, composed of the matron, Miss Winter, the two women lecturers of the College, and six student representatives. After the disposal of other business, poor Creighton's unfortunate circumstances (as fully observed by Miss Winter and the three students) were laid before the meeting. Miss Winter spoke at some length very effectively.

"You must recognize," said she, in closing, "that you are in a sense your own guardians, and you cannot be too careful of any imputation creeping in upon your good name, and the good name of St. Honoria's. To allow yourselves to be taught any longer by one who has shown how little he values his true manhood, who has no more respect for his good name than to be seen in the streets in the company of a drunken woman (to her shame and to his everlasting disgrace be it said), to allow this, I say, would be to compromise that good name which the women of St. Honoria's prize above all things, and which they will maintain at all costs."

She was rapturously applauded, and as an outcome of the meeting, a deputation, consisting of Miss Winter and Miss Easton (one of the lecturers), was appointed to wait upon Professor Watson that he might use his influence with Mr. Creighton to procure from the latter a fit explanation or his resignation; failing this, the same deputation

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should wait upon the Provost and demand prompt action.

Late the next afternoon the deputation knocked at Watson's study-door. "Come in!" he shouted in his business voice. Seeing his visitors, he rose. "Oh, Miss Winter, let me offer you a chair. Good afternoon, Miss Easton. Beautiful day!" It was drizzling outside, but Watson was too much troubled to notice. He suspected the errand, but said nothing.

"Professor Watson, we have come to represent the College!" Watson looked blankly innocent and waited. Miss Winter evidently expected some assistance from him, but got none; he sat with elevated eyebrows and joined finger-tips and said nothing.

"The truth is," she went on, "certain circumstances which have been forced, I say, forced upon public notice, have compelled us—in fact, a certain member of our faculty—is, we think, not a fit person to remain so any longer."

Miss Easton nodded her head in acquiescence.

"And who is this?" asked Watson, quietly. A long pause ensued, which he did not offer to break; he enjoyed, in a savage way, Miss Winter's uneasiness. The silence was growing very awkward. "Who is this?" repeated Watson, more sharply.

Miss Winter was visibly embarrassed, but said hesitatingly. "It is Mr. Creighton!"

"Are your reasons forthcoming?" he pursued, quietly.

The matron looked embarrassed and was about to stammer out some reply when Miss Easton took up the cudgels.

"The fact is, Professor Watson, Mr. Creighton was seen under circumstances which show him to be devoid of those qualities we require in our instructors—those qualities, Professor Watson, of which you yourself have always, we think, been a true exponent!"

The compliment was ill-timed; Watson closed a drawer at his side with a vicious bang, which ought to have warned Miss Easton, but did not.

"To speak further is unnecessary," said she.

"Pardon me. It is very necessary. Go on, please."

"Then plainly, Professor Watson," chimed Miss Winter, who had recovered herself, "I myself, as well as others, saw Mr. Creighton in a carriage with a drunken woman."

"There may be some good explanation."

"We have asked Mr. Creighton; at least, we have given him time to explain, but he has not taken advantage of the opportunity. Besides, no explanation can conceal the fact. I do not speak in rancour, but the ladies feel that their honour is concerned, and will no longer suffer themselves to receive instruction from such a man. I voice the sentiments of all."

"All?"

"Almost all.

"And what steps do you propose to take?"

"If Mr. Creighton does not, through your advice or his own good sense, choose to explain or resign, we must present the case to the Provost."

"I advise you not to," said Watson, savagely.

"Do you mean——"

"I mean that if my word goes for anything, if you take my advice you will do nothing and say less."

"Your advice for ourselves is superfluous," said Miss Winter, cuttingly. "It was merely kindness for Mr. Creighton brought us to you at all."

"I sincerely beg your pardon, Miss Winter," said Watson penitently. "But the explanation—he cannot make. Be content to say nothing. It will never happen again. Please do nothing of all this," he almost entreated.

"If you take any such sudden and severe measures, St. Honoria's will have cause to regret it some day."

Miss Winter rose to close the debate. "That is scarcely our concern, Professor Watson. If I do not hear from you or Mr. Creighton to-morrow at four, we must proceed with our message to the Provost. I hope we shall be spared such a painful errand."

"I cannot advise my friend's resig-

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nation, Miss Winter. Good afternoon; goodbye, Miss Easton."

Watson set out to consult Creighton, but was unable to find him, nor did he see him until after the fateful hour of four o'clock the next day. Meanwhile, however, he had written Miss Winter a note of appeal—what more could he do without compromising either Creighton or Agnes herself?—but it was of no avail, and Miss Winter, like an avenging goddess, went before the Provost and secured forever against the breath of slander the honour of St. Honoria's.

The same evening Watson made his way to the Provost's study, where he found the venerable head of St. Honoria's deep in some philosophical quagmire; they remained closeted for half an hour, at the end of which time Creighton was summoned to join them.

"Creighton," said the old man, kindly, "I am very sorry to know this. Is there any explanation you could make? Be sure I shall be very glad—nay, anxious to accept your justification.

Creighton turned red (he was white enough, usually) and shook his head negatively.

"You need not go to any trouble, sir. My resignation was in my desk before this happened. I would rather you should accept it now than have further publicity given to the affair."

The Provost, mistaking his motives, nodded his head; Watson broke in—"I know the facts, sir! Don't accept it. That will make it worse. I give you my word of honour it's all right, and ——" He stopped in response to a look from Creighton.

"Have you anything in view, Creighton?"

"No, sir, not immediately."

"But perhaps you may obtain something permanent shortly."

"Yes, sir," said Creighton, with a grim smile, "I expect a permanent situation very shortly."

"Ah, that's good," said the Provost, briskly. "Then it will be better," turning to Watson, "just to accept his resignation. It will avoid trouble. Look in again, Creighton, before you go," he said, as he bowed them out.

Arm in arm they went to Creighton's lodgings, where Watson turned to go away, but the other detained him.

"You must come in."

No sooner were they in Creighton's own sitting-room than Mrs. Creighton came in. She had been crying; and she walked straight up to Creighton, took the lapels of his coat in her two hands.

"Billy, what are you going to do with me?"

"Heaven knows, Agnes."

"Here is a letter Harry gave me before he died; he said"—here she choked, and was silent for a moment—"he said I was to give it to you if ever this happened." She released Creighton and drew from her pocket a letter which Creighton opened and read—

MY DEAREST BILLY,—I told Agnes never to give you this unless those circumstances happened, which must have happened before you read this. Billy, be as good to her as you can. I believe it is a disease, and that she is as little responsible as we ever are for our sins. I can't counsel you. God bless you and her. This is my last word.

Your brother, HARRY.

He sat down as he read it; it was like a voice from the dead. Agnes was on her knees at his feet, with her head laid on his lap, crying as if her heart would break. Watson had gone out of the door; Creighton called him and he came back slowly.

The tearful little figure sat quite still on the floor, looking up at the two men.

"Agnes," said Creighton, "Watson has told me that he has asked you to marry him. You must release him!"

"I will," sobbed the girl.

"I don't want you to, Agnes," Watson blurted out.

"I must—after this. You are just doing it to save me from an asylum or worse."

"I don't give a curse. I want you," said Watson, excitedly.

Creighton broke in.

"He is making a sacrifice for you,

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Agnes. You had better take it, in God's name, and make him the best wife you can. I would gladly keep you, Agnes, for a term of probation, but there isn't enough time left me. You both know what you are undertaking. Come away, Watson, I want to speak to you."

"Look here," said he, as they went out, "this seems to me to be the best way. You are running awful risks, but I believe, too, that you are winning a prize."

"But then about yourself, Billy. I wish you were clear of this abominable business. These girls have put their foot into things frightfully. Billy, let me explain to some of them."

"What will you explain?" said Creighton, a little testily.

"Her good name has not yet suffered, and mine doesn't matter. They'll just wag their heads and say another one has gone wrong."

"Billy, you must not let them."

"I shall."

"But," he added, in a gentler tone," it will be rather a breaker, but then they may find out some time that I wasn't quite as bad as they thought me. Then I'll be the idol instead of you."

"You are now, Billy."

"No fear," said Creighton, with a laugh. "At least if I am, the devotees are having a holiday just now for those two Boxham girls and Miss Smith cut me dead to-day."

"It's an infernal shame," growled Watson.

"But Maud Rodney sent me a box of wild violets this afternoon—and as we must take the bitter with the sweet I also got a note from the Provost to say that I need not lecture to-morrow, which I take to mean that my resignation is accepted. Look in to-night, if you are not busy," said Creighton as they parted.

When Watson came in about nightfall he found Creighton sitting over a book, though the room was fast growing dark.

"Are you busy, Billy?"

"Oh, no, just grinding up a little!" It was on Watson's lips to say "What's the use—" but he checked himself. "But it'll soon be too dark to read." "Do you know, Billy, I've just seen Agnes. She told Maud Rodney about everything. She said she would not have you in a false light in the eyes of at least one woman."

"I'm glad!" said Creighton simply.

Whatever it was he thought of, the tears began to rise in his eyes, and as if to apologise for a weakness, he turned his face to the shadowy side of the room. "Do you know, I fancy my sight has been rather going off lately," he went on disconsolately. "But then I'm nearly thirty-three—and—lots of better men have gone at twenty-three."

There was a long silence that was scarcely broken till Watson rose to go. Creighton turned again to his book, and his friend left him, with the picture in his mind of that lonely figure sitting at his work, until that time, a few days or a few weeks hence, when he must shut the book, for it will have grown too dark to read.

* * * * * *

Creighton left St. Honoria's at once, and died in that great noisy death-bed, London. On the day after his burial, Watson resigned from St. Honoria's, amid the protests of all. Miss Winter wrote him a letter beseeching him to remember his influence among them. All lauded his qualities and virtues and besought him to remain, but he would none of their praises. His closing lecture was crowded to the doors by students, expectant of eloquent allusion to his departure. His words were brief; but pointed.

"Many of you," said he, "have at times expressed the regard you have for my teachings. I pray you follow me yet a step further. Bear with me when I say—and the messsge is not so much mine, as it is Almighty God's—that mercy is often better than justice. Were you merciful—nay, were you even just to that life that has now passed alike beyond your slander or your praise? You have sadly defaced your womanhood when you thought you did it most honour."

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THE POPULARITY OF DICKENS.

By E. S. Williamson.

IN the course of his article "Literature in Canada," in the December CANADIAN MAGAZINE, Mr. Robert Barr makes the following remarkable statement—"Dickens' stock began to decline on the day of his death, and has been declining ever since." . . . "It is probably the absence of truth in the writing of Charles Dickens, all his pictures being exaggerations, and his character sketches caricatures, which accounts for his gradual decline, and which will account for the ultimate extinction of his work."

It would be interesting to know what foundation Mr. Barr has for this assertion. Unless some proof is forthcoming in support of it, his personal opinion is entitled to little weight, for Mr. Barr has not yet attained the position of an authority on literary matters. On the other hand, anyone who keeps in touch with the literature of the day has abundant evidence that at no time was a keener interest taken by the reading public in everything that has even the most remote connection with Dickens. New editions of his works are constantly being issued, and prominence is always given in the best magazines of England and America to articles concerning his life and works. We also have the published statement of Messrs. Chapman & Hall that the number of copies of *Pickwick Papers* sold by them down to 1892 totalled 800,000 copies, and that the *sale of this work in 1892 was three times as great as in 1869*, the year before the author's death. These figures, it should be remembered, comprise only copyright editions by the original publishers of Dichens' works; probably two million copies of *Pickwick* would be well within the mark.

Mr. Clement K. Shorter, in his *Victorian Literature*, published in 1897, —which volume, by the way, does not mention Mr. Barr's name—says: "It is alike interesting and convenient for my purpose that the most popular novelist of the Victorian era should have published his first great book in 1837. Dickens awoke then to abundant fame, *and his popularity has never waned for an instant during the sixty succeeding years*. . . . Dickens was the most popular writer that our literature has seen. Within twelve years after his death some four millions of his books were sold in England, and there is no reason to believe that his popularity has in any way abated. . . . The people who censure Dickens are those for whom he has served a purpose and is of no further use. They are a mere drop in the ocean of readers."

So recently as April, 1899, in *The Bookman*, we find Mr. Shorter writing as follows: "The note of the day is assuredly the revived interest in Dickens. *That Dickens is more read now than at any time since he began to write goes without saying*. There has been, however, a period of some fifteen years during which he has been depreciated by 'superior persons.' . . . But another generation has seen Dickens avenged. The middle-aged gentleman of to-day may still find Dickens vulgar, but the youth of the country is reading him as zealously as they read him in the sixties and seventies. And not merely the youth that owes its education to Mr. Foster's Act, but the youth of Oxford, the best and brightest intelligence of Young England, has lately joined the ranks of Dickens-worshippers."

This is the conclusion of Mr. Shorter—a literary authority of high rank—the value of whose opinion Mr. Barr will probably not question.

As to the charge that "Dickens' pictures are exaggerations and his

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character sketches caricatures," Mr. Barr is merely repeating an old threadbare criticism, which has been contradicted times without number by writers best fitted to pass judgment. Mr. George Gissing, for example, who has made a special study of Dickens' London, says: "On re-reading his work, I believe him to have been, what he always claimed to be, a very accurate painter of the human beings, no less than of the social conditions, he saw about him."

Mr. Barr complains that Canadians love whiskey better than books. Whether this be true or not, it is safe to assure Mr. Barr that the people of this Dominion have not yet imbibed a sufficient quantity of whiskey to accept as gospel all his unsupported statements, and when he asserts that Dickens' stock has been on the decline since the day of his death, he offers an insult to the intelligence of Canadians—drunk or sober. In the words of Mr. W. E. Henly—a critic of exceptional vigour and force—"Everybody knows his Dickens now—everybody, that is, who is worth his salt."

It may be remembered that a writer in the *Quarterly Review*, 1837, in criticizing *Pickwick* and *Sketches by Boz*, ventured to prophesy that because Dickens had "risen like a rocket" he would "come down like a stick." This was sixty-three years ago. The stick has not yet come down, and Mr. Robert Barr will scan the heavens in vain for the first sign that it is about to descend.

THE RIDERS OF THE PLAINS.*

By F. H. Turnock.

FROM the veldt to the prairie flashed the cable:
"Britain's boys are by the burghers beaten back!
"We want scouts and rough-riders who are able
"Kruger's frontiersmen to traverse and to track."
From the West, to the Empire's call replying,
Rose the answer: "To the rifle and the reins
"We are trained; and to send the Boers a-flying,
"You can count upon the Riders of the Plains."

CHORUS:

You can count upon the Riders of the Plains!
You can count upon the Riders of the Plains!
In the Empire's cause, for daring deeds undying,
You can count upon the Riders of the Plains!

From the plains, from the foot-hills, from the mountains;
From the Red unto the Belly and the Bow;
From the ranche, from the homestead—burst the fountains
Of a patriotic eagerness to go.
The Police of the prairies, true and steady;
Cowboys, trappers, scouts, and hardy pioneers;
Our Dragoons, for the conflict ever ready—
Rush in answer to the call for volunteers.

CHORUS:

Lion-bold, and as stealthy as the tiger,
Swift as eagle, and unerring as the hawk—
On the veldt, the Canadian rough-rider
Is the boy the Boer to baffle and to balk.
A new page in the grand old Empire's story,
We are writing; now we fight in its campaigns.
That this page will be blazoned o'er with glory,
You can count upon the Riders of the Plains.

CHORUS:

*This song was written for the Farewell Reception given by Winnipeg to the members of the Second Canadian Contingent.

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CURRENT EVENTS ABROAD

by W. Sanford Evans

THAT highest rank of intelligence, called genius, is far removed from all other ranks. While others plan and plod, it sees, comprehends and seizes the opportunity of the moment. It seems that at last the touch of genius has been imparted to the British campaign in South Africa. Before the advent of Lord Roberts and Lord Kitchener at the front, the campaign had become only the industrious struggling of disjointed masses of uninspired courage. Then, suddenly, movements take place simultaneously at remote points, and there is evidence of new life and common purpose. Before the anxious watchers at home have time to satisfy themselves as to the significance of these movements, they are thrilled by the news that General French, who was supposed to be near Colesburg on the south, has entered the Free State from the west, followed by two divisions of infantry, one under command of General Kelly-Kenny, who was supposed to be at Thebus, on the south. A rapid redistribution of forces has taken place. And not only so, but the British army, which before had been comparatively slow moving, and had been tied up to the lines of railway, suddenly becomes mobile in the highest degree. It circles around the Boer force, captures camps, overtakes a supply train, relieves Kimberley completely, and although Cronje passes through the lines before the investment is complete, he cannot move fast enough to escape a constant harassing. The change is startling.

A new phase of the campaign has opened, and it would be of little interest to review the details of the operations during the past month. The most important details, the organization of the transport, and the working out of the new strategy, are those upon which we have no information. General Buller's two attempts to force his way to Ladysmith from the southwest, present many features that invite comment, but until we know how far he was acting under orders merely to keep the Boers engaged, with the twofold object of preventing another attack in force on Ladysmith, and of holding as many as possible in Natal so that reinforcements could not be sent to the Free State, we are not in a position to criticize. He and his troops showed at least the full measure of the dogged courage of their race. The cheerfulness of the garrison at

MAJOR-GENERAL H. C. MACDONALD WHO SUCCEEDED MAJOR-GENERAL WAUCHOPE IN COMMAND OF THE HIGHLAND BRIGADE UNDER LORD METHUEN, AND WAS RECENTLY WOUNDED.

(Photograph loaned by Capt. H. C. McLean, Toronto.

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Ladysmith, within sound of the guns that told of nothing but hope deferred, has the quality of heroism. The movements on the southern border of the Free State were manifestly intended to cover the concentration north of the Orange River; and Lord Methuen's force remained quiet, with the exception of Macdonald's little trip with the Highland brigade, also manifestly in connection with the same concentration. It is obviously unfair to attribute all the change to Lord Roberts and Lord Kitchener. They could profit by all the experience of the past, and they had, besides, more troops under their command than General Buller had when he was Commander-in-Chief, and more supplies of every kind, but all the difference between a creditable stale-mate and brilliant success may be found in the brain-power of one or two men. Napoleon said of one of his lieutenants that he was worth more than 30,000 men. The British public will now watch every movement with less anxious interest and greater hopefulness.

Russia is again causing uneasiness in Britain. There is little doubt that she is taking advantage of the war to establish herself in Persia, and she is even massing troops in the neighbourhood of Herat. The latter she explains as the mere working out of a theoretical problem in mobilization, but this is of doubtful comfort. On February 1st she concluded a loan to Persia of $10,000,000. It is understood also that she has renewed the agreement by which she must be consulted on all questions of railway construction in Persia, and there is a report that Russian engineers are now at work on a railway from Teheran to the Persian Gulf. With the history of Russia's absorption of Manchuria before us, these developments cannot be passed over lightly. It is Russia's traditional policy, founded upon her necessities, to reach the sea. Her three objectives have been the Mediterranean, the Indian Ocean, and the Pacific.

The Pacific alone has she succeeded in reaching. Persia and India are the alternative routes to the Indian Ocean. British interests stand in her way on both routes. For years she has been quietly at work fastening her hold upon Persia. The extent to which she has succeeded is seen in this very matter of the loan. In 1898 this same loan was put upon the London market and quickly underwritten, when the Shah refused to ratify it on the ground that Russia objected. Questions were asked in the British House of Commons at the time, and the Government stated that they were alive to the situation. It is questionable how far British statesmen would feel justified in actively opposing Russia at that point, although two-thirds of the trade of the Gulf is British, and Russia in Persia would be very close to India. Whatever might have been done if Britain had been quite free, Russia now recognizes rhe opportunity, and threatens India by massing part of her Caucasian army corps on the borders of Afghanistan, while she publicly announces the loan which cements her grasp on Persia. She practically offers Britain the alternative of war.

The remarkable woman, Tzu Tsi, who, under two successive Emperors, has been the real ruler of China, has given fresh evidence of her power, and at the same time of her passion for rulership. She was once, so it is said, a slave girl, who was sent as a present to an Emperor and became one of his wives. Upon his death, she and anotherwife acted as co-regents for his successor, who was a minor. Shortly after he became of age he died, as did also his young wife, and the other regent. The deaths aroused suspicion, but no enquiry was conducted. Tzu Tsi continued to rule as sole regent during the minority of the present Emperor. He also, however, became of age, and after two or three years began to show a strong inclination to follow the counsels of Kang Yuwei, the reformer. A remarkable series of edicts was issued by him, which would

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have gone far toward putting China in the line of modern progress. But Tzu Tsi, the Empress Dowager, interfered, revoked the edicts, sought the life of Kang Yuwei, and caused the Emperor to sign a decree of practical abdication in her favour. This was about eighteen months ago. Now she has gone further and caused him to abdicate in favour of a boy of nine years of age, which will necessitate another long regency. This decree of abdication was announced at a solemn council of the chief dignitaries of the kingdom toward the end of January, but it is doubted whether all the formalities are yet completed. The Empress Dowager is, however, acting as if she had the full powers of a regent. She has issued a proclamation which may have important consequences. In effect it is a warning against foreigners and their rapacity. Each of the Viceroys of the different provinces is empowered to go to war on his own account with any foreigners who attempt encroachments. The German seizure of Kiao Chau is given as an example, and the French and Italians are particularly mentioned. As, however, no promise of federal assistance, either in men or money, is given, and as the Viceroys know that only success will exonerate them, the result is not so much to be feared as would otherwise be the case. Still, some of the Powers seem to be taking it seriously. France is sending an additional force to the Far East, and Austria, who has been harbouring ambitions in that quarter, is making strong representations. When any event might start an open quarrel over China, even a pompous proclamation may be worthy of reference among foreign affairs.

TOMMY ATKINS AND HIS OFFICER—IS THIS THE TROUBLE IN SOUTH AFRICA?
—New York World.

* *

Some realization of the vast amount of hardship and suffering, of which South Africa is the scene, has come home to Canadians. But as our imaginations have not been stirred by it, we have remained untouched by the far vaster and more pitiable suffering in another part of the Queen's dominions. The famine in India is claiming, and will claim, many times more victims than the war. Except in rare individual cases, we know nothing of famine, and it is hard for us to grasp the fact that 30,000,000 of human beings, our fellow-subjects, are doomed to experience it during this year. Yet this estimate has been given. Already there are three millions and a half in receipt of Government relief. In the great famine of three years ago there were in the corresponding period not one-third of this number in similar plight. To these people the British Government stands in the position, as has been said, of a "Subordinate Providence." But to organize relief on such a scale is a more difficult undertaking than to provide for an army in the field. That the Indian Government can even partially meet such an emergency is a wonderful tribute to British capacity for organization. And the work has its heroism, too. Kipling has made this element appear in one of his short stories. While this famine is in progress at home, there is something touching in

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UNCLE SAM: "Some of my folks want me to interfere, but I think this olive branch would get pretty badly mussed up if I should try it just now."—*The Minneapolis Journal.*

the generous contributions made by princes and rich men in India toward the expenses of the war in Africa. This has struck a responsive chord in the British press, which urges that the least the British public can do is to reciprocate, and according to its greater wealth, contribute freely toward the enormous sum India must have, if her people are not to perish by the thousands.

Canada is interested in the Canal Bill now engaging the attention of the United States Congress, and in the treaty now before the Senate. It is proposed that the United States Government shall construct the Nicaragua Canal. A strong party, and probably a majority, thinks that its construction, as well as the great interests of the United States in the canal, should give it the right to entire control. There are two things in the way. The first is Nicaragua; but an arrangement with a small power may be effected by a great one. The second is the Clayton-Bulwer treaty with Britain. By this treaty, concluded in 1850, it was agreed that the countries should unite in facilitating the construction of the canal, and that they should jointly control it and protect its neutrality. We need not enter into the history of this question, nor into the dispute whether the treaty has been strictly adhered to; but at all events it has not yet been abrogated. Now, however, the developments of the Monroe Doctrine, the new views of their interests which pertain in the United States and other causes, have made the treaty unacceptable to the United States. Negotiations have evidently been going on for some time with the British Government. The result is the draft of a new treaty drawn by Ambassador Pauncefote and Secretary Hay. This modifies the Clayton-Bulwer treaty to the extent that the canal may be constructed under the auspices of the Government of the United States, which shall have and enjoy all the rights incident to such construction, as well as the exclusive right of providing for the regulation and management of the canal. The principle of neutralization established by the Clayton-Bulwer treaty is to be preserved, not by joint control, but by the single control of the United States upon rules which are modelled closely after those regulating the British control of the Suez Canal. One of these rules is that no fortifications shall be erected commanding the canal or the waters adjoining. The opposition to everything that limits the absolute power of the United States over the canal seems to be growing in strength, and it is at the present time more than questionable if the treaty will be approved. If not, Lord

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Salisbury's tact may again be needed to prevent slight but irritating friction. It is easy to understand the way in which the people of the United States look at this question, but it does seem that they should take a somewhat broader view. Britain's interests in the West Indies and her rights under the Clayton-Bulwer treaty should be considered. To us the British proposition seems very fair, and certainly Canadian interests in the canal, which would be by no means insignificant—for we, as well as the United States, require at times to send shipping from one of our coasts to the other, and our eastern cities have open to them the possibilities of increased trade with the western countries of South America—would be far safe under that arrangement than unde the one proposed by those who are now so strongly objecting to the treaty. In another respect, too, this canal question is of importance to Canada. When the canal is built there will still be another route westward between Europe and the Far East. The shortest and cheapest route at present lies through Canada. To some extent, therefore, the canal will be a rival. It behooves us before it is completed to so improve our facilities and so advertise them that we may retain our full share of what must as time goes on prove a most valuable asset to this country.

CURRENT VERSE.

tended to pay the ... supplement the Imperial pay and bring it up to a level with Colonial pay, Sir Charles and the Opposition expressed their satisfaction. As a result, there was no amendment to the address in reply, and the sum of two million dollars has been voted to pay the bills.

The only members who objected to this two-million dollar expenditure were Mr. Bourassa and Mr. Monet. Their speeches indicated that they were anti-Imperialists, but not more so than some of the members of the British House of Commons. It would have been much pleasanter had these two gentlemen refrained from opposition, but perhaps it is just as well that some one should stand up to point out what might be urged against such an expenditure. Their speeches did no harm and may do some good. Their utterances do not prove that the French-Canadians are disloyal, but rather that French-Canadians under British rule

e war, and Canada's share in its glory st is being used in Frederickton. The e author to the members of the Second r this publication.

Our sins before Thee we confess,
And plead our weakness at Thy throne;
Tho' our misdeeds are numberless
Let Jesu's blood for all atone;
O save our loved ones in the strife
And take the dying into life.

If in the lust of gain or power
We have forgotten Thy pure laws;
Forgive us in this awful hour,
Our sin chastised, uphold our cause;
Oh save our loved ones in the strife
And take the dying into life.

Grant victory to our armies, Lord,
If so it be Thy gracious will,
Thy conquering aid to us afford,
Thy favour to our country still,
O save our loved ones in the strife
And take the dying into life.

"Thou wilt not leave us in the dust,"
We are the children of Thy love;
In Thee alone is all our trust,
Vouchsafe Thy blessing from above;
O save our loved ones in the strife
And take the dying into life.

F. Partridge, Dean of Fredericton.

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TO THE SOLDIERS OF THE SECOND CONTINGENT

ON THEIR DEPARTURE FOR SOUTH AFRICA.

Farewell! brave soldiers of the British flag!
—You're off to fight for Empire and for Queen—
Farewell! May love to Canada ne'er lag,
Though million miles of ocean lie between.

YOURS is to stand for freedom's heaven-born right;
To uphold the cause of justice—man to man!
To hurl defiance at the despot's seat,
And in the thick of battle, lead the van!

OURS, is to wait, and watch, and help, and pray;
To ask the God of battles, that this war
—Waged in the cause of liberty—e'en may
To happy issue come, in days not far.

YOURS is to brave the weary midnight march;
Perchance, upon the battle-field to roam,
And hear some wounded comrade sadly call
For loved ones, absent, and for "Home Sweet Home."

OURS is to comfort those you leave behind,
—To cheer the downcast, and to wipe the tear,
When word shall come that brother, lover, son
Or husband fond, has filled a soldier's bier!

For all, alas! we know, will not return,
SOME graves must hollowed be, on Afric's strand!
SOME bones must whiten 'neath the broad palm-tree
Of those who dare to fight for mother-land.

An entrance may they find at Heaven's gate,
Full and abundant!—trusting Him who died
To save the world from cruelty and hate,
—The wrongs of the oppressor and his pride.

But some we'll welcome warmly home again!
Though scarred, perchance, the dear brave boys may be,
We'll love them better for the scars they bear,
As through them, Queen and country we shall see.

Then loud shall sound our peans of applause!
Prolonged our notes of welcome and our cheers,
As in remembrance fond, we'll ever hold,
Our brave Canadian boys—our volunteers!

Lydia A. Edwards.

Truro, Nova Scotia.

A MESSAGE FROM A FEW MILLIONS.

To JOHN BULL,
England and Elsewhere.

DEAR BROTHER:

With some of my chums I've been talking,
And it seems they've been doing the same
With their chums; and those chums, they mentioned,
Were playing a similar game.
How many? There's no way to figure,
We're scattered all over the earth,
From Chili's long strand to broad Yankeeland,
Far away from the scenes of our birth;
You can find us in Java and Cuba,
You will meet us in Persia and Thrace;
There's scarcely a spot as big as a dot
That won't show a Britisher's face.
But to come back to our talking,
That is, 'tween chum's chums and self;
We're hindered by babies and bullion,
But we're not quite laid up on the shelf:
So when you have figured the nation,
And your colonies over the seas,
In armed strength, and money, and metal,
We want you to add on to these—
Some millions of true-hearted Britons,
Who will haste to your banners unfurled;
And with you stand fast, while life-blood shall last,
For Empire, 'gainst the whole world.

Percie W. Hart.

badly mussed
lis Journal.

evidently been going on for some time with the British Government. The result is the draft of a new treaty drawn by Ambassador Pauncefote and Secretary Hay. This modifies the Clayton-Bulwer treaty to the extent that the canal may be constructed under the auspices of the Government of the United States, which shall have and enjoy all the rights incident to such construction, as well as the exclusive right of providing for the regulation and management of the canal. The principle of neutralization established by the Clayton-Bulwer treaty is to be preserved, not by joint control, but by the single control of the United States upon rules which are modelled closely after those regulating the British control of the Suez Canal. One of these rules is that no fortifications shall be erected commanding the canal or the waters adjoining. The opposition to everything that limits the absolute power of the United States over the canal seems to be grow- [illegible] and it is at the present

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EDITORIAL COMMENT

THE Parliament of Canada opened another session last month. The speech from the throne was intensely loyal, and the debate on that speech gave all the shouters a splendid opportunity, which was taken advantage of by the members on both sides. At first there seemed to be a possibility that the Government of Sir Wilfrid Laurier would not, in connection with the Transvaal contingents, pay out enough money to satisfy the loyalty of the Opposition led by Sir Charles Tupper. However, when it was discovered that the Government, in addition to paying the cost of organization, outfitting and transportation, intended to pay the men a bonus to supplement the Imperial pay and bring it up to a level with Colonial pay, Sir Charles and the Opposition expressed their satisfaction. As a result, there was no amendment to the address in reply, and the sum of two million dollars has been voted to pay the bills.

The only members who objected to this two-million dollar expenditure were Mr. Bourassa and Mr. Monet. Their speeches indicated that they were anti-Imperialists, but not more so than some of the members of the British House of Commons. It would have been much pleasanter had these two gentlemen refrained from opposition, but perhaps it is just as well that some one should stand up to point out what might be urged against such an expenditure. Their speeches did no harm and may do some good. Their utterances do not prove that the French-Canadians are disloyal, but rather that French-Canadians under British rule are indulged with a liberty extended to British subjects everywhere.

On the 14th of February the Ontario Legislature opened its first session under the Premiership of the Hon. G. W. Ross. After expressing the loyalty of the Province, the official speech outlined the progress of the policy "Ontario for Canadians." The legislation of two years ago that all pine logs cut under license must be manufactured in Canada had led, it was asserted, to a stimulation of the saw-milling business. It is intended to still further develop this Protectionist policy by requiring that all pulp-wood cut on Crown lands should be manufactured in Canada. The Opposition, it is expected, will support the Government in this proposal.

It is therefore apparent that, as in the Dominion Parliament, there is little at issue between those whose business it is to frame policies and those whose business it is to criticize. This wonderful unanimity is rather striking. It is an evidence that the people who form governments in this country follow public opinion very closely, being unwilling at any time to leave to an Opposition any move which may prove popular. It is not a question of what is right, but what is popular. In many cases, of course, what is popular will eventually prove itself to be what is right.

The Honourable Mr. Sifton, Minister of the Interior, has reported to Parliament that since January, 1897, Doukhobors to the number of 7,427 and Galicians to the number of 16,787 have been settled in Manitoba and the North-west Territories. This is not a large number, and cannot be any great strain on the assimilating power of the West. The cost per head of the Doukhobors was $7.47, and of the Galicians about

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$4.77. The expense is no more open to criticism than the quantity of the immigration. The Superintendent of the Immigration Department is to be congratulated upon his careful management.

The fostering of such immigration has been the subject of much controversy, and the divergence of the expressed views has been rather striking. There is one feature of this colonization which is again brought prominently before the public by the publication of a recent report by Mr. D. J. Goggin, Superintendent of Education in the Northwest Territories. He points out that one of the most serious and pressing educational problems in that district, arises from the settlement of so many foreign nationalities on the block or "colony" system. There are colonies of Swedes, Finns, Bohemians, Hungarians, Jews, Austrians, Germans, Russians, Icelanders, Mennonites, Galicians and Doukhobors. He asserts quite positively that the block or colony system retards assimilation, a most important statement by a man who must be accepted as a reliable authority. The confining of these people to close colonies makes them more tenacious of their foreign language and their foreign customs. It is only at the edge of the colony that there is constant contact between the foreigner and the English-speaking Canadian.

Mr. Goggin suggests that as these people add to the numbers of the residents of the Territories, and to the wealth of the district, it is only reasonable that the government of the Territories should provide means for their education. While making the suggestion, he points out the difficulties in the way. They have no persons among themselves qualified to be teachers, and that it is hard to induce Canadian teachers to isolate themselves from congenial society and comfortable boarding houses, and take positions as teachers in the schools of these foreign colonies. He points out also that the exclusively French-speaking districts in Saskatchewan have not been able to keep their schools in operation, even after their establishment. Apparently they are unwilling to bear the heavy expense entailed where population is scattered and where education not a thing to be desired above all others. Grants to such districts must be increased, and many new districts must be organized and provided with school-houses. The Government of the Territories is face to face with a great problem.

Nevertheless, as Mr. Goggin points out, "If these children are to grow up as Canadian citizens, they must be led to adopt our view-point and speak our speech." They must be fitly prepared for the life they are to live in the land of their adoption. It will require the passage of two generations before this can possibly be accomplished, even if the work is pursued diligently and vigorously. Mr. Greenway, the late Premier of Manitoba, speaking of the Mennonite colony, is reported to have said, "Many of the latter, though they have been here for twenty-five years, do not know English and are not assimilated." Truly, this assimilation promises to be a slow and costly business.

In 1898, there were 426 schools in operation in the Territories, with 16,754 pupils, and 483 teachers. It is pleasant to note that of this number of teachers all but 96 are possessed of higher than third-class rank. Some of the older provinces can hardly make so good a showing in the qualifications of their teachers.

The second part of Mr. Champion's article on "Some Famous Canadian Soldiers" has been held over until the April number.

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BOOK REVIEWS.

ENGLISH CRITICS AND GOLDWIN SMITH.

IT was natural that the tone of Canadian criticisms of Mr. Goldwin Smith's "Political History of the United Kingdom"* should be affected by his standing in the limited field of Canadian letters. Although our critics might fairly challenge his conclusions on some point or other, or controvert his view of this statement or that, according to their special study of some period or man, it is clear that no Canadian would claim to have the same comprehensive grasp of English history, the same insight into conditions, the same knowledge of authorities as Mr. Goldwin Smith. The English critics are not hampered by a similar feeling of modesty. They have passed a favourable judgment upon the book, but each critic has taken pains to append to his review—as is the custom—a list of doubtful points, of opinions open to question, of unguarded expressions and typographical errors, a recital of which is held to be the appropriate evidence of modern scholarship. Adequate characterization of the work there has been none. The war has drawn attention away from literature. One would like to read a criticism by Mr. Morley or by Mr. Lecky.

As many years must pass before a work of equal importance to this is produced in Canada, it is of some moment to Canadian students to consider the standpoint of English criticism in this matter. In current literary periodicals there is often a suggestion of young Pendennis, who was accustomed in Thackeray's "Pall Mall Gazette" to polish off the work of some venerable historian after a couple of days' reading at the British Museum. The omnipotence of the critic is limited, paradoxical as it seems, to the circle of those who, through indolence or incapacity, accept their opinions at second hand. The student gives due weight to authoritative criticism, but, if an independent inquirer, will draw his own conclusions. One English critic hints that Mr. Goldwin Smith has not mastered all the authorities he quotes, in other words has not adopted all their views. Why should he, or any other competent historian, slavishly obey the new doctrines of even the most illustrious investigators? Are we never to go behind the Cromwell set up by Carlyle, the Henry VIII. of Froude, or Macaulay's William of Orange? A distinguished line of hero-worshipping historians has done much to fascinate the reader, but the spirit of candour demands some moderation in eulogy. Mr. Goldwin Smith appears to have no heroes. We like him none the less for that.

Another critic places the new history next to Green's in usefulness for the general reader. The comparison is hardly apt. The Short History is really more elaborate and covers the ground more thoroughly. Mr. Goldwin Smith professes to deal only with the political history. In this, we imagine, lies its real strength, because we are thus presented with a clear outline of English policy and with a series of vivid portraits of the men who have moulded that policy, unencumbered by the military, the social or the literary movements of each period. Mr. Green, on the other hand, had in his mind at every turn the idea of showing us the English people at the successive stages of their development, and especially his design was to reveal the social conditions so lightly touched upon by the drum-and-trumpet historian. His work, despite its defective style, was abundantly successful, for he utilized the researches of others with judgment and had no particular views of his own

*Toronto: Copp, Clark Co.

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to impart. Mr. Goldwin Smith, however, fearlessly places his own estimate upon men and events, and it is difficult to find instances where his insight and scholarship proved wholly at fault. There is no striving to make out a case. It is in this, as in other respects, that one prizes the discrimination, the caution, the disregard of insistent eulogists, the calm avoidance of laborious burrowers with a new theory to develop, which mark the work.

A happy allusion is made by one critic to the characteristic firmness of touch which is so often displayed. It is remarked, with truth, that even the most learned historians have become timid in asserting their views owing to the industry by which investigation of minor points, with consequent uncertainty, has been pursued. The historical student, in Canada at any rate, with little pretension to personal knowledge of the original sources, is apt to be seriously hampered by such conflict of testimony. From this standpoint Mr. Goldwin Smith has done a service to this generation, and despite a civil but somewhat thinly-veiled contempt for the Celtic components of the British political system, he has produced a symmetrical and telling scrutiny of a nation's political growth.

BRITON AND BOER.

There is much honest anxiety to show accurately the merits of the quarrel between the British and the Boers. This feeling is not confined to persons who have hitherto refrained from forming a definite opinion. The general desire to enquire into the rights and wrongs of the causes of the war has doubtless led to the republication of a series of papers by different writers, which appeared recently in a New York review.* These articles, nine in number, are by Prof. James Bryce, Mr. Sydney Brooks, Dr. Engelenburg, Karl Blind, Max Nordau and other writers of less consequence. If one possesses an open mind, the judgment formed after reading the book from end to end is that neither party is entitled to the full sympathy of unbiased persons. It is quite clear that, allowing for errors by both parties, the scale turns in one direction or other, be it ever so slightly, and what we miss in this book is an adequate and impartial statement of the British side of the case. Mr. Bryce's balanced style, and his reputation as an historical enquirer, lend to his combined narrative and argument a weight to which, from his avowed opposition to the war, it is scarcely entitled. While Mr. Brooks earnestly combats the Boer view, his championship of the British cause is not full enough. What is required, we submit, is a compressed history of the war of races from the beginning, and some attempt to state impartially, if not to vindicate, the course pursued by the English Government and its representatives at the Cape Mr. Bryce alone, of the writers in this volume, speaks with the air of an unprejudiced man who has actually seen the conditions in South Africa for himself. It is doubtful, however, if any such visitor, who happens also to be a party politician in England with all the entangling alliances that such a position involves, can be absolutely depended on as a witness for truth. Any country at war, as England is, must expect the case against her to be handled without mercy by her enemies, by those alien to her in race or in creed and unsympathetic toward free institutions. But when the enquiry is extended beyond the immediate policy that culminates in war, one may reasonably expect to find the merits of the Boers' system of government examined. If defensible and just, its possible extension to other parts of the world ought to meet with some consideration at the hands of the able men who figure as the Boers' defenders in this book. These, as well as some other aspects of the question, are not dealt with. The majority of the articles were written before hostilities had long been in progress, and no attempt is made to explain, what later events have revealed, the completeness

*Briton and Boer; Both Sides of the South African Question. New York: Harper & Bros.

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of the Boer preparations. There are some excellent illustrations, and the volume is attractively bound.

IS FRENCH CANADA OVER-EXPLOITED?

Few Canadian writers who have drawn upon the French-Canadians for types of character in fiction display the taste, moderation and insight of Mr. William McLennan.* It is a laudable ambition which directs the attention of our English writers to the race on the banks of the lower St. Lawrence. The *habitants* are rich in picturesque and humorous suggestion. The Old Regime is full of romance. The modern *Canadien* has a distinct flavour of originality. The virtues, like the foibles, of this kindly and single-hearted people are upon the surface. To depict them with truth and skill is no easy task, and it must be confessed that all the attempts to do so have not been successful. The employment of the peculiar dialect used by the French-Canadian speaking broken English is especially the snare of the literary explorer in these regions, and Mr. McLennan, as we have said, and Dr. Drummond are among the very few who can be trusted to avoid mere caricature and unnaturalness. Mr. McLennan's volume of new stories contains some of his best work. The few tales that deal with Old France are well done, but we give the palm to those inspired by *la nouvelle France*. There is real poetic tenderness in the skill which drew "Une Sœur," in itself a perfectly commonplace episode, but one instinct with life and reflecting the sublime passion of self-sacrifice, while "The Indiscretion of Grosse Boule" is full of droll fun without a touch of malice. Behind this writer's charm of style there is the greater virtue of true knowledge of his subject. The former is the commoner qualification in the writers who essay an attempt in French-Canadian portraiture, but, without the latter, it is as the crackling of thorns under a pot.

*In Old France and New. By William McLennan. Toronto: The Copp, Clark Co.

THE CANADIAN NOVEL.

To employ a term that smacks of the commercial side of novel-writing, there is plenty of good "material" in Canada. Our social life abounds with incident and type. Those who catch the true measure of the conditions in our newer and wilder districts find ample scope for tales of adventure and romance. One of the best of these is called "A Claim on Klondyke,"* and is written by Mr. Roper, F.R.G.S., who has already embodied his Canadian travels in a volume, and who, in this story, produces as lively, natural, and interesting a romance as one would wish to read. There is so much in the handling of such a tale. To overdo the adventure element is to produce the kind of breathless sensationalism which taxes one's credulity and patience so severely. To bestow whole chapters upon marvellous bear stories and the dangers of hunting big game is, unless extremely well done, to be tedious. Mr. Roper takes his hero, in company with a venturesome Englishman who has made a secret discovery of gold north of Dawson City, through the White Pass and down the best known route to the famous gold region. There is nothing startling to relate of the journey, and the air of verisimilitude which pervades every page convinces the reader that the author has himself gone over the way. The sense of impending danger, however, at every step creates excitement enough. They reach the secret "find," and their fortunes are assured, when the Englishman meets with an accident and dies. The hero is left alone. His discovery of a young English girl with her sick father—both gold-seekers like himself—and the subsequent adventures and happy ending may be inferred. We refer to the story at this length, not because it is by any means a masterpiece in fiction, but because it has the

*Blackwood.

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merit of being vivid and unpretentious, in short, a healthy readable tale.

LITERARY REMINISCENCES.

In the "Reminiscences of a Very Old Man,"* John Sartain, the engraver, presents the unusual spectacle of a man in his 89th year sitting down to record the events and experiences of which he has a personal recollection since 1830. In that year he reached Philadelphia from London, and as the art of engraving was then a highly prized and remunerative occupation, his skill soon ensured him success and congenial work, while it brought him into contact with eminent politicians, artists, poets and men of letters. He knew the erratic Poe well. The dissipation which marred the poet's life is not denied, but his end was not, as has been so often said, the result of a debauch. Poe had taken the pledge, and his future promised well, when one fateful night in October, 1849, he started from Baltimore for New York, was set upon by thieves, drugged, robbed, and was found next morning unconscious and dying. The doctor who attended his last hours in the hospital avers that Poe would take neither spirits nor an opiate, and that he died, not from the effects of drink, but from cold and exposure. In Sartain's *Union Magazine*, the first number of which appeared in January, 1849, Poe published "The Bells," and was paid $45 for it. Among the contributors to this venture, which lasted until 1852, were Longfellow, who always received $50 for an article, N. P. Willis, Harriet Martineau, Lowell, Mary Howitt, and many other names of note. Mr. Sartain has also some pleasant recollections of artists both in England and the United States, and his book is a distinct achievement for one so venerable in years.

THE KNIGHTS OF THE CROSS.†

Henryk Sienkiewicz has long since won his spurs as a writer of strong fiction. His "Quo Vadis" was a world's book, and found hundreds of thousands of readers both here and in other countries. But the earlier successes of Sienkiewicz had been made in the field of the historical novel, and especially in that part of the field relating to the early history of Poland. After an excursion into other regions of romance he has, in "The Knights of the Cross," returned to his own familiar ground, and in this fine book, which is only the first half of the entire work, we have the sort of atmosphere with which he has made us familiar in "Pan Michael," in "With Fire and Sword" and in "The Deluge."

Who were the "Knights of the Cross"? They were a company of professedly chivalrous men who lived in castles on the borders of Poland, and who, under the guise of knightly honour, did grievous deeds of oppression and robbery. They were pharasaic and powerful pretenders, who from the fact that some of them had superior knowledge, and were in fact warrior-priests, had power to keep the peasantry in superstitious and timid bondage. This book tells us how certain Polish knights, nobles and princes, strove against the power of the "Knights of the Cross," sometimes foiling them and sometimes suffering from their vengeance. It is a story of the primary passions. We have simple-hearted, straight-hitting heroic men; and we have girls and women who have not been sophisticated by decadence or the life of courts. Despite the unpronounceable Polish names, the story leads us on by its innate power. The very opening of it is in the grand old romantic style—a style which at once takes us away from the prosaic surroundings of to-day and sets us down in the midst of men in armour, foresters who believe in hobgoblins, abbots, kings, queens, jousts, combats to the death and all the romantic paraphernalia of seven hundred or a thousand years ago.

"In Tyniec, in the inn under 'Dreadful Urus,' which belonged to the abbey, a few people were sitting, listening to the talk of a military man who had come from afar and

*Appleton.

†By Henryk Sienkiewicz, author of "Quo Vadis," etc. George N. Morang & Co. Cloth, $1.00.

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was telling them of the adventures which he had experienced during the war and his journey. He had a large beard, but was not yet old, and he was almost gigantic, but thin, with broad shoulders; he wore his hair in a net ornamented with beads; he was dressed in a leather jacket, which was marked by the cuirass, and he wore a belt composed of brass buckles; in the belt he had a knife in a horn scabbard, and at his side a short travelling sword. Near by him at the table was sitting a youth with long hair and a joyful look, evidently his comrade, or perhaps a shield-bearer, for he was also in travelling apparel and wore a similar coat, on which were impressions of armour. The rest of the society was composed of two country people from the neighbourhood of Cracow, and three citizens in red folding caps, the sharp-pointed tops of which hung down on one side a whole yard. The innkeeper, a German wearing a yellow cowl and collar with indented edge, was pouring to them from a pitcher into earthen tankards substantial beer, and listening to the narrative of warlike adventures."

That is so different from the sort of story one usually reads about modern life and its frivolities and problems, its carpet knights and its faint and effeminate interests, that we at once are arrested and want to read on through the strong worded and picturesque pages. Those who love a good romantic story in the antique heroic style will not be disappointed with "The Knights of the Cross."

LITERARY NOTES.

AN English writer who should be known in Canada is Lady Lindsay. Her recent romance in verse, "The Apostle of the Ardennes," is a finely wrought work, showing at once the story-teller's art and the poetic instinct. In these days of quickly written, teeth-chattering tales, such a conservative work as Lady Lindsay's is notable. The quality of her poetry places her in a prominent position among modern writers of English verse. (London: Keegan Paul, Trench, Trübner & Co.)

The treatment of the North American Indian by the white races is the subject chosen for discussion by Georg Friederici, a German writer. In a little book of one hundred and forty-seven pages entitled "Indianer and Anglo-Amerikaner," he gives the result of his study of the various writers who have touched on this subject. Incidentally he pays the Canadian Government a compliment for its foresight and humanity. (Braunschweig: Vieweg und Sohn.)

The Mulhall-Harper Comparative Statistical Tables and Charts of the commerce of the world, issued by the Commercial Museum of Philadelphia, fill a neat paper-bound volume of considerable merit. The coloured charts are decidedly striking and the tables are far from being complex.

The Russian Journal of Financial Statistics, published by W. Kirshbaum, of St. Petersburg, gives the English reader, for whom apparently it is prepared, a very good idea of Russian commercial progress. The Russian weights and measures, the money system, the production of pig iron, spirits and precious metals, the national debt, the railway mileage are among the subjects discussed in this first specimen number. The "Russian Journal" is intended to be a quarterly, but the first two numbers are to be free.

Andrew F. Hunter, of Barrie, has issued, under the auspices of the Minister of Education for Ontario (Toronto), a small pamphlet entitled "Notes on Sites of Huron Villages in the Township of Tay." This is an important contribution to Canadian archæology, as well as to Canadian history.

The Longmans have just issued a

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new illustrated edition of "The World's Desire," by H. Rider Haggard and Andrew Lang. "Parson Kelly," by A. E. W. Mason and Andrew Lang, comes from the same publishsrs. This is a London story of the early eighteenth century. (Canadian agents: The Copp, Clark Co., Toronto.)

The Colonial Library edition still flourisheth. Unwin's colonial list has been lengthened by a new novel by Mrs. Alexander, and "Shameless Wayne" by Halliwell Sutcliffe. The latter is an English tale, dealing with dialect peasants of a past age.

Grown-up people have been willing to buy Henty's stories for their boys. Whether parents will be as willing to buy his stories written for themselves remains to be seen. It is doubtful, however. "The Lost Heir" is the average novel, with a rather-below-the-average plot and style. (Toronto: The Copp, Clark Co.)

The student of economics and social conditions will find something interesting in the 1898 Report of the Inspectors of Factories, just issued by the Ontario Department of Agriculture.

A well written study of the "Preliminary Stages of the Peace of Amiens," by H. M. Bowman, has just been issued by the Library of the University of Toronto, in the "University of Toronto Studies."

The population of Ontario has passed the two-million mark. The assessed value of property is more than eight-hundred million dollars. These two facts are gleaned from the Report of the Bureau of Industries, recently published by the Ontario Government.

A very innocent preacher, the Rev. A. T. Palmer, of Cork, Ireland, sends a pamphlet on "Generousness" in which he naively remarks: "When the regular system of giving has been adopted, and wisely and energetically worked, the success has been complete. The Lord's treasury has been filled." Many another treasury has been filled in the same way.

A. R. Carman, a Canadian journalist of some reputation, has written a long novel dealing with economic and religious subjects. The Publishers' Syndicate of Toronto will publish this book under the title "The Preparation of Ryerson Embury." It will be ready this month.

It is reported that George N. Morang & Co. will shortly issue a Canadian edition of William Wilfrid Campbell's new volume of verse. Canadians may therefore look forward to having a Canadian edition of this particular piece of native literature. Lampman's poems will also be ready shortly. William Briggs is publisher of this work.

The Canadian edition of G. W. Steevens' new book dealing with the campaign in South Africa will be ready in a few days. Mr. Steevens' sad death in beleagured Ladysmith robbed the world of one of its greatest descriptive writers. This fragment of what would have been a great work will be read with considerable interest because of the unfortunate fate of the author and because "The Conquering Turk" and "With Kitchener to Khartum" were books which appealed to the hearts and tastes of the British people. The Copp, Clark Co. will issue the work in this country.

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IDLE MOMENTS.

THE RUSSIAN PIANIST.

APROPOS of the sublime self-confidence of musical genius, quite recently a Toronto audience went wild over the astonishing virtuosity of that phenomenal young Russian pianist, Mark Hambourg. He is only twenty years of age and speaks English indifferently. During an interval in the programme a well-known local musician went behind the stage and, introducing himself, said: "Mr. Hambourg, allow me to congratulate you; the audience is wild with excitement; you have simply electrified them." Hambourg looked puzzled for a moment, and then said slowly: "E-lec-tri-fied! What is dat? Oh! ah! yes!" Then with sudden animation, but punctuating each word with an extended forefinger, and with the culminating accent on the last word, "Dat is notting. You yoost vait till I come out and blay again—I tell you I will *yoost*-make-dem-*yump*" (Anglicé, "just make them jump") and when he came forward and sat down to his Knabe Grand again, he did just make them "yump," for the storm of applause which greeted his completion of the Seschetizky octave study was, according to all authorities, the greatest tribute ever paid by a Toronto audience to any pianist in the memory of the critics. The sublime, though harmless egotism of the above remark remains, nevertheless, a genuine piece of humor.

H. H. G.

IN THE WHIRL OF THE TOWN.

EXTRACTS FROM A LEADING CITY DAILY.

The dance given last night by the O'Brien-O'Briens was one of the most enjoyable affairs of the season—needless to say that the fair hostess (née Mulldoon) looked most charming. Gowned in a fetching nile green costume with shamrock trimmings made by "High Price No Fit & Co.," she received her many friends with grace and "as to the manor born." About five hundred couples danced to the dulcet strains of Pedro Maccoranis' orchestra of "three pieces" (harp and two violins). Some of those present were Mrs. O'Rourke, Mrs. Brannigan (a new arrival from the "ould sod"), Miss Katie Flynn (a most charming debutante dressed in deep black). Mrs. Patsey Malone, Miss Malone and Miss Ileene Murphy, Messrs. O'Rourke, Malone, Flannigan, Brannigan and many others.

. . . . .

Mrs. "Jack" Potts entertained a select few of her friends at a poker party on Saturday night last. The affair was most enjoyable for Mrs. Potts.

. . . . .

Young Master Ritches ate three hard boiled eggs for his breakfast on Monday morning, and his little friends will be sorry to learn that he will be unable to join them for several weeks. The "cigarette party," to have been given by his schoolmate, Master Coffin, has had to be postponed.

. . . . .

The theatre party given by Mrs. and Mr. Chargeitte in honour of Miss Goldfinch was much enjoyed by those invited. The supper, served by "Hash-trough," left nothing to be desired.

. . . . .

Miss Goodfellow is to be seen once again on our down-town streets, looking none the worse from her enforced seclusion, owing to a most unpleasant and lengthy attack of la grippe.

. . . . .

Quite a number assembled in the cosy parlors of Mrs. T. Strong last Wednesday afternoon when that well-known and charming young matron gave a "mixed tea" in honour of her guest, Mrs. Groser, from Pekin. Everybody voted it a most tasty affair, and under the soothing influence of "the

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cup which cheers," conversation was most brisk. Mrs. Strong received her guests in a charming tea gown made especially by "Skimem, Blend & Blend."

. . . . .

Mr. A. Count's friends will be pleased to know that he has been promoted (after thirty years' service) to the position as manager of the Sand Bank in Brokeville.

. . . . .

The secret is out, and it's now a well-known fact that young "Algy" Dolittle and Miss Kash are to be joined in the holy bonds of matrimony at a very early date.

. . . . .

A most enjoyable affair was that given by Mrs. P. Butcher at "Meet Hall" on Monday evening last. Prominent amongst the many guests were Mrs. and Mr. Baker, Mr. Carver, Miss Cheeseman, Mr. and Mrs. Shoemacher (Berlin), Mr. Larde (Chicago), Miss Carrie Wood, Mrs. Cole, Doctor and Mrs. Sayline, etc.

. . . . .

Those charming young people, the Misses Bloodgood, will be missed by a host of friends this winter. They are at present "en pension" in Aurora.

. . . . .

Mrs. "Jack" Chatterton will be "at home" to her friends every day during the month from ten a.m. till eleven p.m.

. . . . .

The "Storks" paid a flying visit this week to the domicile of Mrs. and Mr. Thomas Cattermole. The little ones are to be called Kittie, Flossy and Tommy.

Skit.

A BISMARCK ANECDOTE.

One day a young Swede, a student at the University of Berlin, received a letter from his uncle saying that his daughter, the young man's cousin, would stop in Berlin for a few days on her way to Ems, and would he kindly meet her and show her the city. The mail coach arrived, and with it the young lady, who found a fine looking young fellow with a vivid boutonniere awaiting her arrival. He accompanied her to the hotel. The following morning he called and took her driving in an elegant brougham. These attentions continued during the three days of her visit. The lady appeared overjoyed at the gallantry of this cousin, whom she had never met before. On the day of her departure, while assisting her into the mail coach, the young man said: "I cannot let you depart without making a confession. The lady blushed and dropped her eyes. "I must tell you that I am not your cousin. Your cousin is a friend of mine. He had no time to accompany you, having to cram for his examinations, so he bade me take his place." "In Heaven's name who are you, then?" cried the lady. The young man handed her his card. The postilion blew his trumpet, the mail coach rolled away, as the young lady read this name on the card, "Otto von Bismarck."

MISINTERPRETATION OF MOTIVE.

Justice Hawkins was on one occasion presiding over a case in which the plaintiff was giving evidence against a man who had stolen a pair of trousers from his shop. "How much were the trousers?" queried Hawkins. "Well," replied the plaintiff, "it depends who wants to buy them. I sell them to one man for thirty shillings, to another for twenty-five, but you can have them for twenty-three and six." "Sir!" cried Hawkins, angrily, "I want you to tell me how much those trousers are worth." "Well," replied the plaintiff, "shall we say twenty-two shillings for you?" "Look here," thundered Hawkins, "if you do not instantly tell me what those trousers are worth I'll send you to jail for fourteen days for contempt of court." "Well, well," replied the frightened plaintiff, conciliatingly, "you may have them for a guinea. I'm giving them away; still, you may have them at that price." Even the stern aspect of Justice Hawkins could not stop the roar of laughter which broke out on hearing the reply, a roar in which Hawkins joined himself.

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THE ARRIVAL OF THE ALLAN LINER SARDINIAN AT CAPETOWN.

AN INCIDENT IN THE HISTORY OF THE FIRST CANADIAN CONTINGENT.

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THE

CANADIAN MAGAZINE

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FAMOUS CANADIAN SOLDIERS.

SECOND PAPER.

By Thomas E. Champion.

THE career of Col. Inglis was partially given in the first article on "Famous Canadian Soldiers." To continue:

On the outbreak of the Indian Mutiny in 1857, Inglis was in command of the 32nd Regiment at Lucknow, being next in seniority to Sir Henry Lawrence. When Lawrence fell mortally wounded on July 2nd, 1857, Inglis succeeded him in command of the garrison, and remained in that position until Lucknow was relieved by Sir Henry Havelock on September 26th, 1857. For his great gallantry and conspicuous services during this trying period Lieutenant-Colonel Inglis was promoted major-general from the date of Havelock's arrival, and also created K.C.B., as the official notification ran, "for his enduring fortitude and persevering gallantry in the defence of the residency of Lucknow for 87 days against an overwhelming force of the enemy."

After peace was restored, Inglis visited his native province, Nova Scotia, and was in the city of Halifax made the recipient of a sword of honour, the blade forged from Nova Scotia iron, by his admiring and enthusiastic fellow countrymen. In 1860 Inglis became colonel-in-chief of his old corps the 32nd Light Infantry, and subsequently was general officer commanding the British troops in the Ionian Islands. He died in Germany, where he had gone for the benefit of his health, in September, 1862. It was said of him at his death by one who knew him well, that "he was entitled to admiration for his unassuming demeanour, friendly warmth of heart, and sincere desire to help by all means in his power every one with whom he came in contact."

THREE ROYAL CANADIANS.

In connection with General Inglis and the stirring events of the Indian Mutiny may fitly be mentioned the names of three officers who served under him as subalterns in the 32nd Regiment at the defence of Lucknow. These three officers were not Canadians, but as a recognition of their gallantry and devotion to duty at the period referred to, were all promoted to captaincies, and posted to the 100th Prince of Wales Royal Canadian Regiment when it was formed in 1858, being fourth, fifth and sixth in seniority among the captains in that corps. Their names were Henry Cook, James Clery, and Henry George Browne, V.C. With the exception of Captain (now General) Cook, these three officers after leaving the 32nd Regiment for the Royal Canadians, never served in any other regiment but the latter. Taking them in the order of their

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seniority, Captain Cook became major by purchase in the 100th Regiment in May, 1863, and subsequently came with the battalion to Canada when it was stationed here in 1866-67. Later he became lieutenant-colonel commanding the regiment, and went with it to India in 1877. The climate wrecked his health for a time, and he effected an exchange into the 19th Princess of Wales Regiment and returned to England. He attained the rank of major-general, and is now on the retired list. General Cook was a man of great kindness of heart, and was generally popular with both officers and men.

COLONEL SAMUEL PETERS JARVIS (FATHER).

Captain Clery served in the Royal Canadians in command of a company until 1866, when he was promoted to a majority. In 1866 he came with the 100th from Malta to Quebec. His health though failed him, and he was compelled to go back to England, where he died in 1867. Clery was a man of reckless, impetuous courage, and of kind and generous nature. He was one whom troops would follow with the greatest alacrity and devotion, and few officers ever served in the 100th Regiment who commanded such thorough affection from all ranks.

Captain Henry George Browne became major in the 100th Regiment after about eight years' service therein, having done duty with it in England until 1859; in Gibraltar, from May, 1859, until June, 1860. He then returned to England, and was in command of the depot at Parkhurst, Isle of Wight, until the autumn of 1862, when he once more joined the service companies in Gibraltar. Shortly after rejoining the headquarters, Captain Browne was presented by Lieutenant-General Sir Wm. Codrington, G.C.B., the Governor of and Commander-in-Chief of the forces in Gibraltar, in the presence of the entire garrison assembled on parade, with the Victoria Cross, awarded him for his bravery during the Indian Mutiny, in rescuing two guns under a heavy fire from the mutinous Sepoys. Captain Browne afterwards served in Malta, and subsequently in Canada with the 100th Regiment, doing excellent service whilst in the Dominion during the Fenian troubles. He retired about 1869 with the rank of colonel. He now lives in retirement in England, but retains the pleasantest recollections of his service here, and in his declining years delights to meet with and hear from those who served with him or under him in the days of "Auld Lang Syne."

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Once more to return to the days of the Mutiny, and to Canadians who played a prominent part in suppressing the revolt. Among these were two officers, both bearing well-known names in Canada, both born in Toronto, both educated at Upper Canada College, and both of whom were sons of veterans of the war of 1812. They were Samuel Peters Jarvis and Charles Walker Robinson.

COLONEL JARVIS.

The first of these was the son of Colonel Samuel Peters Jarvis, who served as a subaltern and captain throughout the whole of the war of 1812, was present at the capture of Detroit, at Queenston Heights, at Stony Creek and at Lundy's Lane.

The son was born in Toronto in 1820. He received his first commission as ensign in the Royal Canadian Rifles, was shortly afterwards transferred into the 82nd Foot, and obtained his lieutenancy in that regiment January, 1847. In July, 1881, he retired from the service with the rank of major-general. General Jarvis had not only a long but an extremely honourable military career. He served throughout the Indian Mutiny, and was present at the relief of Lucknow by Lord Clyde, in November, 1857. For his services during the Indian Mutiny he received the brevet rank of major and the medal with the clasp given for that campaign. Returning to England after the insurrection in India was quelled, Major Jarvis, as he then was, became, in 1860, adjutant of the Staff College of Sandhurst, which post he filled until 1866, when he was ordered for service in Canada. On reaching this country, he was appointed A.A.G. of militia under General MacDougall, then commanding the forces in Canada. For three years he held this post, and then he received the appointment of D.A.G., in command of Military District No. 3 in Canada.

On the breaking out of the Riel insurrection in 1870, Colonel Jarvis, as he had become, was appointed to the command of the provisional battalion that was raised for the purpose of suppressing the troubles in the Red River. After the Red River disturbances came to an end, Colonel Jarvis was for some time commandant of the Northwest Territories, his headquarters being at Fort Garry, the famed Hudson's Bay post, now the modern city of Winnipeg. For his services during the Northwest troubles, Colonel Jarvis was, in 1870, created a C.M.G. He has received

GENERAL SAMUEL PETERS JARVIS (SON).

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the medal, which, after an interval of twenty-eight years, has been granted to the survivors of that expedition.

Col. Jarvis, from February, 1878, until May, 1880, was on special service in South Africa, receiving the medal and clasp. In May, 1880, he was appointed Commandant-General of the Colonial Force at the Cape.

The other Canadian mentioned, Charles Walker Robinson, was the youngest son of the late Sir John Beverley Robinson, Bart., of Toronto, where he was born in 1836. After leaving Trinity University in 1857,

COLONEL HENRY GEORGE BROWNE, V.C.

young Robinson was gazetted Second Lieutenant of the P.C.O.R.B. This commission was conferred upon the recipient partly from a desire by Her Majesty to acknowledge the aid rendered by Canada West to the Patriotic Fund in the Crimean War, and partly also to recognize the valuable public services of the father of the recipient.

Scarcely had Charles Robinson received his commission when he was serving with the regiment in India during the Mutiny, and at its close he received the medal with clasp for Central India. Not until 1873 was it that Robinson again had the opportunity of seeing active service when he had obtained the rank of Captain. The Ashanti War, waged against King Koffee Kalkali, occurred in 1873, and Robinson was chosen as one of the officers by Sir Garnet Wolseley.

He acquitted himself with great distinction, and at the close of the brief campaign, which, though, included the battles of Amoaful and Cordahu, besides the capture of Coomassie, the king's stronghold, received the brevet rank of major, the medal and clasp, and had also enjoyed the honour of being mentioned in despatches. His subsequent rise was rapid, as he received the rank of lieutenant-colonel for his services in the Zulu war of 1879, when he was at the battle of Ulundi and again was mentioned in despatches, also receiving the medal and clasp. He became colonel in 1885 and major-general in 1892, when he assumed command of the troops in the Mauritius. General Robinson was subsequently appointed, in 1895, Governor of Chelsea Hospital.

General Robinson has found time to write on the Franco-German war of 1870-71 a volume of great interest to historical and military readers. General Robinson was created C.B. in 1887, and enjoys a distinguished service pension. Canada is justly proud of him as one of her sons, one who has done honour to his country and his Sovereign.

Another "soldier of the Queen" is Lieutenant-Colonel Robert Edward Colborne Jarvis, late of H.M. 69th Regiment. Colonel Jarvis was born in Toronto in 1842, being a son of the late Sheriff William B. Jarvis. He entered the army as ensign in the 100th Regiment in 1859. He was transferred into the 69th Regiment early in 1860, and served therein until 1882.

During his twenty-three years in the army Colonel Jarvis saw a great deal of active service. He served with the Red Cross Ambulance Corps in the Franco-Prussian war of 1870-71, and on the conclusion of peace was by the French Government awarded one of the only two gold crosses made. Colonel Jarvis served throughout the whole

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of the Afghan war of 1879-80, and accompanied Sir Frederick S. Roberts, now Field-Marshal Lord Roberts, on his famous march from Kabul to Kandahar. During this campaign Captain Jarvis (so he was then) was mentioned no less than three times in despatches and received the brevet rank of major in recognition of his devotion to duty. He retired from the army in 1882 with the rank of lieutenant-colonel.

COLONEL DAVIDSON.

In conclusion it will not be out of place to mention two other Canadians who, though seeing but little active service, have nevertheless honourably acquitted themselves in the zealous performance of their duties in the Queen's service. The first of these is Colonel Henry Edward Davidson, late of H.M. 19th Regiment. Colonel Davidson was born in Quebec in 1838, and his mother, who was left a widow shortly after the birth of the subject of this sketch and subsequently married the late Very Reverend Dean Geddes of Hamilton, still resides in Toronto. Young Davidson was educated in Hamilton and in England, and entered the 100th Regiment as ensign on its formation in 1858. He served with that corps for nearly twenty years, going with it to Gibraltar, Malta, twice to Canada and to different parts of the United Kingdom. Having attained the rank of major, he exchanged into the 19th Regiment in the latter part of 1877, and subsequently commanded that famous fighting corps. Later, on the completion of his period of command, he was appointed to the command of the 19th Regimental District in Yorkshire, England, and in 1893 was placed upon half pay. Owing to the "age limit" Colonel Davidson retired from active service in 1895, and now resides permanently in England.

COLONEL ROLPH.

The last Canadian officer that can be mentioned in any detail in this series of sketches is Colonel William Mogg Rolph, the third son of the late George Rolph of Dundas, Ontario, who served with distinction in the war of 1812. Young Rolph was born in Dundas in 1842, and received his early education at Ancaster, Ontario. Afterwards he was sent to Cheltenham College (Eng.), and to the R.M.C., Sandhurst, receiving his first commission as an ensign

COLONEL W. M. ROLPH.

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in the 17th Regiment in 1861. With the exception of the Fenian Raid in Canada in 1860 no other opportunity was ever afforded Colonel Rolph of going into action, though he served with his battalion in the West Indies, twice in Canada and for a long period in India. He commanded his corps from 1890 until 1894, during which period he brought it to the very highest point of efficiency. He has only recently retired from the service, having left a record for zeal and activity.

. . .

It would be possible to add many more names to this already long list of notable Canadian soldiers, but space forbids. Nevertheless enough has been said to show that Canadians have not been backward in patriotism or in their readiness to do their duty as soldiers, either in peace or war.

THE END.

CANADIAN CELEBRITIES.

No. XII.—SENATOR GEORGE A. COX.

ONE of the most encouraging things in the history of this young country is the record of her sons, who from small things have risen to positions of eminence. It is more than a matter of interest—it is an inspiration to trace the careers of those lion-hearted men who demand of fortune that measure of success which is their birthright. Locality and circumstance have little to do with the shaping of their destinies. They create their own environment, taking no note of obstacles seemingly insurmountable, and through sheer force of will command fate to minister to their wants and bring to pass those events which lead up to the crowning point in their lives.

Senator George A. Cox occupies what is perhaps the most prominent position in the insurance and financial world of Canada to-day. It is not alone his personal success which commands attention, but the value of his services to the country at large; for whether it be in the founding of a great corporation in Ontario, the opening up of the coal fields of the Northwest, or the development of the iron industries of Nova Scotia, his work has ever been constructive, and the prosperity that has come to him has been shared by the community. It is such men, whose welfare is bound up in the development of the country and its resources, who are of inestimable value to it.

George Albertus Cox was born in the little village of Colborne, Ont., on the 7th of May, 1840. After receiving such education as was available in those early days, he became, at the age of sixteen, an operator for the Montreal Telegraph Company in his native village. So thoroughly did he perform the duties entrusted to him, and so many proofs did he show of his fitness to occupy a position of responsibility, that two years later he was appointed agent for the company in Peterboro'. Here for thirty years he labored with tireless energy. Prosperity came to him, and through him in large measure to the town, for his name is indissolubly connected with many of its affairs.

Shortly after his appointment by the Telegraph Company he added an Express agency to his business, and a little later he became the local representative of the Canada Life Assurance Company and of the Western Assurance Company. He took a great interest in municipal and educational matters, and for seven years was Mayor of the thriving town—four

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PHOTOGRAPH BY COCHRANE, HAMILTON.

SENATOR GEORGE A. COX.

times by acclamation and three times by election. His energies, however, were not confined within municipal bounds, and in 1871 he was selected as the Liberal standard-bearer in the Dominion election for the Conservative county of West Peterboro'.

In 1878 Mr. Cox became president of the Midland Railway of Canada at the request of the creditors of the Company, which at that time was in financial difficulties, the road being out of order and the line incomplete. During the five years of his presidency the road was completed and relaid with steel, elevators were erected at

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each terminus, new rolling stock was provided, and in all respects it was placed in a first class condition. Four other railways, which were to some extent serving the same territory, were taken over by the Midland, and the consolidated system was later on sold to the Grand Trunk Railway. When Mr. Cox assumed the management of the Midland the stock was selling at seventeen cents on the dollar, but he so improved the property that when it was turned over to the Grand Trunk its securities were worth more than par. This sale was, up to that time, the most important financial event in Mr. Cox's career, and its success was the foundation of his fortune.

In 1884 he founded the Central Canada Loan and Savings Company, becoming its first president, which office he still retains. A man who devotes his thoughts and energies to large undertakings must expand. His mind becomes broader and his mental perspective more extensive. As time went by Mr. Cox felt these changes within him, and, yielding to their influence, he moved in 1888 to Toronto, where a larger field awaited his increasing powers.

PHOTOGRAPH BY LITTLE, PETERBOROUGH.

SENATOR COX AT TWENTY-ONE.

In this year he was elected vice-president of the Canadian Bank of Commerce, of which he had for two years been a director, and in 1890 he became its president.

His experience in insurance matters won for him in 1892 a place on the board of directors of the Canada Life Assurance Company. Prior to his removal to Toronto he had become a director of the Western Assurance Company, and in 1894 he succeeded to the presidency of that company.

In addition to these institutions, Mr. Cox has from time to time been identified with various successful enterprises, and recently, with several other Canadian financiers, he took an interest in the formation of the Dominion Iron and Steel Company of Nova Scotia.

The Dominion Government in 1896 appointed Mr. Cox a member of the Dominion Senate. This recognition of his character, his business ability, and his knowledge of the intricacies of finance, was received with considerable approval. It is notable that the congratulations on his appointment received from political opponents were as hearty as those from members of his own party.

The past year has been a very eventful one in the history of Senator Cox. For forty years the one great interest nearest his heart has been the welfare of the Canada Life Assurance Company, and on the presidency becoming vacant at the end of the year, he was invited by the directors to the highest honour in their gift. This graceful and fitting tribute to his valued services may be considered the crowning event of his business career.

While Senator Cox has been so superlatively a man of affairs, he has yet been able to devote much time to religious, educational and benevolent work. The Methodist church, of which he is a member, has benefited largely by his wise counsel, as well as by his substantial aid, more especially of late in connection with that great movement, the Nineteenth Century Fund. He is a regent of Victoria

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University, as well as one of its bursars, and for several years he has been president of the Ontario Ladies' College of Whitby, one of the leading seminaries of the Dominion.

He has always been a temperance man in the truest sense, and while setting a high standard for himself, being in fact a total abstainer, he seeks by example rather than precept to instil into the army of workers about him those habits that have contributed so largely to his success.

The life of Senator Cox has been singularly free from those exciting episodes which mark the career of many men who acquire wealth. There has been no wild speculation, no alternation of exultant triumph and bitter disappointment ; his life has flowed so serenely on from one great enterprise to another, that it would almost seem that his successes just happened, could one forget that mighty force beneath the surface—the iron will of a strong man.

If the question were asked, what are the qualities which enable a man to so far outstrip his fellows?—the reply would probably be, a knowledge of men; the power of reading them almost at a glance, and of assigning them to that station for which they are best fitted. While this great gift, possessed only by the very few, is an important element, one must look deeper for those basic qualities without which true success is impossible. Integrity, absolute and unswerving, and an unlimited capacity for hard work—these are the qualities, combined with business ability and sagacity of the highest order, which have enabled Senator Cox to reach the eminent position he occupies to-day.

IF I WERE A ROSE.

IF I were a rose—
And my lady sweet
Were to crush me to death
Beneath her feet—
With my dying breath
I would not repine,
But an incense, meet
For my lady's shrine,
I would e'en exhale
For my lady sweet,
Till life should fail,
As I lay at her feet.

E. D. A.

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Major Denison. Major Pellettier. Capt. Panet. Major MacDougall. Lieut.-Col. Lessard

PHOTOGRAPH BY HENDERSON, KINGSTON.

Lieut.-Col. Gordon, Col. Foster. Col Kitson. Lieut.-Col. Buchan. Capt. Winters.
Major Cartwright. Major Weekes. Major Straubenzie.

MILITARY PICTURE SERIES NO. 10. A FAMOUS GROUP ON STEPS OF ROYAL MILITARY COLLEGE.

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MILITARY PICTURE SERIES NO. 20.—OFFICERS OF QUEEN'S OWN RIFLES OF CANADA (2nd BATT'N.)—NIAGARA CAMP, JULY 1ST, 1899.

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MILITARY PICTURE SERIES NO. 21.—THE BATTLEFIELD AT BELMONT, SHOWING TRENCHES BUILT BY THE CANADIANS.

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THE LADY GWENDOLEN EPISODE.*

By Robert Barr.

THE Earl of Stobcross was O! so haughty. He was also proud, and went about with his chin in the air. Earls cannot always be recognized by the altitude of their chins. An American visitor to England once expressed his regret to me that the notables of the British Isles did not go round with large printed labels on their backs, telling who they were, so that a stranger would not be compelled to follow the example of Theodore Hook, who, meeting a distinguished-looking man on the Strand, went up to him and inquired if he was anybody in particular. The American plaintively said, when I remarked that the nobility might object to being labelled, that it would merely be reverting to an old custom, which had been allowed to fall into disuse. In ancient times the swells carried their labels on their shields, drawing pictures thereon, because, as a general rule, they were not able to write. Then, when you met a knight out in London, all you had to do was to consult your illustrated catalogue of the titled families, for the year 1492, for instance, and you spotted your man at once, and knew whether it was better to take to a side street or not. As a rule, if you had any valuables about you it was safer to make a hasty move elsewhere. He suggested that if the House of Lords would consent to wear large numerals on their manly bosoms, and if some publisher would issue a numbered catalogue for sixpence, to be sold at all respectable bookstalls, the arrangement would be a great convenience to the tourist. I said that if the tourist would merely take the trouble to study trigonometry a little he would have no trouble.

A plain knight wears his chin at a certain angle, easily ascertainable by a man who mixes in good society; a baronet holds his three degrees higher; an earl five degrees higher than the baronet; a duke is again ever so much more elevated than an earl, and thus comes our phrase, "As drunk (i.e. as elevated) as a lord." My American friend thanked me cordially for my information, and getting some further instructions on angles, acute and obtuse, he went forth on the streets to test his newly-acquired knowledge, all of which brings me back to where I started, that the Earl of Stobcross held his chin so high in the air that his nose pointed straight up to the zenith. Captious readers may say, "How then could a duke hold his head higher?" To explain the matter I must refer to the history of the Earl. Whilst most of our duke's ancestors came over with William the Conqueror, the first Earl of Stobcross was dropped off on these islands by Noah as the ark was passing the peak of Skiddaw. The archives in Stobcross castle inform us that, although Noah booked the first Earl for the entire voyage, the ancient mariner could not put up with the Earl's pretensions, who insisted on sitting at the head of the table, while Noah held that this chair was the captain's place. His lordship grumbled so much about the food, and complained so bitterly that there was no smoking room on the boat, that Noah was glad to get rid of him, and when the marooned Earl threatened him for breach of contract, Noah replied that he had his remedy at the law courts. When the waters subsided the Earl went down the hill and seized all the land he could get his hands (or feet) on, and so founded Stobcross manor. He brought suit against Noah, but the latter had

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sailed out of the jurisdiction of the courts. The monk who wrote the Stobcross chronicles ventures a small pun at this point, spelling the word "Jew-ris-diction," and explaining thus the anti-Semitic attitude of the Stobcross family. Whether the first Earl hated the Jews or not, the 17th Earl had a great liking for them, mortgaged the manor to them and blew in the money resulting therefrom with neatness and despatch. Having nothing else to blow in, he blew out his—well, the coroner's jury said it was his brains, but those who knew the 17th Earl maintained that he had none, so there is an historical discrepancy somewhere—probably in the Earl's head.

Be that as it may, the Stobcross family has been poor and mortgaged up to the hilt ever since, but their pride never lessened in the slightest degree, which brings this biographical resume to the middle of the week before last and to Archibald, forty-third Earl of Stobcross, and his only daughter, the Lady Gwendolen.

Difficult as it would be for us to learn to love the forty-third Earl of Stobcross, even if I were content to veil the truth and say he was an amiable man, which I steadfastly refuse to do, the case of the Lady Gwendolen calls forth our deepest sympathy. The Earl being poor, the neighbouring nobles would not look at her, but were all over in the United States with lists of railway owners and pork millionaires in their pockets, seeking the eligible daughters thereof. The Earl being proud, Lady Gwendolen was not allowed to receive the addresses of any of the rich tradesmen's sons in the neighbourhood, even though the Earl's grocery bills had not been paid for years and years. Now, if this were a play, instead of a plain statement of actual fact, I would have the truculent butcher of the neighbourhood demand the hand of Gwendolen for his son or the instant liquidation of the meat bill. This would go well on the stage, and I can hear the deep beefy tones of the butcher threatening to put the cringing nobleman into the county court and the bailiffs into Stobcross castle, finishing up with a peroration which would capture the gallery to the effect that:

A hundred unpaid mutton legs
Are worth a thousand coats of arms.

However, none of these things were thought of, and never are, except on the boards. The neighbouring tradesmen did not bother about unpaid bills, but pointed with pride to the fact that the Earl refused to deal with the co-operative stores, which was indeed true, for the stores heartlessly require cash down.

In these circumstances the life of Lady Gwendolen was not an enviable one, and so she took to bicycling. She got a machine on the instalment plan, and when the instalments went for long unliquidated, and the agent sorrowfully took the wheel away for non-payment, as was agreed, the Lady Gwendolen got another somewhere else, the maker printing in his catalogue, "Patronized by the Earl of Stobcross, and others of the nobility." Great are the blessings of the credit system when you know how to work it.

At first she cycled on the smooth roads of the home park, round Stobcross castle; then, as she became more expert, she took to the delightfully leafy lanes of the country, and, of course, when she was seven and a half miles from home, she punctured the tire of the hind wheel, and sat disconsolate on a mossy bank, not knowing what to do with it. There was a repair kit along, but she knew nothing of its use, thinking it had been put there to balance the wheel, or something of that sort.

At this juncture—or perhaps it would be more accurate to say at this puncture—there happened along a nice young man, who also rode a wheel. He sprang off on seeing a maiden in distress, and asked politely if he could be of any assistance. He could, and he was. The girl sat there, and admired his deft handling of a tire that had unexpectedly gone as limp as a rag.

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"There," said the young man cheerfully, "it is all right now, my lady."

"O, you know who I am," said the girl flushing slightly.

"Yes, my lady, but as it is not likely that you recognize me, may I have the pleasure of introducing myself?"

(These board schools in England do enable a young man to express himself beautifully. Pretty soon there will be no more dialect stories written, for which mercy let us be truly thankful!)

"I should be pleased to have you do so," replied Lady Gwendolen with dignity, "that I may know to whom I am under obligations."

"There is no obligation my lady; it was a delight to serve you. I am John A. Biggs, son of the blacksmith in Podbury-Gosset, the village under the shadow of Stobcross castle, as one might say, although it is five miles away. We do cycle repairing, and if anything ever goes wrong with your wheel, we will put it right as cheaply as any other reliable house in the trade."

"Cheapness has no attraction for my father," said Lady Gwendolen with some of the hauteur of the gentleman she had mentioned, "we have never been in the habit of haggling about price."

The young man bowed and was silent. He was well aware of the Earl's financial principles.

The two rode together along the lane toward the castle, and chatted in the most amiable manner of the various merits of different machines, and when they parted at last, the girl impulsively held out her hand and if he kept it in his own a little longer than was strictly necessary, who shall blame him? Not I, for one; I've done it myself. He made bold to ask her if she accustomed to cycle often in that lane, and she answered in a low voice that she was.

But what is the use of my dwelling on these details. I know the reader has already fathomed my shallow plot. There is only one story to write, and that has been written over and over and over again. Still I am encouraged to proceed because I am dealing with fact and not with fiction. This is a plain, unenamelled record of actual events (all except the Noah story, which I am not responsible for; the monk wrote that), and as long as I stick rigidly to the truth, I don't see how I can be found fault with. If I were writing fiction I would call the young man Reginald Trevour instead of John A. Biggs. I don't see much romance about the name of Biggs myself, although he was a fine, stalwart, young fellow, deeply read in clippings stolen from the comic papers and consequently possessing such a vast fund of information that it was an education in itself for any lady in the land to talk with him. But the reader who thinks everything is going smoothly from now on, is much mistaken. Neither of the young people gave a thought to the proud Earl, who paced the battlements with his chin in the air. The wily reader who keeps his eye on that haughty Earl, will run the best chance of gaining the guinea prize offered for a solution of the "Stobcross Mystery."

The two young people met often in that leafy lane and talked most absorbingly of . . . let us say of bicycles and the component parts thereof. And the arrogant Earl kept his nose so perpendicular that he saw nothing of what was passing under his chin, as one might remark. But was there none to enlighten him? Reader, you have guessed it. No account of a grim castle can be written without taking account of the surly servitor—the menial whose forefathers have faithfully slaved and spied for the baronial house with which they have been connected all through the centuries. Novelists should subscribe for a testimonial to the rancorous retainer; he is a boon and a blessing to them.

Peter Trevellick, the crabbed man-of-all work about the castle, had a suspicion of what was going forward and he stealthily watched the young pair. For a long time he was baffled because he was seventy-six years old and no sprinter on the cycle, and as most of their conferences took place in the

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aforementioned leafy lane, on their wheels, espionage was not without its difficulties. But so eager were the twain to meet that on several occasions when the Earl was from home, the blacksmith's son had the temerity to call on Lady Gwendolen at the castle, and it was only too evident that the girl was most eager to see him. Trevellick, the better to further his sinister purpose, fawned on the young man, and pretended to be his friend, actually winning his confidence.

Ah, Youth! Youth! When will you learn discretion? Haven't you read enough dime novels to know that crawling servitors are ever to be distrusted? Subscribe for the *Family Story Paper*, learn of their ways and be wise.

At last the young man gave Trevellick a note to take to Lady Gwendolen. It was to be slipped into her hand secretly, and Peter was to choose his opportunity, which he promised to do. John A. gave him a shilling, which the old man bit, to test its quality, when the donor's back was turned; then he rubbed his withered hands one over the other, and chuckled, after the manner of villains on the melo-dramatic stage. He steamed open the note and read it. It was without address or signature and ran as follows:

"I have everything arranged, and I think there will be no fear of discovery. If you can get away without creating suspicion, meet me in the old arbour to-night at nine and I will tell you all."

Resealing the letter, Trevellick handed it to the lady, and watched her furtively while she read. She was visibly agitated by its contents, the colour coming and going swiftly on her fair cheeks.

Need I state that when young Biggs met the Lady Gwendolen in the summer house, old Trevellick was listening outside? I think not, yet fearing there may be any misapprehension, I will state it and add that he had his ear at a knot-hole. He heard every palpitating word, for the two having no suspicion did not speak in whispers. Little do young people know of the meanness of this world! If we were not confident that everything would turn out all right at last, and that the villain would be overthrown, we could not bear to read stories of their simple innocence. This is what the lurking eavesdropper heard:

"Don't you think we might try it on a tandem?" asked Lady Gwendolen sweetly.

"No, no," said young Biggs eagerly, "I think we should have two bicycles. Then in case of pursuit we could go down different roads and thus bewilder those who follow. We could meet at the market cross in Puddlebury and go together to the place of appointment."

"Yes, I suppose that would be the better plan," sighed the girl, "although I dislike riding alone in the dark."

"I don't suppose it will be necessary for us to separate on the road; I am merely speaking of what had best be done should our plans be discovered, a most unlikely eventuality, for your father has not the slightest suspicion and may not miss you until it is too late for him to do anything."

Old Peter chuckled offensively and silently as he heard this.

"Wouldn't it have been better to have gone to your village, which is only five miles away, than to Puddlebury, which is twenty?"

"They are such gossips in our village that I dare not risk it. If we were seen together the news would be all over the country in half an hour, and your father would be sure to hear of it. At Puddlebury no one knows us, and the moment the ceremony is over we can snap our fingers at the whole world. I have witnesses ready, and there will be no delay."

"How thoughtful you are! Will it take long, once we reach there?"

"Only a few minutes."

"And to think that an action fraught with such consequences—an action which changes the whole course of two human lives, occupies but a few minutes! I can hardly believe that we are so near to the realization of our fondest hopes. When shall I meet you?"

"I shall be in the lane with two bi-

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"I will be in the lane at three hours after midnight with two bicycles."

cycles at three hours after midnight. The lighted lamps will guide you. We will ride slowly unless there is pursuit, and should reach Puddlebury about daylight. I hope you will have no difficulty in getting away from the castle unseen."

"There will be no trouble about that. At three o'clock, then."

Thus they parted, and Gwendolen sought her own room. Had she any qualms about leaving it thus surreptitiously? I'm sure I don't know. I am compelled to keep strictly to the facts within my own cognizance.

I am, however, delighted to be able to state that here the villain met his first difficulty. Up to date everything has been going his way, and if that kept on to the end there would be little use in writing this narrative. The proud Earl was not at home. The county court was in session that week at Seradlington, ten miles westward from the castle, while Puddlebury was twenty miles to the east, and the Earl always attended the county court, being usually summoned to do so. He was a punctilious observer of the laws of his country, and never flouted a writ. Old Peter, therefore, had his work cut out for him. He mounted a horse and galloped for the Earl. Trevellick did not shine as a horseman, and the only horse at his disposal was not of racing stock, having been more accustomed to the plough than to the hunting-field. It was long after midnight when Peter reached the county town, and then there was much delay in finding his lordship and in convincing him that his daughter had actually eloped with the son of a blacksmith. No Stobcross since the days of Noah had ever so demeaned herself, the Earl maintained. He saw that if this were indeed true he could not in future keep his chin so high in the air, and as he had become

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accustomed to it in that position, he hated to change. At last, however, he rode grumblingly to his castle, and arrived there about daylight, fully expecting to find Gwendolen in her room, and then he told himself he would make it lively for Old Peter, who had thus unnecessarily disturbed his rest.

Sure enough the castle was empty! The bird had flown! Madly the Earl galloped to Puddlebury. He called first, raging, on the established clergyman of the place, but found that placid old gentleman had married no one for weeks. Then crashing on the perturbed nobleman's distracted brain came the thought that the blacksmith's son was sure to be a dissenter, and had doubtless been married by one of the numerous ministers of that faith. He visited in turn all the reverend gentlemen in Puddlebury, but without hearing of the fugitives. There was now left only the registrar.

The Earl called upon the registrar in a towering rage.

"I am the Earl of Stobcross and I have come—"

"O, yes, my lord. About the little affair I was honoured in carrying out for your daughter, Lady Gwendolen. Quite so, quite so. I am delighted to be able to assure your lordship that there was not a hitch in the proceedings and everything went off exactly as arranged, and I am sure I most heartily congratulate your lordship," said the official, volubly.

"Congratulate!!! On a blacksmith's son! You—you—"

The haughty Earl became inarticulate with anger. The registrar went on suavely:

"A blacksmith's son certainly, and I doubt if she could have had a better partner. She had the ideas, and he had the mechanical ability. Experts say that the bicycle saddle they have invented is just the thing that the public have long been waiting for, and waiting for in vain. I do a little business in a financial way, and the young man was good enough to intrust the arrangements to me. I succeeded in interesting the great company promoter, Gillooley, in the invention after we had secured the patents all over the world for it, and this morning the contracts were signed. The young man is to be made managing director of the company at a large salary when the saddle is put on the public."

"I—I—really don't know what you are talking about," stammered the Earl. "The saddle on the public? I thought you said it was to be put on a bicycle."

"Quite so, quite so. Gillooley has paid, your daughter £500,000 cash, less my little commission, and he intends to pass it on to the public for two millions. And he'll do it, too."

"Then you—you—have married nobody recently, I take it," gasped the Earl.

"Not likely! There is too much money in the cycle business for me to bother about marrying people. I send them off to a neighbouring minister."

"Will you excuse me if I bid you good morning?" stammered his lordship.

"Delighted to have you do so," replied the registrar.

The particulars of the Gwendolen saddle was printed in most of the leading English papers as reading matter, but paid for as an advertisement by the talented Gillooley, and swallowed as real news by a gullible public, who subscribed the capital of the new company five times over. The information was cabled to America, and in the New York papers Lord de Benture Barbarrybush read that Lady Gwendolen, only daughter of the Earl of Stobcross, had become possessed of $2,500,000. As his lordship was at that moment in negotiation with a stockbroker, who would only give $1,000,000 with his girl, and that largely conditional on the success of the wheat corner, Lord de Benture immediately sailed for home, and told Gwendolen that he had been in America merely to learn the best route to Klondike, which was quite true. He found what he sought by marrying Gwendolen at the parish church.

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OLD ESTHER'S EASTER BONNET.

By Elmina Atkinson (Madge Merton).

THE snow lingered long that year. There were patches of it in the dooryards of the houses, and it lay along the fences of the quiet fields beyond the little town. The air, too, was keen for Easter-time. The sunshine cheered only the heart and let the wind sharpen the faces and nip the finger-tips of those who dawdled on their way to market or gossiped too long from open doors. And a cold Easter has fallen into disrepute. It makes eggs dear, and it prevents the wearing of those gay things women call Easter bonnets.

Old Esther's patrons would one and all have declared that the poor old washerwoman had outlived her love of finery. To have seen her that night would have been a revelation to them. She had bought herself an Easter bonnet, and she was trying it on before a mirror. Esther was squat of figure, low-browed and a little lame, and it was with no small degree of physical weariness she stood erect before her mirror which was much disfigured by pock-marks of damp and marred by a glistening diagonal crack. But this was a grand occasion, for never before in all her sixty-seven years had Esther bought herself a bonnet. They had been given to her in her younger days, but of late woollen hoods had been her only headgear. It was generally supposed that she preferred the hoods because they were warmer and so much more suitable for an old woman who had a large bald spot on her head and earned her bread and paid her rent by washing five days a week for sixty cents a day. Wages were low in the village.

But Esther had been having her own dreams—as fantastic as the steamy wreaths which curled up from her well-boiled clothes—as rosy and as golden as the rainbow bubbles which spat themselves into foam and froth at the edges of her tubs. Her dreams had been always of an Easter bonnet. At last she had bought it, and she had wanted it for twenty-two years.

Many a well-meant and much-needed gift had come to Esther, and though she was truly grateful for all the linsey gowns and flannel petticoats, the shoulder shawls, the warm mittens, the preserves, the papers of tea and even the woollen hoods, she could not refrain from telling the Lord when she prayed, that it was a pity some of the kind ladies did not know about the bonnet. But Esther's prayers were always whispered low, and no one ever listened, so the years passed by and never till this April had she been able to indulge her heart's sturdy, long-lived fancy for an Easter bonnet with flowers.

There came a tap at the door while she was leaning her head and turning her neck and rolling her eyes before the mirror, and she stumped across the strip of rag-carpet to admit her visitor.

"Come in, Miss Elspeth dear," she crooned, patting the velvet sleeve of the mantle the girl wore.

"Why, Esther, how gay you look!"

The old woman put her hand to her head with awkward haste. "It's me bunnit," she cried, "I'd forgotten I had it on. I just fetched it home from the store. I've been seein' if it become me,"—this last with a grand air of satisfaction.

The old creature was quaking with excitement. Her faded blue eyes were shining mistily, and there was a note of nerve-tension in her voice.

"You poor dear old soul," said Elspeth, "did you want a bonnet? Why didn't you tell me? I thought you liked the hoods best," and Elspeth's fingers closed more tightly about the mouth of her shopping bag.

Esther shook her head at the girl's

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query, and went on smoothing the strings with a relish of their softness and richness, though her rough old fingers caught on and broke loose from the satin with snapping little noises.

"There wasn't so much doin' with Easter bonnets years ago," said Esther, "but in yer granma's family the young leddys always fixed up some at Easters, and they used to fix me too, bein' as I was at service there and they had such kind hearts. Then when yer ma was married and I went to live with her and you children came and the poor dear rector didn't have much to come and go on, with givin' to the poor and payin' his way, there wasn't so much to buy bonnets. But she was chipper, yer ma was, and she'd stick a flower in her bonnet and iron out the strings and look like an angel, she would. And she'd never forget my bunnit. It always had something done to it, and I'd go as smart as any of them. The Easter before she died, things was easier with yer pa, and she come home from the city with a lovely thing on her head—all purple with pansies and strings, oh that long," and Esther indicated a yard and a half of rag carpet. "She was took from us all, soon after, and whenever Easter came, and I hadn't no one to do me bunnit, I could see her all so plain when I shut my eyes, with the purple and the little pansies, and I made out I should get me one like it some day. One year I had saved two dollars and I went to the city and looked in all the windows but there was only one of the pansy kind and it was fifteen dollars. So I wore me hood as usual, and tried to swallow down the feelin' I had for bunnits. But I couldn't, Miss Elspeth, and I just went on savin' and savin,' and I'd got twelve dollars when I broke me leg. Then there was the hard times winter, and the spring John's Lizzie had the bronkeetus, and my rheumatiz-time, and I couldn't ever get enough ahead for a bunnit. Maybe it's wrong, but I've prayed and prayed for the Lord to take away my yearnin' for a worldly bunnit—prayed real earnest too—and got myself decided to let it go willing, if so be that He took it out of me heart. And then after I'd wrastled and prayed, I'd go to sleep and dream of whole choirs of angels all wearing pansy bunnits and yer dear ma there too with her lovely one on, and it just matchin' her eyes.

"Last October had just come in and I was passing by Miss Pratt's, when there I saw a pansy bunnit a swingin' upon its little wire thing, for she'd just sot it in the window, and I went right in. She couldn't believe about me wanting a bunnit at first and then when she let me try it on, I could have cried because it didn't cover my bald spot. But she was good, she was, and said she'd keep it for Easter and put some more to it to make it bigger, and it was only six dollars, and I paid her four down and saved the rest up to now."

Elspeth had been listening eagerly, her face flushing and paling alternately. There was something uncanny about this simple old woman, with her child-like faith, her familiarity with the All-powerful and her angel-dreams.

She was sitting stiffly in her chair, her bent old shoulders rounding the dingy brown shawl she wore. Her cotton gown left her coarse shoes well in view. Her hands were lumpy at the knuckles. The fingers, twisted and seamed, had fallen into her lap, but still holding with a gentle caress the longest of the two purple strings. Her face was brightened with pleasure yet wistful, and as the silence grew around the room the wistfulness leaped from eyes to mouth until her lips twitched and her weak-like old nose sharpened and quivered at the nostrils.

Presently she broke the silence abruptly.

"And now that I've got me bunnit, I'm miserable. I feel as wasteful and wicked as I do satisfied, and I can't help thinking of Granny Sykes and her smoky stove. Did you know, Miss Elspeth, her stove smokes till her eyes are that sore they water all the time, and me a-sitting here with my pansy bunnit on me silly old head."

"If you'd only told me, Esther," was all the rector's daughter could

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think to say. "I would have been so glad to get you one, but I didn't know."

"You couldn't, child. It's an onnatural thing of me to want it. But I tried to live it down—tried hard, I did, though what I'd have done without it I don't know. It's been such comp'ny just to have it to think of."

"Do you think, Miss Elspeth," she began again after a little, "that your ma would mind me wearing one like hers, or yer pa?—don't you think maybe you'd better speak to him about it? I wouldn't have him think I was oversteppin' my place."

"Father would be only glad, dear old Esther, and as sorry as I am that I didn't know how much you wanted a bonnet. Promise me that if there is anything else you ever want, you will tell me."

Old Esther's face grew very grave, and she said slowly: "If I was sick and wantin' medicine, or cold and needed warming, or if me bread-box was empty, I'd go straight to the recotry and thank God for the friends I know you'd be to me. But this bunnit feeling—it's different. I'm ashamed of it. I never told a soul. I couldn't bring me tongue to say it, and in the summer I never durst look at the purple pansy flowers, for it seemed as if them and me had a secret and I was 'fraid they'd tell on me."

"Oh, nonsense," cried Elspeth, and then she fumbled in her bag and brought out a pot of honey and some gingerbread.

"No, dear, no," said Esther, waving the dainties away; "I couldn't take them. I'm going to fast to-morrow and live plain for a bit—I'm that ashamed of meself."

"Take them to Granny Sykes. She's tight in her wind-pipe, and the honey'll be good for that and her sore eyes."

. . .

"So Esther is going to fast to atone for her 'bunnit feelin'.'"

It was the rector who spoke. Elspeth had just been telling him of her visit.

"And I suppose you had taken her some Easter offering!"

"Yes, some honey and gingerbread and," with a half-laughing, half-troubled face—"another hood."

AN ARMY IN THE FIELD.

By Captain William Wood, Royal Rifles.

ORGANIZATION is the chief characteristic of the nineteenth century. It is everywhere around us—in the school, in the church, in the hospital, in works of charity, in every form of sport, society and the world of pleasure, in all the innumerable associations organized for every object under heaven, in all departments of government and in every other possible form of human activity. And, as nations compete during peace by the organization of their trade, so do their governments prepare to hold their own during war by an ever-increasing organization of armed forces both by land and sea. Under the old conditions, which of course affected both sides alike, there were smaller, simpler and slower armies, which scattered for provisions, concentrated for battle, and regularly retired into winter quarters. But the advance of organization has changed all that.

The new conditions of warfare are all summed up in the one word *Mobilisation** ; and the ideal modern army has the mutual relations of its *peace* and *war-footings* so highly organized, that the one word *Mobilise* will set every component part of the whole military

*NOTE.—*Technical Expressions*, which are all explained by implication in the context, are printed in *italics*.

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machine in simultaneous motion. *Mobilise:* and, at the summons, every corps in the service, so long and so carefully prepared beforehand, at once springs into intenser life. *Mobilise:* and the surgeons inspect the men, in order that only those who are thoroughly fit may go to the front; all drills are conducted with special reference to the work in hand; the most advanced classes of recruits are getting the finishing touches from the instructors, preparatory to joining the ranks; the reserves are coming in, and being armed, uniformed and told off to their places without a moment's delay; every one away on leave is rejoining headquarters immediately; and, among all these, come those deserters who have determined to redeem in war what they have lost in peace—and who would not wish them well? *Mobilise:* and every horse is inspected as carefully as the men have been; every article of equipment is examined; every gun and rifle is *viewed*; every bayonet, sword and lance is tested and sharpened for immediate use; all bright work is dulled, so as not to draw attention; parade uniforms are stored away; the colours left in safe keeping; khaki and service kits taken into daily wear; the regimental transport completed down to its smallest detail—and then *that* corps is ready for the front. *Mobilise:* and the Generals have been preparing their commands; four infantry *battalions* have been *brigaded*, under a Major-General; with another similar *brigade*, and a few Cavalry and Artillery, they make a division, 10,000 strong, under a Lieutenant-General; three such *divisions*, with 1,000 more cavalry and over 100 guns in all, form an *Army Corps*, 40,000 strong, under a General. *Mobilise:* and meanwhile every auxiliary department which helps to make up this 40,000 is hurrying towards the same premeditated end—clerks, orderlies and servants have joined the *staff; Military Police*, both foot and mounted, have been told off for duty; the Engineers have supplied their *Pontoon Troop*, *Telegraph Division*, *Balloon Section*, four *Field Companies*, *Field Park* and *Railway Company*; the *Chaplains'*, *Veterinary*, *Ordnance* and *Post Office* departments all contribute their quota; the *Medical Service* is ready for *front*, *lines* and *base*; and, most important of all, the *Supply and Transport* is prepared to meet any and every demand which the needs and movements of the campaign may make upon it. Then, and not till then, that *Army Corps* is ready. *Mobilise:* and the different *Army Corps* take their places in the *Field Force*. But they do not complete it by themselves; for the higher the unit the more complex is its organization. As a *brigade* is more than its four *battalions*, a *division* still more than its two *brigades*, and an *Army Corps* much more still than its three *divisions*, so a *Field Force* of 250,000 is very much more indeed than a collection of its *Army Corps*. The *Army Corps* consists chiefly of Infantry, with enough Artillery for all ordinary operations in the field; but with only 1,500 cavalry—just enough for scouting, reconnaissance and general use as a minor tactical auxiliary. Conseqently, the *Field Force* needs the services of *Independent Cavalry Divisions*, each 5,000 strong and complete in itself. In very favourable country, there might be one such Division for every *Army Corps;* but, usually, there would be less. Besides the Cavalry, many other special *arms* must be incorporated with the *Field Force*, according to circumstances and the nature of the campaign; such as a large force of Mounted Infantry, perhaps with flying Maxims; mountain batteries with screw-guns and without any wheeled vehicles, everything being carried on pack animals; a siege train with heavy, long-range guns of positions; howitzer brigades with lyddite shells; Naval Brigades with ships' heavy quick-firers; a brigade of Marine Infantry; Fortress Companies of Engineers, and, perhaps, a detachment of Submarine Miners; corps of signallers, both foot and mounted; armoured trains; reserve ammunition columns; hospital ships, labourers' depôts, and many other important details.

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Mobilise: and the eternal question of transport has to be faced again and again at every increase in the size of units; of course, becoming more and more complicated at each successive step. It is harder to furnish supply and transport for a battalion than for the 1,000 men in it separately; harder for a brigade than for four battalions; harder for a division than for two brigades; harder for an Army Corps than for three divisions. Now, an Army Corps has more than 10,000 horses and pack animals, and more than 1,400 vehicles; but, as it consists mostly of infantry, which requires the least amount of transport, some idea may be formed of the supply and transport needed by a complete Field Force, 250,000 strong. There would probably be 100,000 animals, all told; and, of course, those serving in the transport would have to be provided for just as much as the chargers, troop-horses and gun-teams. If such an army could advance with 14,000 vehicles, or their equivalents by rail or river, it would be lucky.

Mobilise: and whilst all these endless details have been getting into place, the *General Staff* has assembled and settled down to work. First of all is the *Commander-in-Chief*, then his *Chief of Staff*, *Adjutant-General*, and *Intelligence Department*. Then the heads of the Artillery and Engineers, and of all administrative departments —Police, Telegraph, Signalling, Supply and Transport, Chaplains, Medical, Ordnance, Veterinary, Post Office, and others—are each attached to this staff. Besides which, there are special officers employed to look after Foreign Military Attachés, to be Censors of the Press, to act as special guides and interpreters, or in some political or diplomatic capacity, and to aid in a hundred other ways. Add to this that the staff itself has its own Commandant, a number of trained clerks and, generally, some civilians specially attached; and remember that every General on the Staff has his own Aides-de-Camp, and every head his own subordinates, and you will see that the "brain of an army" is itself a very complex thing indeed. When the *General Staff* is fully organized and has all the foregoing branches of the service completely unified and thoroughly in hand, then, and not till then, the Field Force is ready for the Theatre of war.

But still the word is *Mobilise:* for the Admiralty has been collecting transports from every quarter, preparing them as troopers and concentrating them at suitable points, then convoying them and aiding in the disembarkation, and, finally, most important of all, guaranteeing the command of the sea by the mobilisation of its battle-fleets. And *Mobilise:* for a dozen departments of civil life are taxed to their utmost capacity by countless rush orders for all the munitions of war.

This is only the barest general outline of mobilisation; and it must be borne in mind that none of its infinite combinations can begin their work unless each individual corps—and every individual man in it—has been previously brought up to the highest possible state of military training. The regiment is a little world in itself, where all the general discipline of life is directed towards a special military end. Its officers can only be commissioned to it after careful preparation in a military college, which they can only enter after a keen competitive examination in the various subjects of a good, liberal education. Its non-commissioned officers are also well trained, though in a less degree. A Sergeant must have a high-class certificate of general education, as well as every requisite military qualification, before getting his stripes and taking charge of his section. The commissioned and non-commissioned officers together form the brain and backbone of their corps; and, under the universal short-service system, are the only permanent element in it. Its men, who have previously passed through a well-planned recruit course, join the ranks for a few years only; after which they pass into the *Army Reserve*, and are only recalled from civil life in case of war. But though men, and officers

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too, come and go, the regiment itself is indestructible. Even if every man in it at the front was killed in action, still it would not die. Its *depot*, where a force of all ranks is always kept to train recruits and fit out reserves, would quicken into new life, draw in more recruits from its district, call in all surplus reserves, and get plenty of men from its affiliated battalions of Militia and Volunteers. It is this undying individuality of a regiment which casts so great a spell over the affections and imagination of all its members, from the Colonel down to the junior drummer-boy. The true soldier knows all its clustering traditions, and all its stories of a hundred fights ; and the more he loves it the better he will fight in its ranks ; for all men fight best in defence of hearth and home, and the soldier's home is always with his regiment.

Of course his regimental work is by no means the whole of an officer's training. Having passed into and out of the Military College by competition, he has still to qualify for every new step of rank. Besides, there are any number of special subjects for him to study privately, if he wishes to keep at a high professional level ; and if he aspires to the Staff, he must compete with the pick of the whole service for entrance to a two years' course at the Staff College, and then pass out successfully, before he can get the chance of an appointment. No career ever required greater natural aptitude, improved by thought and study, than the British Army of to-day.

All this complex British mobilisation is often compared with the apparently simple Boer system, greatly to our enemy's advantage. But would-be critics should remember that the British system is not under purely expert control, and that it is perpetually being modified to meet the exigencies of miscellaneous service in every part of the world—to say nothing of the varying popular policies of the day. All free countries get the organization they deserve, since they make it themselves; and, as the English-speaking peoples are as unmilitary as they are warlike, they, naturally, never get a good one. There are faults enough at the War Office and elsewhere ; but the first and greatest fault of all must rest with the voting public, who will not take an intelligent interest in the vital question of Imperial Defence.

The wonder is that our heterogeneous forces have done so well as they have against an army that had every natural advantage on its side. The Boers, on their own ground, are a nation of highly-trained military specialists, who have devoted their entire energies and enormous wealth for years past to the single object of fighting us. The British Army has had to prepare for war in every quarter of the globe : the Boers have had to prepare for only one kind of war, and that kind is being waged under the most favourable of all possible conditions for themselves. Their army is all mounted—an extraordinary advantage, impossible of attainment almost anywhere else ; and so, with such extreme mobility, they can combine offensive strategy with defensive tactics and, by rapid evasion and concentration, refuse all close action except on their own terms. Moreover, our home-bred critics should also remember that the Boers are aided by foreign staff officers of the highest professional standing.

And now, having taken a glance at *mobilisation*, let us take one at the actual conditions of war, as they would affect a British Field Force of 250,000 men in the enemy's country. Passing over the embarkation, voyage and landing—all most difficult operations—let us see them through their first victory in the open field, and, afterwards, started among all the vast complexities of the consequent advance.

New dangers and difficulties at once beset the army. While mobilising at home, the whole country gave all the assistance in its power, but, on hostile ground, all this is changed into the determined opposition of a watchful enemy, bent on thwarting the execution of every plan. What is known as the *Fog of War* gathers thickly

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round on every side, and, as a ship gradually works her way through intricate waters on some dark night, by taking continual soundings, so the army has to feel every single step of its hindering way through this dense fog of war by means of *Scouting* and *Reconnaissance*. The *Cavalry Screen* is pushed well out in advance to cover the front and flanks, and individual scouting is boldly carried on at every possible point in it. The general importance of scouting can hardly be exaggerated in these days of long-range fire and smokeless powder, which both tend to conceal a position so much that a force might blunder into sudden destruction, unless well enough forewarned. Even a single man may supply priceless information—like the Prussian scout who found the whole Austrian army in an unexpected position the day before Sadowa. The following particular instance of a smart bit of work by Colonel Baden-Powell, of Mafeking fame, is of exceptional interest just now. "I was riding one day across an open grass plain, in Matabeleland, with one native, scouting. Suddenly we noticed the grass had been recently trodden down; following up the track for a short distance it got to a patch of sandy ground and we then saw it was the spoor of several women and boys walking toward some hills about five miles distant, where we believed the enemy to be hiding. Then we saw a leaf lying about ten yards off the track—there were no trees for miles, but there were, we knew, trees of this kind at a village 15 miles distant, in the direction from which the tracks led. Probably, then, these women had come from that village, bringing the leaf with them, and had gone to the hills. On picking up the leaf it was damp and smelled of native beer, so we guessed that, according to the custom of these people (remember, as I said before, to study the habits and customs of your enemy), they had been carrying pots of native beer on their heads, the mouths of the pots being stopped with bunches of leaves. One of these leaves had fallen out; but we found it ten yards off the track, which showed that at the time it fell a wind had been blowing. There was no wind now, but there had been about 5 a.m., and it was now nearly 7. So we read from these signs that a party of women had brought beer during the night from the village 15 miles distant, and had taken it to the enemy on the hills, arriving there about six o'clock. The men would probably start to drink the beer at once (as it goes sour if kept for long) and would, by the time we could get there, be getting sleepy from it, so we should have a favourable chance of reconnoitring their position. We accordingly followed the women's tracks, found the enemy, made our observations, and got away with our information without any difficulty."

But a correct estimate cannot always be formed from scouting alone; and then a force of all arms, varying in strength according to circumstances, is pushed forward into whatever part of the screen most requires its assistance in finding out the enemy's dispositions. By this *reconnaissance* the enemy is forced either to show his whereabouts, or else to allow his lines to be penetrated.

Finally, when the Commander-in-Chief thinks he can overcome the opposing forces as they are, he advances the army in order of battle. First go the Cavalry, Mounted Infantry and Horse Artillery, playing their second rôle—that of a battle-screen behind which the main body of Field Artillery and Infantry can come up within striking distance. Preliminary combats of mounted troops will generally open future battles, each side trying to penetrate and roll up the other's screen in order to uncover his front before he is ready. As the action develops, the screen clears the front and withdraws to guard the flanks of its own side, while at the same time watching its chance to fall upon the enemy's. And here, in command of a battle-screen, either in its first position in front, or later on in its second on the flanks, is the Cavalry General's golden oppor-

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tunity. His life-time of preparation is here brought to the test of a moment's action. The mere handling of the three most mobile arms in close combination, and over every kind of ground, is no small feat in itself; but, when this is carried out in presence of an equally mobile enemy—always intent upon his own opportunity; when Mounted Infantry can change position in an instant, to check any rash advance with a hail of fire; when Horse Artillery can keep the pace with anyone, and let loose its sudden quick-firer tempest of long-range shells with fatal effect on any exposed body of troops caught unawares; when Cavalry, hovering like an eagle for the chance to swoop, can dash to pieces in its impetuous charge any formation with an open flank; when the whole scene of action is shifting every second with kaleidoscopic change; when every movement is made with lightning-like rapidity; when all opportunities are fleeting as they are precious, and when a single lost one may change the issue of the day: then is the time, and there is the place, for the born leader of Cavalry, for the man of keen eye, intuitive judgment and instant decision—for the man of genius, and for him alone.

As the front becomes clear of Cavalry, the Field Artillery, or any Naval or other heavy guns available, open fire: the *Artillery Duel* has begun. This second struggle for tactical advantage is won by getting the range before one's opponent and making better practice under better *fire-discipline;* since, in these quick-firing days, forestalling the enemy in well-directed intensity of fire is everything: the slower side should be thrown into confusion and overwhelemed before it can begin to make its own work tell. Our Artillery, gaining the upper hand, redoubles its fury as the long *firing line* of shirmishers is seen working its way forward in extended order, trying to get within half-a-mile before answering the enemy's fire; for this is the opening of the third and deciding struggle of the day. Within a short quarter-mile, follow the *Supports* in single rank, and at the same distance again in rear, the *Reserves.* The numbers in the *Firing Line* and *Supports* are about equal, the *Reserves* are as strong as both together, and all three form the *First Line* of the attack. A *Second Line*, as strong as the whole of the *First*, soon appears; and, still further in rear, a *Third Line* of equal strength. As men begin to fall in the Firing Line, others from the Supports go on filling up its gaps until they are all absorbed into it. And, as this renewed line presses on, its further gaps are filled up from the Reserves. The advance, here slow, there a little faster, and often brought to a standstill for a time, is pushed on by successive waves of reinforcements, which carry it forward on the flood-tide of the long attack. But, before getting to the last quarter-mile, a general check occurs, and the last waves from the Reserves break as if upon a beach. The *Decisive Range* has been reached, and the defence are making their last desperate effort in the *fire-fight.* The opposing lines of fire are now thickened to their utmost, and the sputtering musketry swells into a crashing roar as thousands of ten-shot magazines are brought into full play. Now is the time for the General to determine when and where to seize the *Psychological Moment* for sending in the Second Line. Soon—for every second counts at this white heat of battle—he sees his chance, launches his attack, and both lines together—bayonets fixed, bugles sounding the charge, and all ranks cheering to the full—storm the position and carry it by assault. The Third Line comes up to break down the last formed resistance, the Field Artillery aiding this by taking up successive positions to the front; whilst the Cavalry divisions, passing round the flanks, turn the flight into a rout by an unremitting close pursuit with sword, lance and pistol,—maxim, gun and rifle.

A victory like this, where the two opponents are equally eager to advance and meet in the open, is not to be reckoned on as a general thing. If

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the present war teaches one lesson more than any other, it is the immense value of *mobility*. For, other things being equal, superior mobility gives the power of delaying final movements, until the enemy is definitely committed to a certain line of action; when he may be anticipated by taking up selected positions in which to await his attack. Thus the advantages of the *offensive* and *defensive* are both combined by superior *mobility*. The *offensive* advantage is mainly *strategical*, the *defensive* mainly *tactical*. Now, an enemy of greater mobility on the tactical defensive is very hard to deal with. His *flanks*, being always *in the air*, are almost impossible to turn; and your general advance is delayed by the continual and exhausting *deployments* which his anticipating positions compel you to make. And every great *deployment* makes a fresh demand on the *supply and transport*. He has another great advantage in being able to anticipate you in spade-work. His entrenchments are thrown up at leisure, yours in a hurry; he takes the spade first and then the rifle—one at a time, you have to use both simultaneously and both under fire. The power of the spade is thus often greater than that of the rifle, and future battles may often turn in field sieges, lasting for several days, and only ended when one side has pushed up so close, in superior force, as to overpower the other in the *fire-fight* and make a successful *assault* possible. At the same time, every chance of a flank attack must be taken at once, and this will stretch the investing lines of a large army for miles and miles. Every man and animal in it must be fed, every gun and rifle supplied with ammunition, and every casualty attended to. All personal effects that are necessary, but which cannot be carried by the fighting line, must be kept close at hand; and all the other impedimenta of an army held ready for orderly advance or retreat, so soon as the result of the action becomes certain. Thus, at every step, even of the actual fighting, we are reminded again and again of the supreme importance of the *mobilisation* of an efficient *supply and transport*.

But one battle does not make a war. The victory must be followed up by an advance into the heart of the enemy's country, and each step of it raises new and increasing difficulties of *supply and transport*. Before, and during, the battle the supply of ammunition and care of the wounded have added strain enough. But now comes the severest strain of all. Imagine what it would mean to take the entire population of Montreal or Toronto, and move it about over a strange country, where the inhabitants were all hostile, where another population of equal numbers was bent on obstructing and fighting you at every step, and where all provisions, and all supplies for every branch of trade had to be carried with you! Yet this is nothing to the problem presented by the Supply and Transport of an invading army. The *Field Force* itself is an organic body, continually undergoing tremendous waste, which is repaired by supplies sent along *lines of communication* from the *base*. As it advances further and further, the waste becomes greater and greater, and the lines of communication longer and longer. These lines require constant protection, for an army can no more live without lines than a plant can without a stem. But the *lines* themselves are an organic body, also undergoing waste and also requiring continual repair from the *base*. Then the *base*, too, must be protected, for the stem cannot live without the root. And the *base*, being just as organic as the lines, has to draw supplies, through long oversea lines—organic and vulnerable like the rest—from the original base at home. And this home base, in its turn, owes its life to the support of the nation at large.

And so we come back again, by successive links in the chain of natural cause and effect, to the point from which we started. When the Ancients declared war by casting a spear into the ground at the enemy's frontier, they were performing a ceremony precisely symboli-

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cal of the actual fact. The point is the Army in the Field, the shaft is represented by the lines and bases; but the hand which guides the spear itself is the nation's own. It is, therefore, only the literal truth to speak of a Nation in arms. Let us take the case we have just been considering to prove it. Suppose our 250,000 men were all needed at the front, far into the enemy's country. They would require another quarter-million for lines, bases, reserves and naval support. This half-million would need the services of another half-million of civilians, employed for purposes of warlike supply; and the whole million of men, with their families and dependents, would mean that five millions of people were entirely absorbed in the war. Now, as these form a tenth of the whole purely British population, it is plain that the stress of war must be felt by all the rest, and, consequently, by the entire fabric of the Empire.

There is a well-known saying, much relished by the common cry of little whining prophets—"Happy the people who have no history!" But where is such a people to be found? What little, solitary clan, remote from every rival, but has its tale

> Of old, unhappy, far-off things,
> And battles long ago?

What tribe, among its fellows, but has its story of perpetual feud? What nation, anywhere, but has a history to remind it of its very birth in war? For who, or what, escapes the struggle for existence, which is the fundamental law of nature? And war is but the recurrent crisis, which, once and again, puts all the worth of a whole people through the test of fire.

And when the next great trial comes to us, how will the Empire stand it—that's the question? Unless it find us readier than we are now to put our armies in the field, the answer must be doubtful—if not worse. But, being ready, we have all historic warrant for believing that there is nothing in the world to fear; for we, who rightly cling to peace which can be kept with honour and security, are ourselves the scions of a fighting stock—slow in quarrel, but resolute in war; and of such stock as this, the great Imperial peoples always have been, are, and will be, made.

AT MODDER RIVER

LAST year he stood where lyric boughs
And April spells had hold on him;
Last year he whispered lover's vows—
Now Afric clods lie cold on him.

A grateful country names his name,
Brave words are writ in praise for him;
But one lone maid, unheeding fame,
Doth sorrow all her days for him.

Emily McManus.

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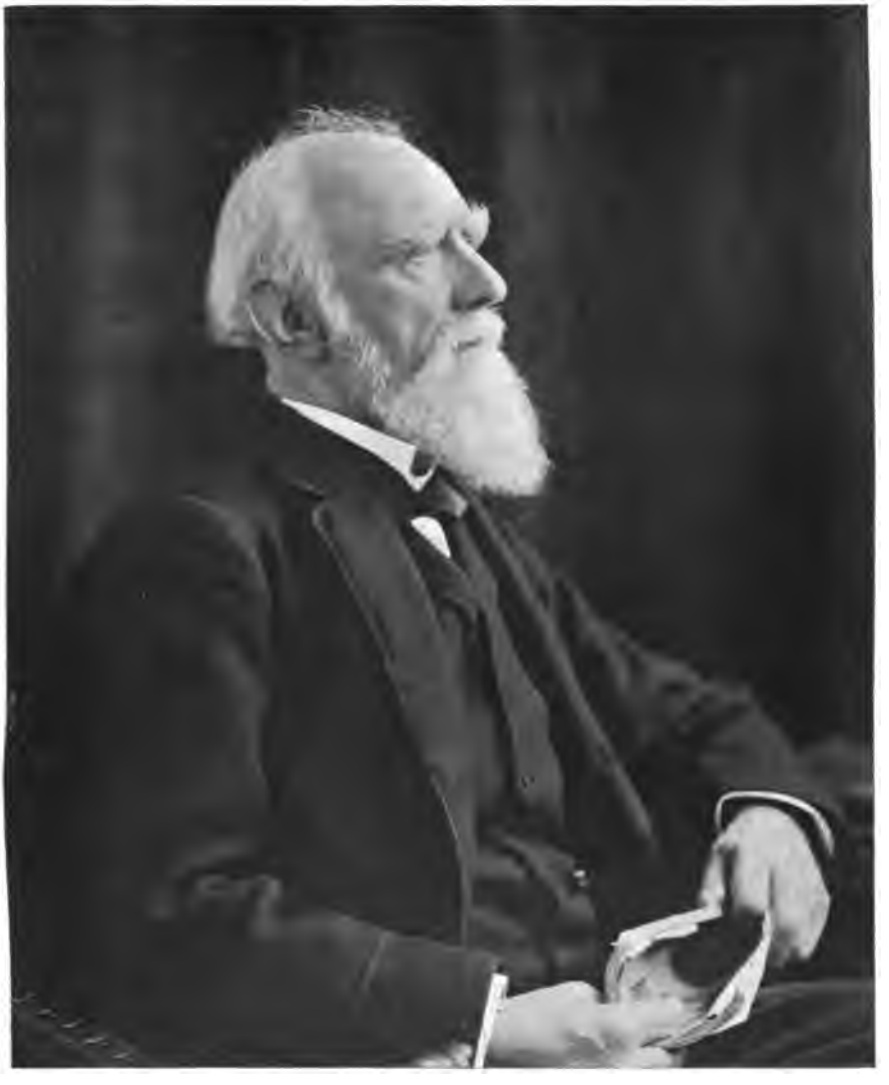

PHOTOGRAPH BY NOTMAN, MONTREAL.

LORD STRATHCONA AND MOUNT ROYAL.

STRATHCONA'S HORSE.

By Lieut. Cooper, Q.O.R.

AT various times during the hundred and forty years that Canada has been a portion of the British Empire, the loyalty of Canadians has been prominently exhibited. There have been displays both in time of war and in time of peace. War is more spectacular to the human mind than peace, and hence the exhibitions made during war are given greater prominence by the historian and make a deeper impression upon the public mind. The exhibition of loyalty to the Empire which Canadians are now making seems to be greater than similar events which have preceded it. The exhibition is great,

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but history may not give it so much prominence as we at present think.

It is doubtful, however, if any citizen of the Empire has in any age made a more timely or more generous gift to that nation than has Lord Strathcona and Mount Royal in providing for the enrolment, equipment and organization of half a thousand Canadian horsemen to serve Her Majesty in a distant part of the Empire. Generously has the British Empire done by Lord Strathcona, and generously and freely has Lord Strathcona done by the Empire. Under the ægis of the Union Jack in Scotland, Donald Alexander Smith spent the first eighteen years of his life. In 1838 he entered the service of the Hudson's Bay Co. and learned the intricacies of North American trade in Labrador and the Northwest. In later years he took a prominent part in the organization of the Canadian Government in the newly acquired Rupert's Land and was intimately connected with the early official days of Manitoba and the Northwest Territories. After representing Montreal for two terms in the Dominion Parliament, he was appointed Canadian High Commissioner in London, England, a position which he still fills to the satisfaction of the Canadian people. In 1897 he was raised to the peerage as Baron Strathcona and Mount Royal of Glencoe and Montreal.

PHOTOGRAPH BY JARVIS, OTTAWA.

A PARADE IN OTTAWA EXHIBITION GROUNDS WHERE THE HORSE WERE QUARTERED FOR ORGANIZATION AND EQUIPMENT.

During the most trying period of the present war in South Africa, Lord Strathcona offered to equip a body of Canadian plainsmen for the service of the Empire, an offer which was gratefully accepted. In the early days of January negotiations were carried on between Lord Strathcona and the Imperial and Canadian Governments, and finally the whole matter was placed in the hands of the Hon. Dr. Borden, Canadian Minister of Militia and De-

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PHOTOGRAPH BY JARVIS, OTTAWA.

FIRST PUBLIC PARADE OF STRATHCONA'S HORSE - PARLIAMENT HILL, OTTAWA, MARCH 8TH, 1900—PRESENTATION OF GUIDONS (SEE NEXT PAGE).

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fence. The latter was given a free hand to make such recommendations for officers, organization and equipment as he deemed best, Lord Strathcona reserving only the right to reject or confirm what was done.

Almost the first move of which the public was apprised was the despatch, on January 20th, of Dr. McEachran, Dominion Veterinary Inspector, to the west to purchase horses for the Contingent, and from that day forward the General Commanding, and then proceeded west to Winnipeg on January 30th. On the same day the following official paper was issued from the Militia Department:

STRATHCONA'S HORSE.

Recruiting for this Force will commence on Monday, the 5th February, and enrolment will be made at the following places:

MANITOBA.

Winnipeg, Portage la Prairie, Brandon and Virden .....40 men

PHOTOGRAPH BY NOTMAN, MONTREAL.

SIR WILFRID LAURIER ADDRESSING STRATHCONA'S HORSE AT PRESENTATION OF GUIDONS AT OTTAWA, ON MARCH 8TH.

work steadily progressed. Two days later the command of the corps was offered to and accepted by Lieut.-Col. Steele, of the N.W.M.P. Col. Steele was then at Halifax preparing to sail with the Canadian Mounted Rifles, having been appointed second in command of the Second Battalion (Mounted Police and Westerners). He returned to Ottawa, consulted with the Minister of Militia and the Major-

N.W. TERRITORIES.

Moosomin .....40 men
Regina .....40 "
Prince Albert and Battleford..40 "
Calgary .....40 "
Edmonton ..... 40 "
Macleod .....20 "
Pincher Creek .....20 "
Lethbridge .....20 "
Medicine Hat and Maple Creek 20 "

BRITISH COLUMBIA.

Fort Steele .....40 men
Nelson .....40 "

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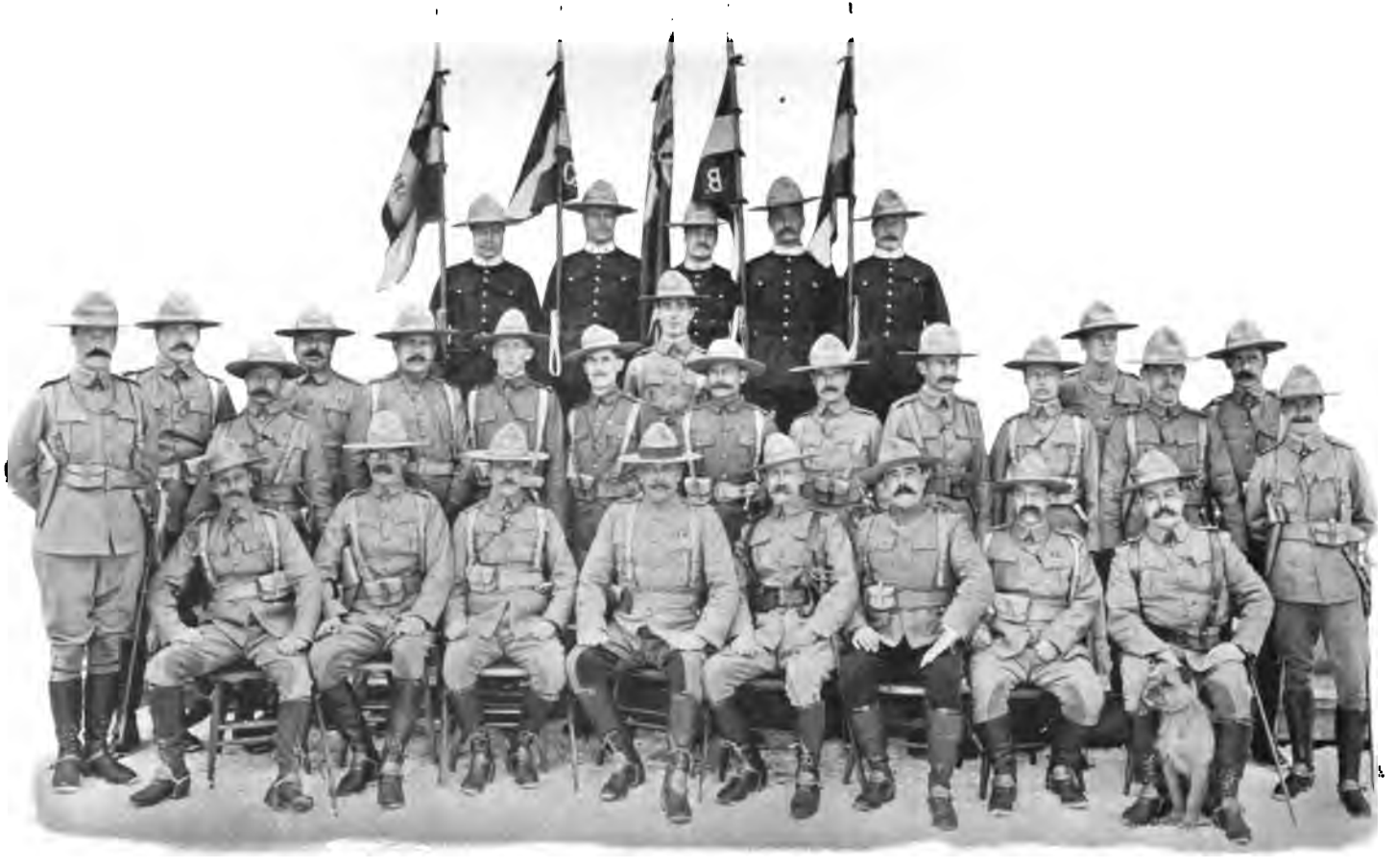

Capt. Macdonald. Lt. Laidlaw. Dr. Keenan. Lt. Leckie. Lt. Falls.
Lt. Magee. Lt. Christie. Lt. Harper. Lt. Tobin. Lt. Snider. Quar.-Mas. Parker. Lt. Courtney. Lt. Strange. Lt. Ketchen. Lt. Pooley. Adjt. Mackie.
Capt. Howard. Capt. Cartwright. Major Snider. Lt.-Col. Steele. Major Belcher. Major Jarvis. Major Laurie Capt. Cameron.

OFFICERS OF STRATHCONA'S HORSE—WITH SUDBURY FLAG AND CIVIL SERVICE GUIDONS.

PHOTOGRAPH BY PITTAWAY, OTTAWA.

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Golden	10 men
Revelstoke	10 "
Vernon	15 "
Kamloops	15 "
Vancouver	15 "
Victoria	15 "

Applicants must be good horsemen, good shots, unmarried, of sound constitution, and in other respects qualified.

Minimum height, 5 feet 6 inches.

Minimum chest measurement, 34 inches.

Age, between 22 and 40 years.

Enrolment will be made under the Army Act for six months, with liability of extension to one year.

Rations, clothing and equipment, including saddlery, free.

Pay, at the rates laid down for the N.W.M. Police up to the date of disembarkation in South Africa. After that date, Imperial Government rates.

All men accepted will be enrolled as "privates" and promotions will be made, as required, to the various grades.

OTTAWA, 30th January, 1900.

On February 10th, five days from the date on which recruiting commenced, Col. Steele was able to report to Ottawa that he had completed recruiting. On the night of the 9th the first detachment left Nelson for Ottawa, where the Contingent was to be outfitted. On the night of the same day at Strathcona—a name which is significant—a banquet was tendered the members of the Alberta troop. Similar events took place in the various towns from which quotas were starting. The most notable of these were at Winnipeg, a banquet being tendered to the first detachment and a reception to the second detachment proceeding to Ottawa.

By the first of March nearly all the men and horses had been concentrated in Ottawa where they were quartered in the Exhibition Grounds. Here the organization of the corps was completed, the non-commissioned officers chosen, the various troops and squadrons unified and drilled, the clothing issued, the horses shod and trained, and the officers given an opportunity to work their command into shape. Two uniforms were provided for the men, the serge to be worn in Canada and during the sea-voyage, and the khaki for active service. The serge is dark blue, the tunic having a white collar with a cord of red below. The boots are tan, laced in the instep and at one side of the top. The great coats of Canadian frieze are long enough to come just below the top of these long boots and thus throw off any rain or snow. The hat is the Western, straight-brimmed, three-dinted felt worn by the Police, but khaki forage caps were also served out. The whole equipment is well planned and the most complete outfit ever issued to Canadian soldiers.

The ladies of the civil service at Ottawa prepared and presented to the corps several beautiful guidons. Each is made of crimson silk, with a broad white stripe through the centre on which is embroidered in crimson letters: "Strathcona's Horse." On the upper crimson bar is Lord Strathcona's motto, "Perseverance," done in crimson on a white garter. Above the garter is a Baron's coronet and tiny brown beaver on a green maple leaf. On the lower crimson bar is the squadron's designation.

THE HORSES.

Dr. McEachran, who purchased the horses, selected those that were broken and stood between 14 hands 2 and 15 hands 2. Most of the horses are of the small size as they are supposed to be the most hardy. There has been some criticism of his work in Western newspapers, but it seems tolerably certain that he carried out his instructions and that the horses selected are the most suitable for the work. When placed alongside the artillery horses of the Second Canadian Contingent or those of the English cavalry, they will appear insignificant. Insignificance, however, does not mean lack of staying power.

THE MEN.

As to the character and quality of the men, it may be good taste to wait until they win their spurs. Nevertheless, it must be stated that they are all good riders—this was made a strong point in the selection—and most of them sure shots. Morally and physically, they are the best soldiers that have ever been enrolled in Canada. In appear-

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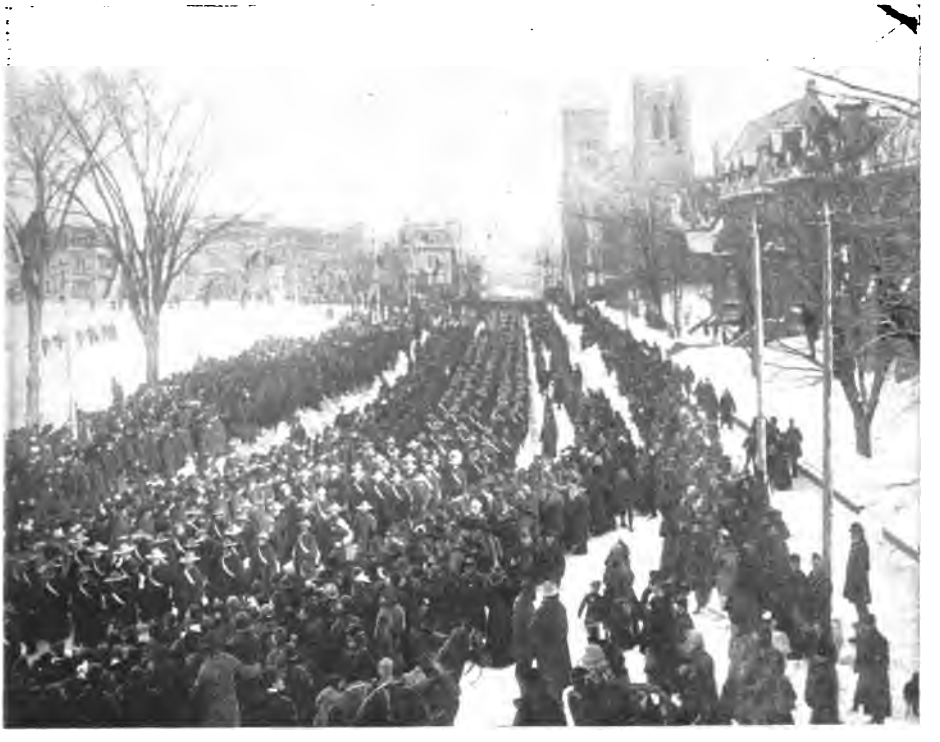
ance they are big, husky chaps, averaging over 5 ft. 9 in. and over 150 pounds. They have not the sallow countenance of the city volunteer, but the bronze-red face of the man accustomed to live in the open air. Drawn from the prairies of Manitoba and the Territories or from the mining regions of British Columbia, they are men who are accustomed to act and think for themselves. It is safe to assert that A few only are natives of the West. Most of them are natives of Eastern Canada or of Great Britain. Many of them have seen service in English cavalry regiments or in the Mounted Police. They are the lion's whelps, made strong and sturdy by roaming over the lion's preserves. When they meet the enemy, the impact will be such as might be caused were Cromwell's Ironsides to charge once again.



PHOTOGRAPH BY NOTMAN, MONTREAL.

PARADE OF STRATHCONA'S HORSE AT MONTREAL ON MARCH 12TH—EN ROUTE FROM OTTAWA TO HALIFAX.

for individual intelligence they will compare favourably with any corps in the Empire—or in the world for that matter. The work on a large farm, a cattle ranch or in a mining camp gives a man individuality and breeds in him a sturdy self-reliance which the city man gets only when managing a large business. This is the kind of training the majority of these men have had.

For example: In one troop are to be found Mr. Beresford, cousin of the Marquis of Waterford, and formerly in the navy; Mr. Shaw, son of an English Baronet; Mr. Warren, a son of Col. Warren, R.H.A.; Mr. O'Brien, a relative of Lord Inchiquin; Hon. Mr. Cochrane, a son of the now famous Lord Dundonald, and Lord Seymour, a son of the Marquis of Hertford.

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PHOTO. BY PITTAWAY, OTTAWA.

MOUNTED TROOPERS, SHOWING THE CHARACTER OF THE MOUNTS. THEY ARE SMALL SHAGGY BRONCHOS BUT CAPABLE OF GREAT ENDURANCE. EACH IS BRANDED IN THE SHOULDER WITH THE LETTER "S." THE MEXICAN CHARACTER OF THE SADDLE IS NOTEWORTHY.

OFFICERS.

In Lieut.-Col. Samuel B. Steele, Strathcona's Horse possesses an ideal commander. His father was a captain in the Royal Navy, but he himself is a native Canadian, having been born at Medonte, in the Province of Ontario. He commenced his military career as ensign in the 35th Battalion, "Simcoe Foresters," in 1866. He served in the Red River Expedition under Wolseley, and on the formation of the Mounted Police Force in 1873, he joined as troop sergeant-major, and has been with the force ever since. For his part in the pursuit of Big Bear's band in the Rebellion of 1885, he was mentioned in the despatches and promoted. In all his difficult work during the opening up of the new regions in the West, Col. Steele has won praise for bravery, intrepidity and his stern sense of duty.

Major Belcher, second in command, was five years in the Ninth Lancers, where he won prizes as the best swordsman and lancer. He joined the North-west Mounted Police when that force was established. He has a considerable reputation for tact and force of character.

Major A. E. Snyder has been an inspector of the N.W.M.P. for fifteen years, and is well qualified.

Major A. M. Jarvis, like Major Snyder, is still a young man. He has, however, been inspector of the N.W.M.P. for nineteen years, having risen from the ranks. His service in the force has been varied and his reputation is good.

Major R. C. Laurie is a graduate of the Royal Military College, Kingston, from which he was graduated with highest honours. He served in the Rebellion of 1885, and was present at Fish Creek and Batoche.

Capt. D. M. Howard is an inspector in the N.W.M.P. of ten years' standing. In 1885 he was present with the Royal Grenadiers at Batoche.

Capt. G. W. Cameron, of Montreal, has been major of the Royal Scots for three years, and is well known as a thoroughly qualified officer.

Capt. F. L. Cartwright is a young man, and has served but four years in the N.W.M.P. Previously he was a captain in the Fourteenth Battalion Princess of Wales Own Rifles, of Kingston. He holds a long course certificate.

Lieut. R. H. B. Magee is a graduate of the Royal Military College, and has recently been on the Reserve of Officers.

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Lieut. Frank Harper has been an officer in N.W.M.P.

Lieut. J. A. Benyon was a captain in the Royal Canadian Artillery.

Lieut. E. F. Mackie has been in the Ninetieth Battalion of Rifles at Winnipeg for seven years and adjutant for two years. He holds excellent Infantry and Cavalry certificates.

Lieut. Perry Fall is a qualified officer in the Manitoba Dragoons, living at Oak Lake, Man. He has had service in the Imperial Corps, and also in the Rebellion of 1885.

Lieut. M. H. White-Fraser is an ex-inspector of the N.W.M.P.

Lieut. H. D. B. Ketchen has been in the N.W.M.P. and has seen Imperial service.

Lieut. J. F. Macdonald is a captain of the Thirty-seventh Battalion, and a particularly good horseman.

Lieut. J. E. Leckie is a graduate of the Royal Military College, and has served in the Seventy-second Battalion (B.C.) since 1895.

Lieut. R. M. Courtnay is another graduate of the R. M. College, and has been attached to the Sixth Fusiliers for a little more than five years.

Lieut. T. E. Pooley has been an officer in the Garrison Artillery, Victoria, for three years. He holds certificates from the Royal School of Instruction in England, and is an expert shot.

Lieut. A. E. Christie was with the Midland Battalion in 1885. For some time he has been living at Moosomin, Assa.

Lieut. A. W. Strange, a son of Major-General Strange, is a graduate of the School of Gunnery, Kingston, and served in the Rebellion of 1885. Lately he has been managing his ranch near Calgary.

Lieut. G. E. Laidlaw is a graduate of the Royal Military College, and has been on the Reserve of Officers.

Lieut. G. M. Kirkpatrick is also a graduate of the Koyal Military College, and has recently been on the R.O.

Lieut. Henry Tobin is another Royal Military College graduate.

Lieut. W. Parker, quartermaster, has been in the N.W.M.P. since 1874. He was in General Strange's column in 1885.

Lieut. I. R. Snider, transport officer, is second lieutenant in the Manitoba Dragoons.

Surgeon-Lieut. C. B. Keenan is the medical officer. He has been on the staff of the Royal Victoria Hospital, Montreal, for some time.

PHOTO. BY PITTAWAY.

A TROOPER OF STRATHCONA'S HORSE—FULL KIT.

Vet.-Surgeon, Lieut. G. T. Stevenson.

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EMBARKATION OF STRATHCONA'S HORSE.

By Emily P. Weaver.

STRATHCONA'S HORSE spent less than forty-eight hours in the City of Halifax en route for South Africa, but the coming of the troop had been long anticipated and the citizens were eager to give its members a hearty reception and farewell. The people "down by the sea" seem to take a special interest in the men of the West. Moreover, there is something in Lord Strathcona's generous and practical loyalty which has touched the imagination and has won for those who are to represent him at the seat of war a warm-hearted "God-speed" from all their fellow-countrymen.

The city entertained the troop on the one evening which it spent in Halifax at a smoking concert in the spacious and gaily-decorated armouries, and when the time came for its departure the civic authorities headed the procession through the streets in carriages adorned with flags.

The day was damp and cheerless, but there was keen competition for places in the armouries to witness the inspection of the men by General Lord Seymour, Sir Malachy Daly and the Minister of Militia; and crowds, unable to gain admittance, waited for hours in the streets to see the men march past.

The school children, having a half-holiday in honour of the occasion, expressed their joy and their admiration for the strangers in their usual noisy fashion. Some little time before the inspection began a pathetic procession of silent children energetically waving flags entered the hall. They were from the Deaf and Dumb School. For a moment they stood grouped together in some bewilderment, but soon their teacher marshalled them by signs to a position where they could see and enjoy everything.

At first the men stood about the armouries in knots of two or three, smoking, talking to their friends, or helping to load rugs and packages on the express waggons that, from time to time, were driven into the hall through the thick of the crowd. Soon after one o'clock the central space was cleared of all civilians, and the men of Strathcona's Horse, and the Royal Canadian Infantry who are going to take the places of those of the First Contingent who have fallen or been disabled, assembled in full force. The bands of the Leinsters, the Princess Louise Fusiliers, the 63rd Rifles, and the 1st Canadian Artillery attended to play the troops on board the transport, and several hundred men belonging to the Leinsters, the Halifax Bearer Company and the 66th and 63rd Volunteers, acted as guard of honour. The men of the 63rd all wore shamrocks in their caps in accordance with the Queen's wish to do honour to the brave Irishmen at the front.

The troops destined for South Africa were easily distinguished by their broad-brimmed, cow-boy hats. They did not wear the khaki uniforms, which have recently become so familiar in Halifax, and in most cases their dark cloth uniforms were hidden by overcoats reaching to the tops of their boots. Strathcona's Corps was unarmed, but the infantry carried their rifles, and during the course of the inspection they were ordered to "fix bayonets."

Before all were ready for inspection, there was much marching up and down to the inspiring music of one or other of the bands, and in obedience to hoarsely shouted words of command generally unintelligible to civilians. At length the troops were drawn up in lines along the sides and ends of the hall. The inspection over they were addressed by Lord Seymour who wished them "God-speed," and a prosper-

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ous campaign. Sir Malachy Daly next spoke, saying that the Strathcona Corps was a body any nation, young or old, might be proud of, and expressing his belief that they would do their duty as nobly as their fellow-countrymen who have succeeded in winning commendation from Lord Roberts himself. In conclusion, he wished that none might be tempted by the diamond or gold fields to remain in South Africa, but that all might come back bringing with them evidences of victory. The Minister of Militia spoke next. He read a telegram from Lord Strathcona, which contained a message from the Queen, expressing her confidence that the departing troops "will prove themselves worthy comrades of her Canadian soldiers who are now so gallantly fighting for the Empire's cause," and wishing them "all success and a safe return to their homes in the Dominion." The General and the officers of the troops saluted when Her Majesty's gracious message was read, and the cheering was uproarious.

ONE OF THE GUIDONS PRESENTED BY THE LADIES OF THE CIVIL SERVICE, OTTAWA.

After Colonel Steele's brief reply to the addresses the men took off their broad-brimmed hats, and cheered with hearty good-will for the General, the Lieutenant-Governor, and Dr. Borden; then they marched out into the crowded streets.

It was now their turn to be cheered; and one of the volunteers, Mr. Macdonald, an undergraduate of Dalhousie University, was borne to the wharf in triumph on the shoulders of his classmates. Instead of marching straight to the pier of the Intercolonial Railway, where the *Monterey* lay, the procession took a roundabout route through the city, so that as many people as possible might have the pleasure of seeing it pass. But in many cases the spectators were not content with one sight of the departing heroes, but rushed by short cuts to meet them at different corners on their way. From many points any vessel at the Intercolonial Pier is hidden from view by great freight sheds, but the crowds possessed themselves of every coign of vantage, and soon the opposite wharf was black with human beings, and the more adventurous even climbed on the roofs of buildings near.

The *Monterey* is a vessel of the Elder-Dempster Line, but in compliment to her new vocation of troopship, she has put on a new appearance. An extra deck has added to her height above the water. Her funnel, lately black and white, now shows the pale fawn colour, or khaki hue, which is in use on vessels of Her Majesty's navy. To mark further the fact that she is on business of state, the Canadian flag is painted on either side of her black hull at bow and stern.

The internal arrangements of the vessel have been even more completely altered; in fact, workmen have been busy almost night and day for weeks fitting her up for the troops. The saloon used by the ship's officers has been enlarged to afford accommodation for the military officers also. It is handsomely finished, but its only strik-

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ing decoration is a picture of the Queen. Warm red is the prevailing hue both of woodwork and upholstery. On the upper deck is a smoking room, which is furnished with a cushioned divan round its walls and half a dozen small card-tables. The sleeping-quarters of the officers resemble the staterooms on an Atlantic liner.

The non-commissioned officers have a small saloon, or mess-room, of their own, and sleep in cabins which look almost as comfortable as those of the superior officers, except that each contains from six to ten berths. The floors of these rooms are covered with linoleum, and the woodwork is stained red and varnished.

THE MONTEREY.

Photograph taken after embarkation of troops, as the transport passed down the harbour. (Gauvin & Gentzel, Halifax).

In the men's quarters all is plain new deal, quite innocent of paint or covering. There are four of these great cabins, extending from side to side of the ship. They are very low, but portholes on each side and a wide stairway to the deck admit plenty of fresh air. Nevertheless, sailors who have crossed the line say that these cabins will be oppressively hot when warm latitudes are reached. Some accommodate more men than others, but in the smallest over a hundred men have to eat, sleep, exercise and amuse themselves when it is necessary to be under cover. The mess-tables, each for eighteen men, with benches attached, did not seem unduly close together, but looking overhead at the close rows of hammocks, which draped the whole roof, while the vessel was in port and unoccupied, one realized that there would not be any space to spare.

There is a place for everything however, and it goes without saying that everything will be in its place. Moreover, the hammocks, and even the tables and benches are movable. Their several parts, fitted together by joints and sockets, are quite firm, but they may be quickly taken down and packed away. Everything is numbered, from the hammocks to the hat-pegs and rifle-racks, which are arranged in a square round the staircase, and as each man has the same number for all his possessions he has no difficulty in knowing what is his own.

On deck are bake-houses, wash-houses, "a medicine chest," and a hospital. The latter is a long narrow cabin with a double row of bunks down each side, a door at each end and many portholes, so that it does not lack either light or air.

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Above the men's quarters are the stalls for their horses. Each animal has just space enough to hold it and no more, but in order that it may be able to change its position to some extent a sling, fastened to the roof above, is placed beneath its body. Down each side of the after-part of the ship is a double row of stalls. The horses stand facing one another, and the long row of heads on either side of the narrow passage has a most striking and picturesque effect.

Dr. Borden, Minister of Militia. Mrs. Sinclair. Mr. Alex. Sinclair (Elder-Dempster). Lieut.-Col. Steele.

A GROUP ON THE MONTEREY.

The animals were put on board on the day of their arrival in Halifax, being taken directly from the train to the boat, and before the ship sailed most of them seemed to be quietly resigning themselves to the narrowness of their new quarters.

After reaching the wharf, the troops went on board the *Monterey* to the music of the Leinster band, and though they were frequently adjured sarcastically "not to mark time on the gangway," the actual embarkation did not take much time.

There was some delay, however, before all the visitors who had gone on board to bid farewell to their friends could be induced to come ashore. At the last moment a trooper brought down to the wharf a huge sack of letters, then the gangway was drawn back, and the *Monterey* slowly backed out into the stream amid the ringing cheers of all the spectators. The troopers cheered in return, and climbed high into the rigging to wave flags and handkerchiefs to those left behind.

The transport lay all night in the harbour, and the rain came down in torrents. Happily morning rose bright and fair, and the men took their last look at the Canadian shores in sunshine. They all went off in good spirits, only damped by the fear that they may be too late to have any share in the danger and glory of the war.

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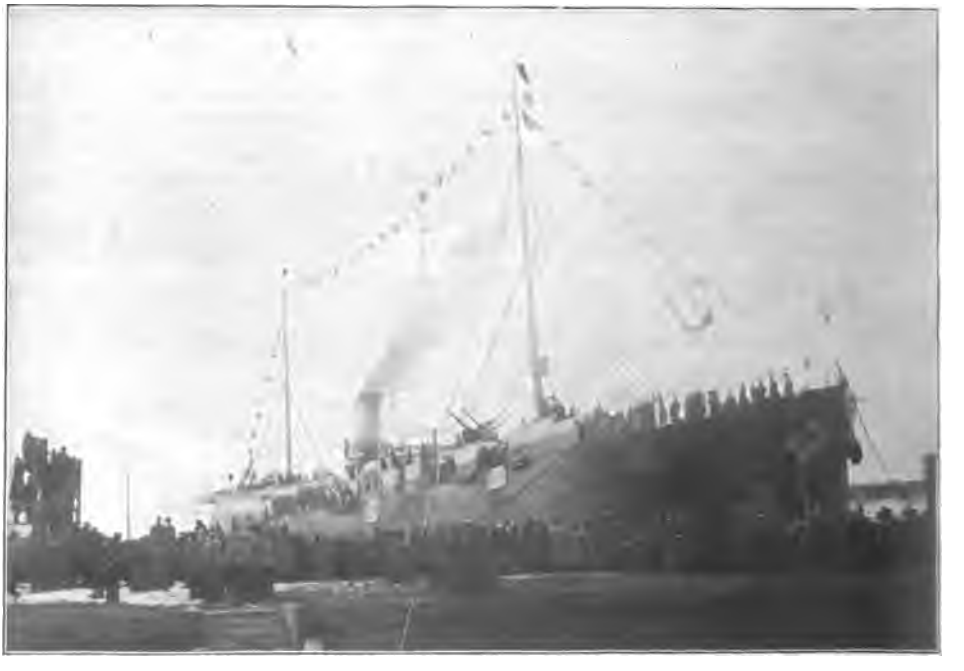
THE MILWAUKEE JUST BEFORE THE EMBARKATION OF MOUNTED RIFLES AT HALIFAX ON FEBRUARY 21ST.



THE MILWAUKEE AFTER THE EMBARKATION.

The Milwaukee is 470 feet long, 56.1 feet beam, and her net tonnage is 4,755. She is one of the Elder-Dempster Line. On this trip she carries a total of 641 soldiers and 660 horses, with a crew of 100 men.

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BY C.A. BRAMBLE

PART VI.—SHEEP AND GOAT.

UNTIL the mountains were penetrated by the various surveying parties sent out to find a location for the proposed C.P.R., it was believed that the bighorn or mountain sheep was a remarkably scarce animal, while the white goat was supposed to inhabit but a few remote ranges in small numbers. The railway engineers found these conceptions erroneous. While locating through the Bow River Pass, fresh mountain mutton was supplied by Indian hunters, and in the Selkirks and Coast Ranges goat could be had by any one willing to do a little climbing.

The trade price of a goat skin all along the coast is $1.50, and any number of pelts can be bought at that figure each autumn and winter, when the snows have driven the animals to ground which the Indians can get at without too much exertion. Sixty miles north of Loughborough Inlet goat may be shot within five miles of tide water, in November, and there must, naturally, be hundreds of other spots where sport could be had near the coast.

Several good authorities mention the occurrence of goat on islands off the British Columbia coast, but personally I have not run across them except on the main land, though I accept without cavil the statement that in some places shots at this game may be had from a canoe on salt water. I did not find goat on Lower Valdez Island, nor on any of the islands near Fort Wrangel, but doubtless on many of the higher islands there are goat in abundance. If my memory is correct Mr. Turner-Turner got them on an island near Fort Simpson, and Captain Phillips-Wolley, on some island much further south, between Vancouver Island and the main land.

There is always a certain amount of satisfaction in roaming the forest and hillside, rifle in hand, and in the case of all B.C. sport the pleasure is intensified by the magnificent scenery, but the actual shooting of the white goat is not a task likely to tax the skill of a decent shot. The animals are exceedingly unsuspicious, and, notwithstanding all yarns to the contrary, are as often found on easy as on difficult ground.

The early morning is the best time to hunt, soon after sunrise, and it is advisable to keep on high ground and to work upwind. Notwithstanding their colour, or absence of it, goat are sometimes difficult to pick out, if there are patches of snow, or bleached boulders, scattered over the hillside. Each sex has two horns, which the Indians say are used with great effect against wolves. Goat and sheep invariably make off up hill when surprised by danger, and will climb some queer places if closely pressed. When attacked by wolves they are said to select a narrow ledge on which to come to bay, and in such a position of vantage have little to fear, as the horns are sharp and they use them with effect.

The winter coat of the goat is composed of long coarse white hairs, with a felted undergrowth of wool; in late spring they shed their old coats, and are not in condition to yield a pelt fit even for a mat until the following fall. Nothing more ungainly than this animal exists. It is almost grotesque in

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DRAWN BY ARTHUR HEMING.

A ROCKY MOUNTAIN SHEEP.

its ugliness, and the billies have an air of melancholy resignation as great as that of a prize bulldog—one of the kind that look as though they had been smashed in the face with a brick.

The territory on which the goat is found is enormous. From Burrard Inlet, all up the Coast Range, to Cook's Inlet, this animal is abundant, and on most of the higher and more rugged inland ranges as well. Goat, caribou and bear are companions in some of the most savage mountain chains of the continent; yet they are found also in company with the blacktail near salt water, and with the mule deer in drier regions.

Bighorn are much more noble game than goats, but are local in their distribution. The typical sheep, O. Montana, is found in the Rockies, from the International line to a point between the Peace and Liard rivers. About the headwaters of the Stickine and Liard it is replaced by a very dark variety known as Stone's sheep, and among the Sea Alps of Alaska by an almost white variety, with long slender horns, that has been named after Doll. Neither of these northern forms is equal in size or beauty to the southern animal, though each surpasses it in value as a trophy, owing to remoteness of habitat.

Except by Indian hunters in the northern part of the Province, very few sheep fall to the rifle. Of all our Canadian game the bighorn is by far the most wary and difficult to bag. The best human eye, even assisted by a telescope, is probably hardly superior to the naked vision of a mountain ram. Their strategy is admirable, and once they have regained the higher ground after feeding during the early

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to be won by a successful sheep hunt than by years of potting at mule or blacktail deer. You don't get them by accident, and every head brought down

deeper snows on the Selkirk range are distasteful to the game, especially as lower down on the flanks is a heavy forest growth, to which the animals

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would never resort, for the bighorn insists on a clear view all around. Yet, it would not have been surprising if certain bands had taken up their abode in the Selkirks, and become gradual y adapted to the surroundings. This they have never seemingly done, and to-day the big game of that range is limited to goat, caribou and bear, the latter being tolerably abundant, especially in the Slocan.

In the Rockies the snowfall is comparatively light, the timber scanty and the slopes covered with a short growth of herbage that forms admirable pasture for the wild sheep. It is a capital hunting ground, and the portion between the two lines of the C.P.R. is probably as good as any part of the chain excepting that between the headwaters of the North Saskatchewan and the Peace—a region too remote for most men, and one better suited to exploration than to sport, on account of the difficulties of access and transport.

One of the best known grounds for bighorn is that which includes the Ashnola Mountains south-west of Okanagan Lake. It may be reached by way of Sicamous Junction and Vernon, and in a year or so by the new line of the Columbia & Western, which is being pushed through the Boundary country and will tap the main line at or near Spence's Bridge. The Ashnola ground is somewhat easier to work than most sheep ranges, and a full use may be made of pack and saddle ponies, except during the actual stalking. Unfortunately it is being pretty well shot over by distinguished visitors and residents, and within a short time must fail to yield sport. The country is being proved rich in mineral wealth, and the prospector is ransacking its most inaccessible spots, so that an unusually distrustful, wary animal such as the bighorn should soon find the surroundings uncongenial. The moral of this is that those desiring to get their bighorn in the Ashnola district had better not put off the attempt too long or they may fail in their endeavour.

Another district, at present good and likely to remain so much longer than the one just described, is that of Bridge River, Lilloet. This is reached via Ashcroft. It is on the east or dry side of the Coast Range; a country of rolling highlands and bunch-grass benches. A pony may be ridden over a great part of the ground, and the climate is delightful. Big heads are scarce and record trophies hardly likely to be obtained, but as a preliminary canter before trying more difficult ground Bridge River may be recommended.

A campaign after bighorn must be most carefully planned, otherwise it will result in failure to a moral certainty. Equipment can hardly be too light. Everything will have to be packed for many miles over wretched trails. An early start ought to be made from the east, and the work of gathering useful ponies and good men undertaken systématically. It will be easier to get the cayuses than the bipeds. Men are scarce in British Columbia, and the best will not move under $3.50 a day and all found. The loafers, infesting every railroad and mining town, are to be avoided like the profanity to which they give rise. A stranger finding himself in a western town on the hunt for good packers, and a hunter who knows his business, is in one of those positions in which wisdom is profitable to direct. One of the great mistakes made by eastern men is the implicit confidence they place in any western bar-room hunter who happens to cross their path. Even in British Columbia the number of men who are fit to lead a sportsman up to bighorn are few and far between, and do not, as a rule, pass their days drinking vile whiskey in questionable company. In the Rockies, and up north, some of the Indians are first-rate guides, but where civilization has penetrated, the Indians have deteriorated rapidly and are, as a rule, of little value. The belief that all western men are born shots and riders is general and utterly beside the facts; the percentage of first-class frontiersmen is very small. Loafers, clerks, storekeepers and others whose only

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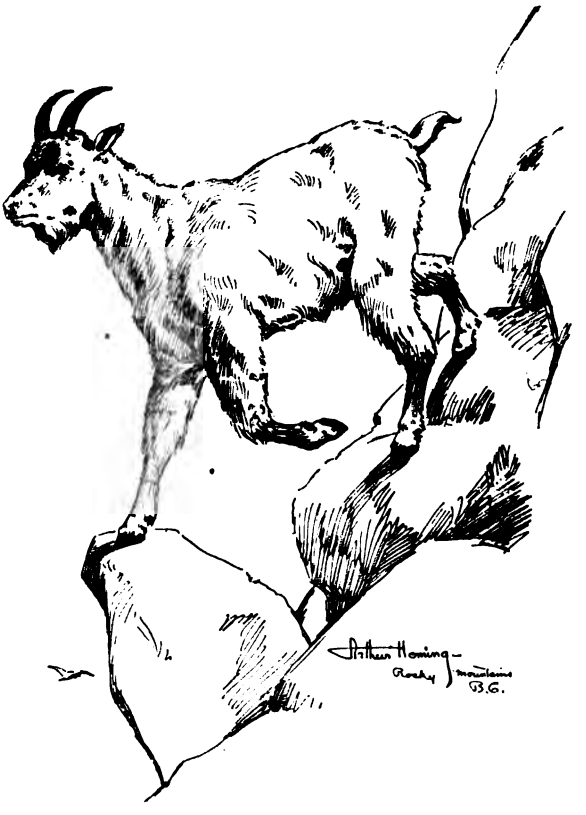
hunting has been after the immortal dollar, outnumber the quiet, observant, self-reliant hunters and trappers by such an enormous majority that nothing but a painstaking, careful search will lead to the discovery of a genuine specimen of the latter.

By far the best pack equipment is the araparajo, as a mule or pony will carry a bigger load without danger of galling, than when fitted with an ordinary pack saddle. One man in the outfit should be able to throw the diamond hitch; no other form of lashing is to be relied upon with a bulky load over a bad trail. It is the most complicated arrangement of ropes, and even fairly good packers soon forget how to throw it unless kept constantly at work.



DRAWN BY ARTHUR HEMING.

A ROCKY MOUNTAIN GOAT.

When a long expedition is projected the pack animals should not be too heavily loaded. A big, strong mule may, at a pinch, carry 300 pounds, but not for long. On some of the trails, such as that from the Stikine to Pease Lake, the packers prefer to make up the loads to weigh not more than 250 pounds, or in the case of small ponies 150 pounds may be the limit. One mare should have a bell round her neck, and wherever she goes the mules will follow. A grey mare is usually preferred as it saves time in looking her up. One of the curses of life with a pack train is the frequent search for missing animals. Some will stray when not hobbled; and if hobbled on ranges where the forage is scanty, they fall off in flesh and strength through not getting enough food. I had a small pack train once containing a mare that would stray when she got a chance, and on three occasions one of the horses generally went off too. I shall never forget a dance she led me: we made camp after a rather long day, and I considered she was too tired to stray for that night, so did not hobble her. Next morning she was away, and another pony had gone with her. For more than two weeks all our efforts failed to find her. I walked and rode between 200 and 250 miles, searching every gulch and gully without seeing even a hoof-mark.

Some Indian trackers at five dollars a day did no better, and I had given up all hope of ever seeing either animal again, when one grey dawn the two animals walked composedly into camp, sleek as moles, and evidently pining

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for companionship. They must have remained in some small draw where they were well hidden by a scrub-growth.

An early morning start is advisable. After covering ten or fifteen miles at a fair pace, camp should be made, and the animals turned loose. By this method the ponies, or mules will keep in good hard condition without loss of strength ; it would never do to start late and dawdle along until nightfall, as then the animals would fail to get their fill in time for a good night's rest.

This matter of pack-train management is a highly important one ; without suitable transport arrangements the best game grounds are not likely to be reached. Tents should be small and light. Heavy canvas shelters are not required ; drilling is amply sufficient to keep out rain and snow. Tenderfeet always carry a sheet iron stove, but practised voyageurs, such as the old Hudson's Bay men, never do so. Of course, there are times when a small, light, sheet-iron stove is handy, but there are also occasions when almost every other article known to civilized man would be welcome, so as transport is always limited the only way to success is to leave everything behind that can safely be dispensed with.

In the Canadian west, great heat is never met with. On a few days in July and August the temperature in the sun may be high, but the nights are invariably cool. After September has begun, the weather in the mountains is likely to be just about right for hard work. Of course it all depends upon the district. On the Pacific coast the fine dry summer weather lasts uninterruptedly until the season breaks, and then rain falls almost daily for months, in fact for fully half the year waterproof garments are needed. Inland, some autumns are all that one could wish until well into November, and again broken weather may set in before September closes, and the year ends without any of those delightfully dreamy days, when the cobwebs and the downy seeds of the fireweed float in the air, and the hillsides blaze with scarlet and gold. But, taking one year with another, the hunting season in the Canadian Rockies, and in the chains still further west, is usually a glorious time, with just enough freshness in the northern breeze to brace a man for work. Even an unsuccessful trip after sheep or goat will tone up a jaded system more than all the tonics known to the pharmacopœia.

In conclusion I shall offer no apology for pointing out how peculiarly favourable are the conditions under which the big game of Canada is hunted. Instead of miasma fever and enervating heat, such as hunters must face in tropical lands, we have the most absolutely healthy and enjoyable climate in the whole world; even the weakling becomes robust after living an open-air life in the Canadian forest or among the mountains of our west land. Moreover, by a kind dispensation of Providence, one of the finest railway systems on the continent passes for some 3,000 miles through a country in which big game abounds. I have seen antelope, wolves, and deer from the windows of a parlour car, and within a dozen miles of the steel bands almost anywhere between North Bay and Vancouver, good sport of one kind or another may be obtained. By writing ahead to a friend, arrangements may often be made so that, unless for a long expedition after sheep or bear, when more careful preparations may be needful, the sportsman, on stepping from a luxurious car, throws a leg over a good pony, and within a few hours is snugly encamped with squirrels and whiskey jacks, the sole visible fellow-occupants of the wilderness, outside his own party, except for the deep tracks in the sand of the nearby stream, telling of moose, or caribou, or deer, to be had for the hunting.

THE END.

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NAWAZ KHAN: THE GIFT OF ALLAH.*

By W. A. Fraser.

NAWAZ KHAN was the fighting ram of the Marris. This is a chronicle of the result of his dabbling in the affairs of the British Empire.

The Marris tribesmen were a joyous set of looting blackguards—proper Pathans. They were a small tribe; to them had come down a heritage of border feud, which, though it developed the fighting qualities of the survivals, kept the census within bounds.

Their land was fifty miles north-east of a sin-stricken *teshil* (station) named Sibi, on the Afghan border. Any tribe that lives within fifty miles of that station is sure to be bad clean through. Sibi was known as "the white man's grave"; that was flattery—it was worse.

In September, when I passed through the land of the Marris, they despoiled me with cheerful abandon; they looted my commissariat camel with platonic freedom, and one night a lover of fine raiment came as I slept and cut the side from my tent to make a toga for his broad shoulders. Allah! that was clever.

Six footsore brigands made sandals from my leather gun-case, and then came and hobnobbed with me over a pot of tea. They were proud of their new footwear; the oak-tanned soles peeped at me joyously from beneath the square, rugged toes of the unabashed Pathans. I said nothing about this little matter—controversy might have ended with a slit in my neck; they have such a summary way of ending unpleasant arguments.

My guide, who was a first cousin to these outlaws in deviltry, was the best-natured blackguard I ever travelled with; he gave me politic pointers, for he had the wisdom of the serpent.

"These dwellers in caves," he said, "are the unregenerate offspring of depraved camels—also of evil swine; therefore take no notice, and we will get through pleasantly enough—without trouble."

His policy was sound; so the Marris and I remained on the very best of terms; they even showed me Nawaz Khan, the fighting ram that had bucked into oblivion every other ram from Dera Ghazi to Peshawur. And because of that they had been exalted among the ram-fighting, man-fighting, any-sort-of-fighting nations of that *kush*.

At the guide's suggestion I gave the owner, Rahat Shah, five rupees to make silver knobs for the points of the Khan's horns. Surely I had become a blood-brother to the cut-throat Marris. That was what the guide said; also was I safe in the sight of Allah, he assured me.

When I returned in December, Nawaz Khan, "the gift of Allah," was gone. He had been looted, or had tumbled over a cliff. The tribe had searched at the bottom of every precipice without result. That he had been stolen was as difficult of belief as the statement that some one had made away with Buddha's tooth from the temple at Kandy.

But Nawaz Khan was gone, of a certainty. And now there was only the memory of his many battles, and the promise of much murder for the thieves who held him.

When I reached Sibi almost the first sight I saw was a ram, joyous in much fat, taking a rise out of a tall Punjabi orderly in front of his Colonel's tent. The ram had caught him fair in the middle, on the south side, and if the soldier had been brittle he would have broken in two. As it was, he covered much territory, before lighting on his

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head in the white sand of the Sibi plain.

The orderly was vexed at the importunate attention from the hard-headed ram. He picked himself up with Sikh dignity and reached for his gun, which stood with three inches of its iron muzzle in the soft earth.

Now a ram, when he tries for a knock-out blow and fails, usually backs up and plays a little harder the next time, but the orderly's assailant seemed to think he had carried the joke far enough—wisely, perhaps—and walked sedately over to the Colonel's dog-cart and started peeling the yellow paint from its spokes.

Something about the cut of this pugnacious sheep appeared familiar to me. I manœuvred up to him strategically, keeping my line of retreat well open. A critical reconnaissance convinced me that it was the fighting ram of my free-booting friends who lived in the foothills of the Suleimans: there were the silver knobs of which I was the donor.

Great Scott! what was he doing here at the Colonel's tent? The whole Marris country would be in a blaze if they knew of it.

But they had looted me; therefore let them look to Allah for the return of their tribe's glory.

I asked Teniers, who was a lieutenant in the regiment, where they had *pakarao'd* the sheep.

"Such a lark!" he answered. "You know, the Colonel is a queer fish; studies his book on tactics—form D. B.Z. in his pocket all the time. Good enough chap, you know, the old fellow is—wouldn't know enough to step inside if it were raining bullets, and nothing to be gained by getting shot; but all the same, he's like one of those greaseless country carts with his squeaky voice—puts the fellows all on edge, you know.

"We don't mind fighting—like it, of course; but hang it all! when there's no fighting to be got—when all these hill fellows are like a bally lot of shepherds, plodding around with their sheep and goats, and no raiding on, why, we want a bit of fun or else we'll go flabby.

"Now, 'Old Squeaks'—that's what the chaps call him—thinks fun, polo, and all the rest of it, you know, is all skittles; he talks about the officers blowin' their oof, and tommy-rot of that sort."

I let Teniers talk, and busied myself with his cheroot case, hunting for a decent Trichi; for I knew there was something needing a lot of explaining away, and that my young friend was leading up to it diplomatically enough. So I waited, and smoked patiently as he rattled on with his picturesque narrative.

"Well, it seemed hopeless enough; we sat in the worst sort of luck. There was some fighting up Chitral way with Shir Afzul, Umra Khan, and that lot, but we never 'got the route.' The camp was simply dying of stagnation. If cholera had come down from the Bolan, as it did last year, it would have played the deuce with us—we were that stalled for want of fighting or something.

"There were always five or six of our fellows in hospital, and not a broken bone or a 'concussion' in the whole bally lot—nothing but flabby heart. That was what was bowling them over—*thinking*. We didn't come out here to think, did we, Braem?"

"I should say not," I replied, with an emphatic laugh.

Teniers looked at me quizzically. "Don't be a sarcastic goat," he said testily. "We can think right enough when it's needed; but fighting, or polo, or racing's the thing to keep a man fit. Good Heavens! the surgeon actually hinted that some of the fellows were malingering.. It would have ended in mutiny right enough; but just then we got hold of Yusuf——"

Before my friend had time to finish the sentence there was a rushing noise, like the cutting loose of a junior cyclone, and over we went, tent and all. Jove! but it was a mix-up. The cot, a stool, a suit-case, young Teniers with a sword spitted between his legs, and myself, rolled up in several yards of canvas.

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I felt some great body go crashing over me, and heard, rather indistinctly, the lieutenant's voice, muffled in the folds of the tent, saying: "It's that ——— ram, I bet a guinea! What in the name of Allah is he after now?"

It was the Khan, right enough. When a sergeant and two privates had sorted us from among the débris, we discovered that a small, brick-laden donkey had excited the ram's curiosity, and he had attempted to sample the stability of the groggy little legs that looked so hopelessly inadequate.

The donkey flipped about just in time to miss the rush, and Nawaz Khan's charge had carried him through our tent. When the soldiers had pitched the wrecked tent, Teniers continued the interrupted history of the advent of the ram.

"Does he do that often?" I asked.

"That's the first time he's pipped my castle," said the Lieutenant, working the sand out of his hair with a brush. "His favourite mark is a Tommy curled up on a *charpoy* asleep. Sometimes he bunts the water barrels over, too; and once he tipped the Old Man up, backing to charge something that seemed a happy mark. Squeaks was heels on, and didn't see him coming. We hid the ram for two days—the Colonel would have shot him."

"Who owns him—did one of the men *chor* him?" I asked cautiously, for the Khan's deeds made my friend a bit irrelevant to the point at issue.

"No; got him from Yusuf—you know Yusuf Khan, the camelman?"

I assented. I remembered him well. Once upon a time he had sold me a mad Bokharan as a riding camel, and the blatant thing had run away with me for twenty miles. At the end I was sea-sick, and for a week had amateur rheumatism. "Yes, I remember him," I said reminiscently, "he's a bad lot, even for a Pathan."

"Well, Yusuf wanted the contract for supplying transport camels, and came to me about it. Wanted to know what *backshish* he could give the Colonel to win his heart. Did you ever hear of such a thing? Fancy his trying to work Squeaks that way. They do it among themselves, you know; everybody's got to have his *dustoor*—so he thought it was only a question of finding out the Colonel's fancy.

"Lutyens, who came up with the regiment, was with me, and we pulled old Yusuf's leg no end of a time, quizzing him as to what he had to give the Colonel. At last he mentioned that he had a fighting ram, the best between Sibi and Cabul. "By Jove! you should have seen Lutyens jump at that. He swore the Colonel was just dying to have a fighting ram; that he was a great sportsman, and revelled in that sort of thing—lived on it. I must say that I backed the Major up, I had to.

"'You'll get anything you want,' Lutyens told Yusuf, 'only bring the ram in.'

"Fancy Squeaks fighting rams—it's unholy. His aunt, or somebody, would-'nt like it.

"We put the other fellows on to the 'good thing,' and in the end Yusuf was coached properly. Also we worked the Colonel—stuffed him. It was as good as a ballet, or a brush up in the hills. The fellows came out of hospital to play the new game that was on.

"The Colonel, you know, had been down in Burma, or China, or some other heathen country with his regiment, and when they were sent up here to relieve the Tenth, neither he nor any of the others knew a word of this Pathan *baht*—Pushtu is like dummy talk to them. Of course he had passed in the thing at home, the lingo we all went through—Urdu, they call it, I think; but here it seems to be Pushtu, sheep-talk and Persian mixed. When Squeaks thinks he's telling them to clear out, they come and sit in his lap.

"We squared his *krani* (interpreter). He's a Bengali Baboo, and is afraid of everything but rupees. Lutyens frightened him to death—swore he'd ride Shahzada over him by accident if he didn't make proper talk when Yusuf brought in the lambkin.

"One day Yusuf and three other

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brawny Afghans turned up with the dirt of two-score years thick upon the lot of them. Cracky! but they were fierce-looking: *jesails*, jade-handled knives the length of your arm, and all the rest of their cut-throat tools. With them came the ram, of course. He was short-clipped and gorgeous in many colours—painted up for the occasion.

"'Diplomacy is the racket,' said Lutyens; 'play Squeaks on that.'

"You see the Colonel has a hobby that if we can humour these natives we shan't have to fight them. It'll be a beastly hole to live in if that ever comes about; we'd soon die off if there was no fighting to be had.

"The Old Man held a regular durbar; for the Baboo explained that Yusuf was one of the Khan of Kelat's small chiefs, and that he wanted to make friendship with the English for his tribe. His people lived somewhere up in the Bolans near Kirta.

"They ate salt together, and touched palms with a rupee, and things went on swimmingly.

"Yusuf couldn't understand a word the Colonel said, and the Afghan's *baht* was all Greek to Squeaks. Lutyens had his eye on the *krani*, who was interpreting after a fashion—you know Lutyens' eye; it's like a cocked pistol—so we were on velvet.

"The game was, that Yusuf had brought in the ram as a peace offering; it was the thing his people prized most on earth—a sort of sacred gift. And so long as the Colonel kept the ram in the regiment, Yusuf's people would look upon us as blood-brothers. It was all Lutyens' doings, I swear.

"At first when the Colonel understood that he was to take the sheep, he bucked at the idea. He hates everything but a cavalry horse, you know, and only likes them because they're useful.

"The funny part of the business was that Yusuf really got the contract for the camels; not on account of the sheep, but because the Colonel thought it a good thing to win over this head man.

"That's how we got the ram," said Teniers. "He simply won't leave the Colonel—hangs around his tent all the time, bunting the orderly. One day he chewed the tops off Squeaks' new boots. He's really kept us alive. And what's odd, the Colonel's got fond of him—we all know that; he's never bunted the Old Man once, only the time he upset him by mistake. He just does as he likes in the regiment; they look upon him as a mascot.

"He's a proper *budmash* (scoundrel); but what can you expect from a ram that's been brought up among these sons of Belial when he gets into decent society?

"The Sergeants' mess clubbed in and put that silver ring on his horn. They're a scum lot—they looted all the refreshment-rooms coming up from Karachi; but they'd fight for the lamb until they were wiped out, I believe. That's because he's so properly bad; they like it."

I said never a word about the original owners of the ram—it would be a pity to spoil sport. If Yusuf had looted him from the Marris he deserved that camel contract. I even forgave him my ride on the mad Bokharan.

Then we had a week of Sibi dulness; nothing happened, absolutely nothing—only the heat. It was terrific.

The Beluchis in the plain about Sibi went out and tilled their fields, and tended their flocks, and never a hillman swooped down on them. It looked as though little round towers of defence dotted all over the plain like huge churns might as well be levelled to the ground. The fellows squabbled among themselves, and prayed for strong-hearted infidels to come down and fight them. It was the heat—it took the life out of everything. Even the Khan lay asleep most of the time—he was getting fat.

All week the Colonel had laboured most seriously over a letter to the *Civil and Military Gazette* on the necessity for higher diplomatic knowledge among military officers in command in border districts. He made a strong point of the assertion that "diplomacy was the higher form of applied patience." He

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always wrote with a tight grip upon the pen, and his mouth twisted to one side. That's the proper military man's attitude—it's like sword play.

Incidentally, the ram mixed up with the Colonel's epic. Tuesday while he was sweating over an intricate paragraph that wouldn't go right anyhow, the Khan stalked Lutyens' fox-terrier, and shikarried him into the Colonel's tent. The table was upset, and three pages of the manuscript floated in ink. The profanity was awful. It frightened even the Khan, and he didn't show up for a day.

When the Old Man finished the article Thursday he had writer's cramp and a stiff neck. Friday the ram nibbled the letter out of his tunic pocket, as it lay on the chair, and ate it. The orderly saw him just finishing the "Yours truly, Diplomat."

Now patience was a good thing to write about in an article on diplomacy; but when it came to having a week's work chewed up by a bilious ram it was a little too much for human nature, and the Colonel's language was terrific; also he battered the ram.

All Saturday we laughed over this; for it leaked out. That night Nawaz Khan chevied a bowl of lettuce that was on Major Lutyens' dinner-table; and the four of us who were to have dined with him had to go and borrow a scrap meal from different sections of the camp. It cost Lutyens twenty-five rupees for new dishes; to say nothing of two wasted bottles of Simpkin opened on the ram's horns.

Monday joy reigned in the regiment. "The route" was out for a detachment of two companies. Where they were going nobody knew, only the Colonel. Something was on up in the hills. It couldn't be a fight, with only two companies called; it must be political. However, it was a move; and Lutyens and Teniers, who were going, were full of it.

By daylight Tuesday morning the men were on the march; and by noon the broad, flat surface of the Sibi *Put* (desert) had swallowed them up; there was only a glinting mirage where they had gone off toward the northeast. They were heading straight for the Marris hills.

A feeling of misgiving came over me when I realized that they were going toward the Marris Pass, for the ram had gone with them.

At sunrise, Thursday, bright, glinting flashes struck our camp, thrown, from the hills to the east. It was a heliograph signal. It read:

"Surrounded by tribesmen fifteen miles up the Pass. Hard pressed. Send reinforcements."

An answer was flashed back that we'd leave immediately, and soon the remainder of the regiment was streaming across the *Put*, with two seven-pounders and a Gatling.

This is what had happened in the meantime.

After they had gone about five miles, the Colonel suddenly discovered that Nawaz Khan was complacently marching with the transport. The Old Man swore like a trooper. "Curse the brute!" he exclaimed, "am I never going to get away from that ram!" But the fellows fancied he was really pleased that the Khan had stuck to them. It was too late to turn him back, so he and the orderly plodded along together.

When they got among the hills, the natives came into the camp friendly enough. At first there were a few of them. They talked to the Colonel through the *krani*, and though the latter was a little mixed on their *baht*, he understood just enough to exchange the courtesies.

But the minute they got their eye on the ram, things changed. They soon slipped away; but our fellows didn't know that it had anything to do with the Khan—they didn't know he had been looted from the Marris.

At the next halt, farther up in the hills, quite a large body of tribesmen came in and had a palaver. Our fellows had seen them hovering about on the line of march. The Baboo couldn't explain four annas of what they said; bat it was easy to see they were demanding the ram.

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Then the Old Man's liking for the beast cropped up. "It was infernal cheek," he called it. "The ram was the regiment's mascot—it would be like giving up the colours. Never! he'd fight them first. If it were a sort of toll they were levying he'd pay something for the sake of peace rather than have a *tamasha*."

He ordered the Baboo to give the chief, Afzul ul Mulk, fifty rupees. The latter tucked the bag of silver in his belt, and sat on his haunches sullenly.

"What is he waiting for?" asked the Colonel.

"He wants the ram, sir."

This brought the Colonel to the end of his diplomatic tether—his choler got up, and he ordered the Marris to clear out. They went, and the troops lost sight of them.

Toward noon, as the detachment marched along the track which led over a dry watercourse up to a narrow slit in the hills, they were suddenly fired upon from in front. The hills on either side of the Pass were thronged with white-turbaned tribesmen who were sniping at the troops with long rifles.

The Colonel's men returned the fire, but most of the bullets only spatted against the rock-cover the hillmen crouched behind. "Phut! phut!" went the guns on the hillside; "p-ing-g! spit! spat!" came the leaden pills from every side, for the Pathans were closing up in the rear also. The men were in a trap.

"We've got to get out of this, and make a stand on higher ground, sir," said Lutyens.

Then the men charged up one side of the valley, and drove the Marris from the top of a hill at the point of the bayonet. It was hot work. Lutyens got a bullet in his arm, and half a dozen men dropped in the valley. There was no time to get them; they lay there under the cross-fire, as well as eight or ten of the Pathans.

It looked like bad business, and the hills all around simply swarmed with tribesmen who kept up a dropping fire. It didn't do much harm, the range was too great; but the troops were surrounded, and it would be hot work getting out. The Marris saw they had our fellows trapped, and played a waiting game. There were hundreds of them; the hills were alive. Teniers and Sergeant Flynn volunteered to slip through the enemy that night and bring up reinforcements.

They took a heliograph with them because they could signal from the foothills in the morning, saving a twenty-mile tramp, and get word to the regiment quicker. They stole out in the darkness, and the men waited, not knowing whether they got through or not.

All night the tribesmen kept up a spitting fire—just enough to make rest impossible. That was their game—to keep the small troop hemmed in, and worry them to death.

Our fellows knew what it meant—water. The hill was like an ash heap—as dry. The water bottles wouldn't fight the heat for twenty-four hours; another twenty-four and they would parch up and choke. The men of Allah on the hills knew that, too.

Of course, if Teniers didn't get through, and the balance of the regiment didn't turn up, the detachment would have to fight its way out. It would be at terrible cost—probably not a man would get through alive. They hadn't a field gun with them—nothing but their rifles; so they couldn't shell the enemy from their path. This was a serious mistake; but the Colonel had evidently started out on a political mission, and considered guns an impediment to rapid travel. So they prayed hard that Teniers or the sergeant might get through.

They expected the natives to rush them just before daylight, but there was no attack—nothing but the wearing fire, the dribbling in of bullets, to keep them on edge.

The wounded and dead lay between the two forces. Once our men tried to slip down to bring in their wounded, but were driven back; twice the tribesmen crept down, but were repulsed

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with a stiff volley—their mission was throat-cutting.

In the morning it was seen that the Marris had been at work during the night. Two stone *sangas* had been thrown up within fair range of our men; but Lutyens had also constructed a barricade, so honours were even.

About nine o'clock half-a-dozen Marris came down with a white flag—they wanted to pick up the wounded. Our fellows were glad of the chance of a truce, and the poor chaps who had lain out all night were brought in.

While this was going on, another party of eight or ten came in with a white flag also; and with them was a gigantic ram, close-clipped, and with all the glory of war paint on his strong-ribbed sides and muscular quarters. The Baboo unearthed from their muddy vocabulary that they wanted to fight the Khan.

"They're a rum lot," said Lutyens, with his arm in a sling; "while they've got us hemmed in here, and hope to starve us out, they want to put in the time pleasantly by holding sports. But it will delay matters anyway, and give Teniers a chance If he'd been captured we'd have heard about it, I think —he must have got through.

"We'll fight them with the ram, won't we, sir?" he said to the Colonel. "It'll keep things back. We'll mark time as long as we can—I'll swear the ram has just been fed, and hold the fight off for a couple of hours till he's in good condition. He's too fat to fight anyway—the other fellow'll do him up; their brute's as fit as a fiddle."

So with the aid of the Baboo the thing was explained, in a fashion, and the fight held off until after dinner; the visitors, who were probably selecting the individual throats they meant to slit when they had persuaded our men to surrender their rifles later on, were fed with profuse hospitality.

It was a fine diplomatic play all around. Afzul Mulk reasoned that they were helping to eat up the provisions the troops had to subsist upon, therefore they would be starved into surrender the sooner. The Colonel and his officers hoped that Teniers had escaped, and if they could delay matters with the aid of the ram long enough, the relieving force would pop in on the flank of the enemy with a machine gun or two, and save the situation.

The hillmen were receiving reinforcements all the time. They were a fine lot of blackguards, these Marris; they ate cheerily with our fellows, and viewed critically the commissariat they hoped to be placed in command of by the help of Allah and much thirst.

Lutyens, who had taken charge of the fighting arrangements, delayed bringing out the Khan as long as he dared. At last, about two o'clock, he concluded he had reached the limit; the visitors were muttering impatiently.

A sharp lookout was kept to prevent a surprise, and the *tamasha* started. The Khan was full of it. Fighting in the camp at Sibi had been stupid play; nothing fought back—here was the sport of his lambhood. The Marris ram was keen as a fox-terrier, too.

When they came together in the first round it was like the bursting of a shrapnel; but it was only a feeler evidently. They backed off a little farther next time, and with short, jerky pig-jumps, banged into each other. The flint horns cracked sharp and clear in the still mountain air.

As the sound went echoing up the cañons of the hills the tribesmen cheered with joy—it was a fight after their own hearts. The whole camp warmed to the fun; the Colonel was the most excited man in the detachment.

Lutyens was new to the game, and didn't handle his ram right. One of the tribesmen, who had been watching the Khan with loving eye, jumped up and begged, with much pantomime, to be given charge of the detachment ram.

"Let him handle him!" cried the Colonel; "we've got to win, or they'll take it as an omen that they're going to beat us."

The Pathan almost cried for joy when he put his strong fingers in the Khan's whiskers. He laid his swarthy face against the ram's Roman nose.

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and the sheep knew him. It was Rahat Shah, the Khan's rightful owner; but our chaps didn't know that. They backed the rams amongst themselves. Afzul, the head man of the Marris, drew forth the Colonel's fifty rupees he had tucked in his belt, and gave Squeaks to understand he wanted to gamble on the fight. Jove! if the Colonel didn't take him up! Nobody had ever seen him make a bet in his life before.

The Khan's new handler played fair—played to win. Lutyens watched him close; but he didn't need that. He was a proper sportsman—they're all that. He gave the Khan a chance to get his wind; delayed each round as long as he could. That was what our fellows wanted.

The Khan was a bit the stronger, and at first got a lead over the other chap; but the hawk-eyes of the natives had sized up the situation pretty well. They knew that our ram was fat, inside and out, and would tire after a bit. Their ram was as hard as nails; everything in their country is, men and all. He was like a fighting boar—gaunt and rough; all muscle and pluck, with horns of steel.

The Khan's charges became perceptibly less fierce; he wavered a little as they came together like rocks in an avalanche. His hind-quarters drooped after each crash.

"This comes of you juniors always stuffing the beast with sugar or some cursed thing!" squeaked the Colonel. "You've spoiled one of the best fights ever was."

What with preliminaries, and rests between rounds, and hard fighting, the battle lasted over an hour, when finally the Khan was smashed to the earth by a glancing blow that slipped from his horns and tore along his thick neck. He'd had enough—he knew that. Not for his old master even, not for anything, would he face the music again. The tribesmen had won.

The visitors sprang to their feet and cheered the wild battle-cry of the Pathan. Up, up the hills it went, caught up and echoed from throat to throat—hundreds of them—until the whole range rang with the pean of victory. It was impressive. Our men were awed. It was like a foreboding of disaster.

The Colonel quietly handed over the rupees to Afzul. The Marris squatted on their haunches again; and Lutyens, to show that there was no ill-will, ordered hot coffee served to them.

Rahat Shah, who had handled the Khan, got him on his feet, and started to lead him over to the little group of squatted tribesmen.

The Colonel interfered. "Take the ram away from that chap," he ordered. "I believe they're trying to walk him off."

The orderly took the Khan from the Marris and put him over with our men. Rahat Shah was astonished—indignant. He hustled the orderly a little, and there was a bit of a scuffle at first; but the ram was taken away from the persistent tribesmen.

The sitting Marris muttered among themselves and commenced to move about restlessly. Afzul was energetically trying to explain something to the Baboo.

"What's the matter?" asked the Colonel. "What does he say?"

"Not understanding his talk, sir," replied the Baboo. "His talk not of my country, therefore not understanding proper. He wanting the sheep, sir, I think."

"That's rich," retorted the Colonel; "dash his eyes! I suppose they think because the ram's beaten we won't keep him. Tell them, if you can, with my salaams, that if they want him real bad, they can come and take him in their usual *sabardasti* way—there'll be a few dead Mussulmans before they get him, though. But don't hurry it, Baboo—keep them as long as you can. I'd like to hear the music of a Gatling on their flank over there."

Now the Baboo loved to talk—all Baboos do; but the Marris didn't want talk; it was the ram they were after. Besides, they hated a Baboo worse than they did the cursed Feringees, the British.

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When they saw they were getting more Baboo talk than ram, they exchanged a few fierce, hot words among themselves, standing defiantly erect, then turned away, anger flipping from every fold of their loose dress, and marched sullenly down the hill, across the valley, and up where crouched their fellows.

"Gad! they're mad," said the Colonel. "Wonder what it's all about. We'll get pepper now; get ready for them, Major."

Below, the valley was silent. The dead had been turned under the rubble of earth and broken stone, and the wounded brought into the lines. The sun was almost dipping behind the peaks in the west.

With set faces the men waited for the bloodthirsty rush that would come surely; either that, or the hiss of a shrapnel coming up the valley from the relief. Which would come first? It was time for the reinforcement, if Teniers had escaped.

They could see the tribesmen creeping closer down from the surrounding hills—drawing the death circle nearer.

"Reserve your fire," said the Colonel sternly. "Give it to them when you can smell them. We'll make as good a fight as the ram did, anyway."

"By Jove! they're mad clean through," said Lutyens, as he watched the Pathans through his field glass; "they won't even wait for the dark; and to starve us out is too slow, evidently. There they go—sniping again," as little white puffs of smoke darted out from the hillside like hot breath on a frosty morning, and the "p-s-ing-g" of the singing lead struck on his ears.

Then he swept the valley to the south with the powerful glass. Nothing moved in that direction but the white of a fluttering Marris coat, or the brown of a sheepskin vest.

Lower and lower moved the white circle of the creeping tribesmen. It was like watching the foam-wash of the incoming tide.

"Fix bayonets!" commanded Lutyens; and the shining steel was clicked into place with grim earnestness.

"They don't relish the steel," said Lutyens; "we can give them points at that game anyway." It was a grim joke, for he knew well that numbers would tell in the end; and though they might be driven back once, twice, a dozen times, the Pathan wolves would come again, and again, until every throat was cut.

The foe was down in the valley now, not three hundred yards, and slipping from rock to rock—stalking their white prey.

"When they mass for the rush," said the Major to the men, "we'll give them a volley, and another before they reach us; then it'll be the bayonet against their big knives. Gad! I almost thought—no, it couldn't be. I fancied I heard a bugle; but it's one of their cursed sheep-calls, I suppose."

The Marris were armed with smooth-worn Sniders ("gas pipes") and the long-barrelled *jesail*. More than half of them had nothing but the strong hungry knives that would rip and slash when they had broken the ranks.

Suddenly Afzul was seen to jump on a rock and wave a green and yellow banner. That was the signal for the onslaught. Pandemonium broke loose. Every rock and every hill echoed with a hundred tongues the fanatic Moslem cry.

"They're a noisy lot of beggars," said the Colonel; "just like the Burmese; but they'll fight better, I fancy."

Like a pack of hungry wolves giving cry they started up the ascent.

"Present! Steady, men—aim low! fire!" came the command sharp and clear from the Major.

A red circle of hot, belching fire darted from the black barrels of the Martinis; and the wailing hail swept down the hillside, and the white, rushing line swayed, staggered, trembled for an instant, and then swept on again, closing up the gaps that had been bitten into it by the eager teeth. The Sniders and the *jesails* vomited back an answer; but the stone barricade grabbed at the bullets, and only three men swayed drunkenly from the wall.

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Half-way up the hill the Martinis coughed again; and the second volley ploughed deeper and more terribly into the Moslem foe.

Again the line wavered; there was a lull; Afzul's voice could be heard bellowing like a mountain leopard at his hesitating men.

A low moaning shriek came up the valley; there was a crash as a shrapnel burst, and an acre of bullets hissed and screeched as they cut through the air on the charging enemy's flank. "Boo-o-m-m," ponderously came the voice of the screw-gun that had thrown the shell.

"Hurrah! the relief!" cheered Lutyens, his bared sword gleaming. "Give the hounds another volley!"

Down in the valley an English bugle was sounding the charge. "Ph-u-t-t, ph-u-t-t-ph-u-t-t!" a Gatling was chirruping, and "Boo-o-m-m!" a seven-pounder was chorusing. The advancing troops were volley firing, and the white mass of turbaned tribesmen was being rolled back like a war map.

Afzul's men had come too late—the stone wall stared at them stolidly; they broke; and fold on fold the Pathan mass was pushed back, and up through the pass they had come down from.

"Just in time, eh?" panted Teniers, as he galloped up to the detachment.

The relief was complete. It was useless to follow the Marris among the hills without cavalry.

I had gone up with the regiment, and Teniers told me all about the trouble. There was a ton of guilt on my soul; for if I had spoken, had told of the ownership of the ram, all this might have been averted. How was I to break it to the Colonel? I must tell him.

That night at dinner Lutyens suddenly broke in with, "Well, we had two ripping fights to-day."

"Was this the second attack?" queried Teniers.

"No, Nawaz Khan fought the first battle. We had a truce, and the fellows came down with a sheep built like a 'blue bull,' and he did up the Khan in fine shape."

"Why in thunder did they attack you this time, then, if they got the ram?" I asked.

"They didn't get him," said the Colonel simply in his squeaky voice. "We wouldn't give him up."

"Great Scott! sir," I exclaimed; "you've forever blasted the name of the British as true sportsmen. The fundamental principle, sir, governing all ram fights, from Calcutta to Cabul, is that the victor takes the beaten ram."

The Colonel's face turned ashy pale. That he had killed a score or more tribesmen was not the cause, for that had been a fair fight; but that he had done this thing was a disgrace—he saw that.

"More than that," I exclaimed, excited by what had been said, and seizing the opportunity, "the ram belonged to them in the first place. He was the pride of their tribe. Somebody looted him, probably the man who brought him into the regiment—Yusuf."

"How do you know that, sir?" gasped the Colonel.

I explained.

"What shall we do—what shall we do?" moaned the Colonel helplessly.

"Jove!" exclaimed Lutyens, "we must put this right. We can't have these beggars taking us for a lot of welchers. They fought game enough—and they were in the right, too."

As atonement I offered to find Afzul the next day and explain matters.

I did. Taking Teniers and a white flag, I followed up the tribesmen, and found Afzul. I explained it all.

We had trounced them, we were in force, and he realized that what I said must be true. No white man could have stolen the Khan—it must have been Yusuf.

He accompanied me back to the camp.

The Khan was turned over to him, and a good indemnity paid for the dead tribesmen, for we were undoubtedly in the wrong.

"You may go through my country," said Afzul. "The fight was a good one."

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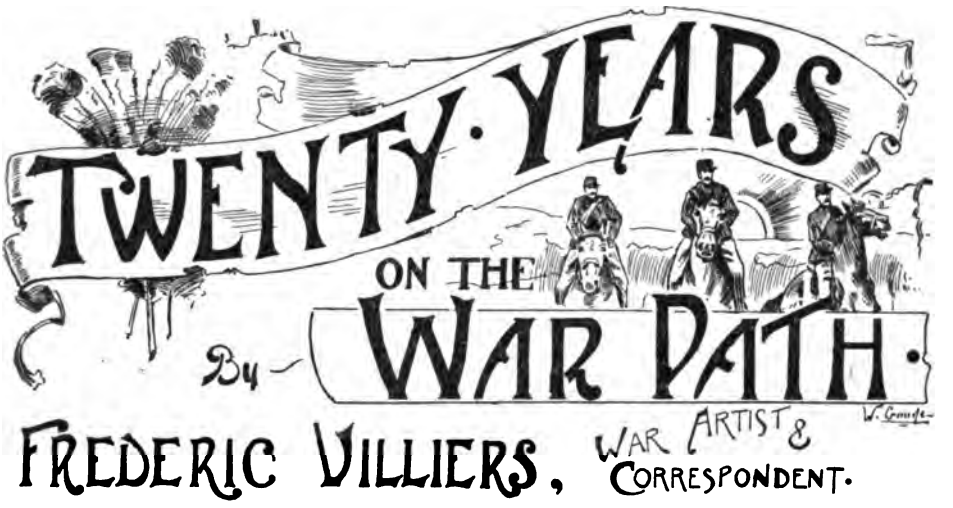

VI.—AFTER THE BOMBARDMENT OF ALEXANDRIA.

We were holding on by the skin of our teeth in those days in Alexandria; that is, we were only some two hundred men all told, and Arabi, the rebel, had nearly 20,000 Egyptian troops round and about and in and out the famous old historic city.

We simply held the Marina, or the actual portal of the Marine quarter of Alexandria, and, therefore, much speculation was rife as to the extent of the damage by fire by the incendiaries of the rebel force to the European quarter of the town, which had been burning for two days.

On the second day of our landing, news came into headquarters of the burning of the great square or Place of Mehemet Ali. The actual extent of the damage was not known, so Cameron, the correspondent of the *Standard*, and I resolved to penetrate as far as we could into the square. We started from the landing-stage at sundown. The British chain of sentries had not been pushed farther than the actual quay, so we soon answered our last challenge and entered seriously on our enterprise. Picking our way through the *débris* of looted shops, and stumbling here and there over dead bodies, we eventually gained one of the streets debouching on the square.

Night had set in, and but for the fitful light from the burning houses, darkness reigned. Presently a sharp turning revealed to us a blaze of light, and we found that the street we were traversing ended in an almost incandescent mass of ruins, which entirely blocked our way. Also revealed to us were several looters and incendiaries at their infamous work, who, evidently taking us for a scouting-party, immediately vanished into the many deep shadows on either side. It was unfortunate that we were not able to advance, for these scoundrels, on finding that we were not supported, might summon up courage to attack us; so we at once arranged some mode of defence in case of this contingency.

Cameron carried with him a Winchester repeating carbine, and being better armed than I, who only possessed a revolver, he was to drop on one knee if we were attacked and take a long-distance shot, while I, standing behind him with my revolver, was to fire at at any ruffian who might start out from the shadows of the doorways in our immediate vicinity.

When we had rehearsed this little manœuvre to our mutual satisfaction, we suddenly turned about and made our way by circuitous narrow passages to another street running parallel to the square. The howls of starving

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dogs, and the shrieks of frightened cats, in addition to the thunder of the burning ruins as they fell crashing to the ground, made night appallingly hideous. Moving but slowly, owing to the *débris* strewing the way, about nine o'clock we reached the square.

Surely, never was sight more weirdly grand than that which met our gaze! One vast, scorching furnace, a glowing quadrangle of fire, the sky a lurid canopy of smoke. The famous avenue of trees—under whose grateful shade but a week before we correspondents met and discussed the situation over coffee and cigarettes—was now but a crackling, spluttering fringe of gaunt, bare, black-limbed acacias, standing out in bold relief from the glare of the tongues of flame spurting out from doorway and window of the doomed buildings around them.

We were for a moment spell-bound by the immensity of the conflagration. But soon our gaze shifted from the flaming houses to certain suspicious-looking objects lying on the ground, seemingly crouching in the ever-changing shadows of the trees, lying about in skirmishing order, apparently the only individuals beside ourselves in the burning square.

They had not yet shown any aggressive symptoms towards us, so Cameron and I agreed to slowly approach them. Stealing along in the shadow of the houses on the left flank of the square we at length came opposite to them. At the same time a thrill of horror passed through us, for a ghastly sight met our gaze. Stuck up against the trees, or lying on the ground, were mutilated bodies, headless and armless, dragged, no doubt, from their place of execution to the centre of the great square, where, before the final bonfire, the wretched victims had evidently been the sport of Arabi's fanatical followers.

I looked at Cameron. "Here's local colour," said I, "for the British breakfast-table in your telegrams of to-morrow morning."

Oh, how lucky that we were the only correspondents on the spot, we agreed, and moved nearer to take in the horrible details of this shocking massacre, when suddenly Cameron clutched my arm and we stopped. A strange expression came stealing over my comrade's face, and he mumbled something to himself.

"What was that?" said I.

"Great Scott!" he cried. "Look!"

"No! Surely! I gasped, for our local colour had faded. We were among them now, and we found that Arabi's supposed victims were simply dressmakers' dummies, no doubt looted from the tailors' shops in the square, and, denuded of their finery by the retreating soldiers, had been left to perish in the flames.

With the exception of the Tribunal, the English Church of St. Mark's and the Club Mehemet Ali, all the buildings in the square were burning fiercely. The shops for many hundred yards up the Rue de Rhamlèh, which flanks the Tribunal and runs parallel to the club, were smouldering ruins, with the exception of one little shop—a tobacco store—next to which was once the British Consulate, but now simply an incandescent sheet of glowing embers. On the lamp of the shop—which by some miraculous chance had passed through the ordeal of fire unscathed—was the name in large white letters of the then British Prime Minister. Many years afterwards, when I revisited Alexandria, I bought some cigarettes in this very same little shop. Its lamp with its staring white letters, "Magazine Gladstone," hung over the doorway.

The difficulty, and probably danger, of this night's adventure, was in the act of returning to the quay. We, of course, avoided the streets by which we had advanced, and stole along the by-ways and less familiar routes towards the Marina. In one of these narrow by-ways we heard the sound of hurried footsteps coming up a side street. We at once came to a halt, and then took the defensive position already agreed upon between us.

Near a door, the shadow of which we were courting, lay the dead body

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of a sleek-looking Greek shopkeeper; a bullet had smashed his skull and his face was black with flies. He had been wantonly murdered and robbed, for his pockets were turned inside out. This ghastly evidence of the treatment of stray Europeans by Arabi's followers made our blood boil, and we determined to sell our lives dearly.

I could hear Cameron cock his Winchester. I drew my revolver, and we waited for the coming trouble. Presently, about three hundred yards away, a body of men wheeled round from a byway, turning into our street. I heard Cameron breathe more quickly, and I could feel my heart thumping against my ribs as we both braced up for the crisis. As the men marched towards us, through the flickering lights and shadows still thrown by the burning houses across our street, it was difficult for us for the moment to make out the cut of their uniforms.

Pleasantly a tongue of flame leaped up from out of the window of the shop opposite to us, and our hiding-place was at once revealed to the enemy. Then a loud, clear voice shouted: "Halt! Who goes there?" Cameron lowered his carbine, and joyously leaping to his feet, answered: "Friends!" and then we both sped forward towards the little force.

To our supreme satisfaction we discovered it to be a contingent of American blue-jackets, under the command of Lieutenant Goodrich, United States Navy, who, by courtesy of the Admiral of the American Squadron in Egyptian waters, had landed to assist the small force of British marines and sailors in keeping order in the anarchical stricken city. Luckily we were able to be of service to our newly-made friends, by informing them of the state of the square, and suggesting the Club Mehement Ali for their headquarters. Goodrich eventually took our advice, and occupied the club, finding it an excellent base of operation for his patrol.

That smart, genial American officer, now Commander Goodrich, I met years afterwards in Corea during the war between China and Japan, when he reminded me of the Alexandria incident. The Mehemet Ali Club was probably saved from destruction by Goodrich's bluejackets, and yet, when some of the members returned to their club after the city had assumed its normal state of peacefulness, they complained that the bins in the cellars were not as full as when the steward closed its door before seeking safety on board the refugee steamer in the harbour.

In answer to these gentlemen all that I can say is, that in hot and thirsty times like those of the first days of the occupation of Alexandria, well-stocked cellars were temptations to the best disciplined troops. But not being myself under strict discipline, I confess that I found the Club Mehemet Ali a great convenience when I wanted to quench my thirst.

On our return to the quay after this little adventure Cameron was hauled over the coals by the authorities for "his foolhardiness." Nevertheless, there was one satisfaction, he had an interesting item of news for his journal, for we were the first correspondents who had penetrated so far into the town. Scares in those days were common. Often some of our bluejackets and marines were pushed forward into the city to occupy a few points of vantage when, probably, some disquieting news would reach the Admiral of the advance of overwhelming forces of the enemy, and our men would be hurriedly ordered to return to the quay to be under cover of the guns of our ships. So slight was our hold in the early days of the occupation that we had to spike the guns at Fort Kumeldik—a position dominating the inner harbour of Alexandria—in case Arabi might attempt to re-occupy the position.

I remember the morning only too well, on which a force of marines formed up on the landside of the fort, while four or five bluejackets under command of a midshipmite ran up the glacis and commenced spiking the guns.

Why, I don't know, for the enemy was not within sight, but there was a

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touch of the dare-devil about the way the men went to work that impressed me immensely, so I joined the midshipmite, thinking a sketch or two would be of interest to the public.

From gun to gun the men sprang actively with hammer and nail. Below, standing at ease, were the marines, with an unusual look of expectancy on their faces which attracted my attention and made me wonder. I was trying to put as much action as I could into my sketch when the midshipmite, as his men hurried down the slope, said:

"Now, sir, be quick, we can't wait any longer."

"Never mind," said I, "I'll finish my sketch."

"Don't be foolish, sir, come along."

"All right, you needn't trouble, I will follow directly."

"Well, if you want to be blown up that's not my affair."

"Blown up! Why, nonsense!" I was about to reply, when a bluejacket brushing by me said: "Yes; the blooming place is mined, and we shall be sent sky-high in a moment."

I didn't wait any longer, and I think I arrived in the vicinity of the expectant marines as soon as, if not before the midshipmite.

I laughed then, the whole scene was so ludicrous; the audience below, and I fooling around with a handful of bluejackets and a little midshipmite, the actors in a farce that might so easily have ended in a tragedy. After the spiking the marines filed off, with a Gatling dragged by bluejackets marching through the town by way of the Rue des Sœurs. We then began taking prisoners, looters and incendiaries, the cut-throats and scum of Alexandria, until we got such an evil-looking crowd in our wake that we realized that if we were attacked in front these blackguards would constitute a source of danger in our rear. So, *pour encourager les autres*, when they were caught red-handed with firebrands or valuable plunder they were shot without further hesitation. I believe that that fusilade, though terrible and unpleasant duty enough, paralyzed the remaining ruffians who were firing the houses, and saved Alexandria from being a complete cinder heap.

It was bad enough as it was. The hissing and crackle and crash of the falling and burning houses came upon our ears wherever we turned. The Rue des Sœurs is a broad street, and the main thoroughfare leading to the Place of Mehemet Ali.

As we slowly advanced many poor wretched European Christians, who had been hiding from the fanatical soldiers of Arabi, emerged coweringly from their cellars and hiding-places, and falling on their bended knees poured a torrent of thanks and blessings upon us for their safe delivery. One poor Italian appeared at a second-floor window. I seem to see his face now, as pale, emaciated, and almost fainting, he fell hanging half-way over the window-sill and feebly cried:

"*Viva! Viva L'Angleterra!*"

Tommy Atkins could not stand this, so two of the marines rushed up the staircase and brought the half-dead man down. Many a good-natured Tommy went short of his ration, for the Italian, not daring to move from the house, had been without food or water for days.

Quite a small Jewish colony, having taken sanctuary in their tabernacle, had luckily not attracted the attentions of Arabi's scoundrels, and now came panting into our lines. Many of them were women. Tommy Atkins' gallantry is always of the best, and the famished females were regaled with canned beef and hard tack, as they were passed to the rear.

Men and women were not the only sufferers in that burning city; domestic animals also had suffered miserably during those five days of anarchy. The poor starving brutes would also fawn upon us as their deliverers, and come crouchingly yelping or mewing into our ranks, for the water had been cut off from the city as well as the food supply, and the town was as dry and as parched and as bare of sustenance

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as the skeleton of a camel on the sands of the desert.

I did an almost heroic deed that day, though asinine enough; some ill-natured people might even say a brotherly act. Down one of the side-streets I saw two Arabs struggling with a donkey, across whose back was a pole to which, on either side, were slung panniers loaded, apparently, with valuable loot. Not knowing but that the Arabs were armed, as I hurried forward, I fired my revolver over their heads just as a revenue-cutter fires a shot to make a struggling craft heave to. The Arabs, however, did not heave to; they ran away, leaving the ass with his burden standing in the road. Approaching the animal, I found the poor brute covered with sores, and the cruel weals on his flank showed that his late masters were inhuman monsters. The panniers were loaded with offal from a slaughter-house, and the heavy burdens straining the yoke had bent the brute's back like the inner curve of a bow.

He stood patiently, with his ears cocked as much as to say:

"And now, what's next?"

I immediately cut the thongs holding the panniers, and then an incident occurred which I could not have believed if related to me by the most trustworthy informant. As the contents of the panniers fell with a splash on the cobbles, the poor brute gave a deep sigh, and his spinal column, relieved from the strain, slowly but completely straightened. That donkey became a tender care with me, much to the amusement of Tommy Atkins, and he eventually enlisted as transport animal in the service of the *Graphic*.

To be Continued.

THE RED CROSS.

WHAT IT MEANS, WHAT IT HAS DONE, AND WHAT IT IS DOING IN THE WORLD.

*By Lieut.-Colonel G. Sterling Ryerson, M.D.**

THE spontaneous outburst of loyalty evoked by the South African war found its expression in a desire to do something. Almost every young, able-bodied man wished to serve his Queen and Country at the front. Most energetic and sympathetic young women sighed to bind the wounds and soothe the dying hours of British heroes. Other older and more practical persons, knowing that all cannot serve their country in the field, set to work to put in motion the machinery of the Red Cross Society, to afford practical relief to those whom duty and chance called to the front.

Students of military medicine have no difficulty in recalling the awful methods of treatment adopted by the surgeons of the armies of old. In the auditorium of the faculty of medicine of Paris a large part of the wall d'en face is decorated with a mural painting by Jerome, of a battle scene. It represents Paré in the act of amputating the leg of a man by the old sickle knife, while the King hands him the red-hot cautering iron wherewith to sear the bleeding, palpitating stump. The unfortunate patient is held down by strong men, with whom he struggles in his agony. Beneath the painting is the legend "Le Roi hâte leurs efforts ce récompense leur zêle." In our days kings and war offices have not been so prompt to recompense the zeal of the medical department. On the contrary, the army doctor has been severely overlooked. Time brings its revenges. The South African war

* Canadian Red Cross Commissioner in South Africa.

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brings this revenge that the much-abused army doctor heaps coals of fire on the heads of his detractors, by doing everything which lies in his power to allay pain and alleviate suffering, and fearlessly exposing his life for others. But zealous and efficient as may be the medical department of the army, there is still room for voluntary aid. No nation has yet found it possible to maintain a medical department large enough to meet the requirements of an army in the field. Therefore organized voluntary assistance is a necessity of war.

One has only to recall the scenes of horror of the Crimean war, when across the mental view there flits the gentle form of the "lady with the lamp," Florence Nightingale. An old general medical officer once told me that the most awful night of his life was that which followed the battle of the Alma. Thousands of British soldiers lay stricken on the field. Without adequate assistance he could do but little. The air was filled with the shrieks and cries of the wounded. Soon there came another horror. Cholera stalked abroad and laid his cold hand on many a brave heart, which soon was stilled.

The scenes of the Crimea were repeated in the war between France and Sardinia on the one side and Austria on the other in 1859-60. It had its culmination in the great battle of Solferino, which took place on 24th June, 1859. Three hundred thousand men faced each other in deadly array. On a line five miles long, for fifteen hours, the cannon roared, the muskets cracked, the cavalry charged and the bayonet drank deep draughts of blood. As the wounded lay on the ground the artillery and cavalry charged over them. The dead and wounded lay commingled in heaps. When all was done and the echoes of the cannon had died away in the stillness of an Alpine night, there arose other sounds, the wailing of the wounded. The victorious French lost 17,000 men and the Austrians 20,000 killed and wounded. "'Twas a glorious victory." What pen can describe the horrors revealed by the rising sun after a night of rain? Ambulances and doctors were few and far between. The wounded lay on the ground until lock-jaw, gangrene and exhaustion carried them off. Castilione, Solferino and other towns were soon filled to overflowing with those able to crawl. At first the townspeople viewed them with compassion, and brought clean water, soups and charpie, but there seemed no end, and the most charitable wearied in well-doing. The wounded lay about the streets, starving and neglected, piteously begging for food and water. I shall forbear to relate the awful scenes in the hospitals. Voluntary aid began to arrive. One Canadian doctor came from Paris to render what assistance he could, the late Dr. Norman Bethune. Thousands of lives were wasted for lack of timely aid.

It happened that among the civilians who chanced to be present was a Swiss gentleman of means named Henri Dunant who with his servant was travelling in Northern Itlay. He was so deeply impressed with the horrors of the situation, the necessity for organized voluntary aid appealed irresistibly to him, that he set to work to organize. After the war he travelled from Court to Court in Europe endeavoring to obtain support and endorsation for a scheme of international benevolence and relief in war. He was so far successful that in 1863 a conference was held at Geneva of representatives of the Great Powers and of certain humane bodies, particularly the Order of St. John of Jerusalem. On the 24th October, 1864, the convention of Geneva was ratified by the high signatory powers. By its provisions all hospitals, hospital material, medical officers and attendants became neutral. A surgeon in discharge of his duties cannot be held as a prisoner. Hence we read of all medical officers, medical corps, attendants and wounded passing into the hands of the Boers at Dundee. When the patients were sufficiently recovered the medical officers and men of the army medical corps were returned unharmed to the British lines. When on duty during an action, a brassard or

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armband, a red cross on a white ground, is worn by medical officers, who must not at the same time carry arms. All hospitals are indicated by a large flag bearing a red cross, with arms of equal length, on a white ground, being the reverse of the Swiss national ensign, white on a red ground. This flag was adopted out of compliment to Switzerland in which country the conference was held. All persons in attendance on or in houses sheltering wounded are protected by the red cross flag. The Red Cross Society is an international organization having its headquarters at Geneva. Each country has its own central committee, which is autonomous, with sub-committees in various towns and cities. It is the only officially authorized channel of communication of voluntary aid in war. The funds and stores at the seat of war are administered by a chief commissioner with the aid of local committees, the whole working in consonance with the principal medical officer.

The establishment of a Colonial Branch was a step in a new direction. Until the Canadian branch of the British Red Cross Society was formed by the writer in 1897, no colonial branch had been formed by any country. The appointment of a Canadian Red Cross commissioner is the necessary corollary of the organization of the branch. Like the sending of the Canadian Contingent, it is another concession to the new Imperialism. Under the convention colonies cannot establish independent committees. The British Red Cross Society has expended very large sums of money in giving practical aid in war. Beginning with the Franco-Prussian war in 1870, it sent stores, money and surgical aid to the seat of war. The Russo-Turkish war, 1878; the Egyptian war, 1881-1885; the Soudan war, the Matabili war and the Turco-Greek war afforded opportunities for work of which it availed itself. During the present South African war, it works on a large scale, maintaining two hospital ships and three hospital trains, which have been fitted up in a most complete manner at great expense. It sends out also large quantities of medical and personal comforts.

The Canadian Contingent has been abundantly supplied with cash, medical and personal comforts by its aid. The Red Cross Society seeks to alleviate distress and suffering in war irrespective of nationality, colour or creed. A wounded Boer is as safe under the Red Cross as a wounded Britisher or a Kaffir.

The Red Cross is the emblem of the greatest organization of humane endeavour in the world, and it is fitting that the close of the marvellous nineteenth century should see it doing its greatest work on the blood-stained fields of South Africa, a sign of hope and help for the sick and wounded in war. I ask the reader to contrast the condition of affairs before and after its adoption by all civilized nations. If it is no longer legitimate to shell hospitals and murder the helpless sick and wounded in their beds, it is because of the humane and civilizing propaganda of the Red Cross Society. Nations at war are satisfied to put armies *hors de combat* without exterminating them. Humanity can never pay its debt of gratitude to Henri Dunant. Yet he was discovered a few years ago a pauper in an almshouse, having spent his all in furthering his humane scheme. Needless to say no sooner were his needs known than money flowed in, so that he is now surrounded by every comfort. How few of the world's benefactors are rewarded in accordance with their merits! To the Red Cross flag thousands owe their lives. Untold suffering has been prevented by its strength and influence. How many more widows and orphans would have been made but for its protecting folds! It is idle to say there will be no more war. While man has pugnacity he will fight and enjoy fighting. Only when he becomes an angel, will wars cease. Let us be thankful that in the Red Cross Society there exists an organization which mitigates the effect of his inborn destructiveness. It deserves the cordial support of the public.

On Board the Laurentian, January, 1900.

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THE ISSUES OF THE GENERAL ELECTION.

By a Political Onlooker.

THE issues on which the parties must shortly fate each other are in process of crystallization. Four years have materially modified the situation. The two old parties find themselves in undisturbed possession of the field. The threatened eruption of a third party, a farmer's party, has subsided. The Liberals and the Conservatives, however, no longer represent exactly what they did when the electors last went to the polls. Each has gained, each has lost, something.

The Conservatives are not, as before, the champions of Protection against a radical onslaught, nor are they the sole exponents of the Imperial idea. The prestige long enjoyed as the only party of experience in affairs of state they must now share with their opponents. On the other hand, the schism caused by the school question has, in large measure, healed. Sir Charles Tupper, both in vigour and adroitness, has not been found wanting and has repaired the fallen fortunes of his party with undoubted skill. Suffering as they do, in and out of Parliament, for lack of fresh reinforcements of capable men, the Conservatives have been able to preserve a certain continuity of policy, and to avoid such serious mistakes as would compromise them hopelessly in the country. If a popular movement for a change of Government should set in, the Conservatives have not by any act of theirs since 1896 rendered themselves ineligible to take advantage of a turn in the tide.

The losses and the gains of the Liberals are not less remarkable. The vehement forces that stoutly fought Protection for twenty years cannot today be rallied by the same cries. That scrupulous regard for rigid economy and other Utopian measures favoured by a courageous and irresponsible Opposition are pushed aside by the exigencies of a constructive policy. It is often declared that Liberalism, from its essence, is wanting in solidarity and is consequently more sensitive to attack. This, perhaps, is a stale aphorism as applied to Canadian Liberals. A more vital point is the hesitancy in endorsing new departures by the leaders, a slight timidity in adapting themselves to sudden and unforeseen emergencies. Allowing for all these factors, it is probable that the Liberal party is at the zenith of its power. Sir Wilfrid Laurier has not declined in popularity with the English electors. Vested interests, apt in former days to be alarmed and suspicious, are quiescent if not favourable. The Imperial element, prone to passion in its resentments and attachments, has been soothed. The commercial condition of the country is sound and healthy, and few individual electors are above the weakness of ascribing good times or bad crops to a Government.

As an issue, the tariff has not wholly disappeared. That the agitation for lower duties will once more blaze into discontent is extremely improbable. The Liberals stand to lose few, if any, votes from disappointed freetraders. The Conservatives ought to have the first claim upon the Protectionist interests. But the Liberal Protectionists, formerly known as National Policy Reformers, are believed to have returned to the old allegiance. The Conservative Protectionists will, one may expect, adhere to their party. But active co-operation, to the extent hitherto displayed, is well-nigh impossible. A promise of higher duties from men who are not in power is scarcely as seductive as a promise from the men who are in to let the present basis stand. A threat of great tariff reductions would solidify Protection. It will not be seriously uttered on the eve of an election. The tariff,

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then, has relatively declined in potency as an issue.

The question of a Preferential Zollverein within the Empire has emerged from the clouds. One step toward it has been taken. Some prestige and political strength accrued to the Liberals by reason of the approbation evoked in England and by the abrogation of the two treaties with foreign countries which had barred all progress toward Imperial commercial union. An obvious move for the Conservatives is a bold declaration for Protection within the Empire. The success of such a policy is doubtful while English politicians shrink from the cry against the small loaf. Moreover English attention is now absorbed by the war, by the crisis in the church, and by other matters to the exclusion of a new commercial question of such magnitude. In Canada, too, the materials are not present for creating a movement along this line sufficiently strong to displace a Government. There is hardly time to develop them.

A more conceivable extension of the Imperial movement in Canada is not Trade but Defence. The despatch of forces to join the British army at the Cape is rapidly forcing this issue to front. Such a policy would be hailed with enthusiasm in England, an effect not to be despised even for the baser motive of commercial benefit. Both parties here would not ordinarily be slow in seizing such an opportunity. The Conservatives would respond more unitedly perhaps; but the Liberals possess the advantage of being able to act. The obstacle that confronts the Liberals in presenting a carefully-thought-out plan of Imperial Defence merits attention. It will figure in the campaign.

From racial or religious commotion, in one form or another, we are never entirely free. Like Disestablishment, or the abolition of the House of Lords in England, it crops up periodically. The French Canadians are so conspicuous an element in the Liberal party that a counter movement would inevitably in time define itself. To concentrate and use such an agitation is hazardous. No political leader of eminence cares to undertake it. The French Canadian attitude toward the Imperial wars calls for diplomatic handling, and the Liberals are to some extent hampered in dealing with Imperial obligations of a large character on this account. How far, therefore, the Government can reflect the British sentiment and retain its own followers the future alone will show.

There are, of course, minor issues. Increase of national wealth has developed the power and influence of railway and other corporations, and an anti-capitalist wave—a reflex of the Bryan oratory in the United States—is rolling into Canada. The crime of inconsistency: why A., who promised certain reforms in 1890, is not prepared to carry them out in 1900; why B., who advocated prohibition in his youth, now weakly descants upon mere temperance—these and similar enormities will form the staple of much wearisome iteration. Such discussions content the elements in both parties whose votes are never in doubt. Reference will again be made to reciprocity, and the breakdown of the proposed Quebec Treaty. In the main, however, we shall find the determining issues of the campaign in Imperialism, in racial jealousy, and in the tariff.

The personal element counts for less than it did. The counterparts of George Brown, Sir John Macdonald and Joseph Howe, the arbiters rather than the creatures of the political conditions they lived under, are not to be found to-day. There is still popular leadership, but it could not bear the strain which George Brown risked when he entered the Coalition, or Sir John Macdonald when he refused to pardon Riel. Despite the lugubrious reflections of those who attach undue weight to the past, it is questionable if Canadian politics contained abler men than we find now. Sir Wilfrid Laurier is surrounded by several associates of exceptional ability. Sir Charles Tupper could, if summoned, form a Min-

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istry at least as strong as those of his predecessors. The enchanter's wand that swept the Conservatives away in 1874, and inflicted a lasting defeat upon the Liberals in 1878, exists no longer. The parties are more evenly divided. Parliamentary majorities are smaller when Governments emerge from a general election. The coming elections will be keenly fought, and a majority of fifty either way does not seem probable. The manipulation of the issues, equally with the issues themselves, will mark out the victors. A name to conjure with, obscuring issues and drawing men by the force of sheer attraction, is not readily discernible on either side.

THE NOBLESSE OF THE OLD REGIME.

By W. Bennett Munro.

Sur cette terre encore sauvage
Les vieux titres sont inconnus
La noblesse est dans le courage,
Dans les talents, dans les vertus.
—ANGERS.

OF the many quaint institutions which serve to stamp with a peculiar personality, the administration of the Old Regime in Canada, perhaps none should more interest the student of historical oddities than that of the *Noblesse Canadienne.*

For in probably no other of the various quasi-feudal institutions implanted in New France, does the true tenor of the prae-revolutionary French colonial policy more clearly manifest its shaddowy tendencies than in the efforts of the Royal government during more than a century and a half to establish in its North American colony some prototype of the French aristocracy.

And that the French government should have made an effort in this direction, was not unnatural. In that conglomeration of elements which made up the population of seventeenth century France, the "privileged" class or classes, landed and landless, formed no inconsiderable portion; it was from this class that the higher officials of government were drawn, and it is not strange that Henry IV. and his more illustrious successor, Louis XIV., should have looked upon an upper class as an essential of any colonial population.

Consequently, when on January 12th, 1598, Sieur de la Roche, a nobleman of Brittany, was made first "Lieutenant-General and Governor" of the countries of "Canada, Hochelaga, Newfoundland, Labrador, the River of the Grand Bay, of Norembegue and adjacent territories," he was given powers "to grant to gentlemen, and to those whom he shall consider persons of merit, fiefs, Seigniories, Chattellenies, Earldoms, Vicounties, Baronies and other dignities."

But as every student of Canadian history knows, the loftily-conceived project of the Marquis came to an inglorious end in the abandonment of a few Rouen convicts on the barren sands of Sable Island.

However, in 1627, even more extensive powers were granted to the newly-organized Company of One Hundred Associates, the Directors of which which were empowered by their charter "to distribute the lands of the colony to those who will inhabit the country, *and to others*, ... and to give and grant them such titles and honours, rights and powers as they may deem proper, essential and necessary, according to the quality, condition and merits of the individual."[1]

[1] Acte pour l'etablissement de la Compagnie des Cent Associés. Ed. and Ord., I., p. 4.

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The Company did not, however, take advantage of the powers thus conferred, and in the charters of subsequent companies the right was omitted. From 1663 onward the King retained the power of granting patents of nobility wholly in his own hands, although in almost every case the grant was made upon the recommendation either of the officials of the Company, or of the Royal officials in the colony.

The *noblesse* of the colony was made up of two parts :

(1) Those members of French noble families, who came out to Canada retaining their rank. Some of these came out as administrative officials, but the majority were officers of the Regiment de Carignan-Salieres, which was sent out to the colony in 1764, to take the leading part in De Tracy's expedition against the Iroquois. Few of this class ever became permanently located in the colony. The administrative officials returned to France as their terms of office expired, while many of the Carignan officers went back on the disbandment of the regiment. In a report sent to the King by the Intendant in 1667, it was said that, "The *noblesse* of New France is composed of four ancient families, and of four others whom the King has honoured with grants.[1] The first four were, probably, Potherie, Tilly, Repentigny, and D'Aillebout, all of whom were representatives of old and prominent families in France. The other four cannot be definitely ascertained.

(11) Those who received their patents of nobility in the colony. It must be borne in mind that the grant of a Seigniory did not, in itself, entail any grant of nobility. But the colonial noble, unlike his French prototype, was invariably first a Seignior; in other words, the grant of a Seigniory was always a prerequisite of a patent of nobility. France, on the other hand, fairly swarmed with landless aristocracy.

In all, there were some five grades in the colonial scale—Comteships, Baronies, Chattellenies, Marquisates, and ordinary *gentilhommes*, ranking in the order given. No patent of nobility, however, conferred any special pecuniary rights, privileges or exemptions, and it was in this feature that the noblesse of New France distinguished itself most prominently from that of Old.

I. COMTESHIPS.—Of these there were only two.

(a) *D'Orsainville.* In 1675 the King, in recognition of the services performed by Jean Talon, "Intendant of Justice and Police in New France," and in order "to prove to him more and more his affection and satisfaction," raised the Barony of Des Islets, into which Talon's Seigniory had some years previously been converted, to the further dignity of a Comteship.[1]

(b) *St. Laurent.* In 1636 the Seigniory of St. Laurent, on the Island of Orleans, had been granted to one Jacques Castillon,[2] from whom it passed to M. Francois Berthelot, at one time a secretary of the Royal Powder Works in France, and in whose favour it was erected into a Comteship in 1676.[3]

II. BARONIES.—Of which there were five in all.

(1) *Cape Tourmente*, including the Island of Orleans and adjacent islands, was granted *en Seigneurie* to Guillaume de Caen in 1624 and raised to the rank of a Barony in the same year. A small clearance at the head of the Cape was the extent of De Caen's enterprise, and both the grant and the title were revoked in 1627 on the grant of the colony to the Company of One Hundred Associates.

(2) *Poboncoup.* The Sieur D'Entremont who went to Acadia with Charles Amadis de la Tour received in 1651 the Barony of Poboncoup.

(3) *Des Islets.* Of the few French officials who by the pursuance of a

[1] Talon, *Memoire sur l'etat present du Canada*, Oct. 27, 1667, *Correspondance Generale*, Vol. II.

[1] Tit. des Seig. I. p. 444.

[2] Tit. des Seig. I. 350.

[3] Titles and Documents (1853) II. 32. The preamble of this patent recites the King's appreciation of Berthelot's enterprise in "having cleared much of his grant and having peopled it with more than a thousand inhabitants."

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loyal and unselfish course sought the good of the colony rather than the augmentation of their own wealth and power, not the least prominent was Jean Talon, first Intendant of New France. Shortly after his arrival in the colony, Talon received a grant of certain lands near Quebec and, unlike many other Seigniorial proprietors, at once proceeded to clear and develop his grant, and in this he succeeded so well that three small villages had sprung up within the limits of his Seigniory. In 1667 he proposed to the King that his settlements should be given recognition through the grant of some title of honour to their founder, "in order," as he modestly says, "that by such example the officers and richer Seigniors may be filled with zeal for the colonization of their grants, in the hope of being themselves recompensed with titles."[1]

This suggestion appears to have been favourably received, and on the 14th of March, 1671, letters patent were issued naming the three villages "Bourg Royal," "Bourg Reine" and "Bourg Talon," and elevating Talon's Seigniory into the Barony des Islets.[2] A special provision in the grant, however, required that no additional rents or charges should be imposed upon the *censitaires* or *habitants* of the Seigniory and Barony by reason of the change. The only special privileges which, in fact, accompanied the title were that the King waived his customary right of escheat in default of male heirs, and that the Seignior might now "establish prisons, a gallows on four posts, and a set of common stocks surmounted by his coat-of-arms."[3]

(4) *Portneuf.* The fourth baronial grant, in point of time, was that of Portneuf, which had been granted *en Seigneurie* to the Sieur de la Potherie in 1647,[4] but which had been since acquired by René Robineau, a son of one of the directors of the Company of One Hundred Associates. The King granted him a patent in 1681, which, after reciting the enterprise shown by Robineau in erecting "a stately manor house, a beautiful chapel for divine service, together with mills, stables and storehouses," conferred upon him the title of Baron de Portneuf.

(5) *Longueill.* But the last, and in many ways the most important, was that of the Barony of Longueill. In 1642 Charles Lemoyne, the son of a Dieppe innkeeper, arrived in the colony and settled in Montreal, where he distinguished himself on several occasions in incursions against the Iroquois. Fourteen years after his arrival he received the grant of a Seigniory, which was given the name of Longueill, after the family seat of one of his French ancestors, and in 1668 letters of *noblesse* were granted by the King on Talon's recommendation. Charles Lemoyne had several sons,[2] one of whom, Jean Baptiste Lemoyne, became the founder of New Orleans and was for many years Governor of Louisiana. Another, Charles, distinguished himself in the defence of Quebec, and on the death of his father in 1685 came into possession of the Seigniory of Longueill, which he greatly augmented both by purchase and by grant, until in 1700 the King consolidated the now extensive estate into the Barony of Longueill. The Baron de Longueill was one of the few very prosperous Seigniors. He erected a spacious stone chateau on the south shore of the St. Lawrence, nearly opposite Montreal, together with a mill and church, and maintained a large retinue.[3]

Of the numerous titles granted in Canada by the French Crown that of the Baron de Longueill alone survives, having been recognized by Her Majesty in 1880. Charles Colmore Grant, the

[1] Talon to Colbert, Oct. 27, 1667, *Corr. Gen.*, Vol. II.

[2] Tit. des Seig. I. 444, also Titles and Docs., II. 20.

[3] Cf. Charlevoix, Hist. du Can. I. 424-5.

[4] Tit. des Seig. I. 364.

[1] Titles and Documents, II. 710.

[2] See Jodoin et Vincent *Histoire de Longueill*, Chs. I.-II.

[3] Frontenac speaks of this chateau in one of his despatches, "*Son fort et sa maison nous donnent une idee des chateaux de France fortifies.*" It was built of stone, was flanked by four towers, and the size is given at 170x210 feet. Cf. Jodoin *Histoire de Longueill*, p. 169.

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seventh Baron, died last year, and in accordance with the French practice, which does not recognize the law of primogeniture in its strict sense, the title in default of nearer heirs passed to his half-brother, Reginald Charles D'Iberville Grant, who resides now in Paris.

The Barony and Seigniory of Longueill takes in an extent of some one hundred and fifty square miles, running in a direct line from the St. Lawrence to the Richelieu and including the important towns of Longueill and St. Johns.

III. *Chattellenies.* Only one grant of a *Chatellenie* was made, namely: to Louis D'Ailleboust, Seignior of Coulonge in 1656, on the recommendation of the Company of One Hundred Associates.[1]

IV. *Marquisates.* Of *Marquisates* two only can be found. In 1648 Jacques Le Neuf de la Potherie received by royal grant a small fief near Three Rivers, and a number of years later this was elevated to the dignity of a *Marquisate*, the owner assuming the title of Marquis de Dusable.

The other *Marquisate* was unique in that the grantee was never a resident of the colony. Towards the close of the third quarter of the seventeenth century the Royal treasury had become depleted and the "Most Christian King"[2] found himself quite prepared to grant titles for a consideration. In France many were in this way disposed of, but Canada did not prove as profitable a field. However, the Marquisate of Miscou was acquired by one "Michel de St. Martin, a prothonotary of St. Liege and a Doctor of Theology of the University of Rome." No further trace either of the Marquis or his Marquisate have I been able to find, but it is certain that he never set foot in the colony.

V. The *gentilshommes.* Although the term *gentilshommes* is sometimes used to include the whole range of aristocratic population, it had special reference to the class of lesser nobility which constituted a very considerable element in the colony. Among the earlier grants of letters of *noblesse* was that to Pierre Boucher in 1661, as a mark of appreciation of his courageous defence of Three Rivers some time previously. Boucher unfortunately lost his title in 1666 on a technicality, but obtained restoration some time later, De Tracy having in 1667 asked the King for grants in favour of Bourdon, D'Auteuil, Juchereau de St. Denis, and a regrant to Boucher.[1] Talon in the same year made request on behalf of Godefroy, Lemoyne, Couillard, Denis and Amyot.[2] All of these requests appear to have been successful as were numerous requests by various Governors and Intendants from time to time subsequently, among the recipients of letters in this way being Berthelot, De Caen, Contrecœur, D'Amours, La Fontaine, Hertel de Rouville, Deschaillons and La Perriere, the last three being in recognition of the services rendered by those seigniors in the Deerfield and Haverhill raids.[3] Letters of *noblesse* might also be purchased. For example Jacques Le Ber a Montreal shopkeeper became a *gentilhomme* at a cost to himself of 6,000 livres.[4] But such cases were very few for dire poverty was one of the chief attributes of the colonial aristocrat. Successive Governors and Intendants refer to this feature in their reports. Duchesneau refers in 1679 to the "miserable poverty of our *gentilshommes*" whom he says, "run into debt on all hands and allow their children to run wild among the Indians in the depths of the forest."[5] Six years later, Governor De Denonville warned the King that his colonial *noblesse* were "a most beggarly lot

[1] Report of Inspector-General to Seign. Commission 1842.

[2] It is in this way that Louis XIV. is referred to in all grants.

[3] Maps of this period show an island of *Miscou* or *Mischou* at the entrance of the *Baie des Chaleurs.* See Dionne Art. in *Canada Francais*, Vol. VII. (1889), p. 435.

[1] Tracy to Colbert, Corr. Gen. Vol. II.

[2] Talon to Colbert, Oct. 27, 1667, C. G. Vol. II.

[3] Daniels' Histoire des Grandes Familles du Canada.

[4] Faillon *Vie de Mme. La Ber.* P. 325.

[5] Duchesneau to Colbert, 10 Nov. 1679, *C. G.* Vol. V.

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who could not get credit for a single crown piece."[1] Next year the same Governor implores the King for pecuniary assistance to keep some noble families from starvation. "They come to me," he says, "with tears in their eyes and if something is not done they will all turn bandits."[2]

The King granted some small assistance with the reply that the poverty of the *noblesse* arose from their "desire to have an honourable living without doing any work."[3] But the few hundred crowns granted in charity by the King did not last long, for in the very next year the Intendant Champigny describes "the piteous condition of the children of the *noblesse*, roaming around all summer with nothing on them but a shirt. We must give them corn at once or they will starve."[4] Concluding his appeals, he advises the King, "to grant no more patents of nobility unless he wishes to multiply beggars."[5]

The King in response to this urgent advice agreed to give no more patents, and made a praiseworthy effort to improve the lot of those already ennobled in three ways.

1. By granting alms sufficient for temporary needs.

2. By giving the sons of the *noblesse* commissions in his bodyguard.

3. By granting *conges*, or permits to trade without loss of title. All three, however, availed little. The Royal alms were speedily squandered, the number of needy young *gentilshommes* far exceeded the number of available commissions, while retail trading was a vocation for which the members of the *noblesse* had neither the desire nor, what was even more important, the necessary capital.

[1] De Denonville to Colbert, 13 Nov. 1685, C. Gen. Vol. VII.

[2] De Denonville to Colbert, 10 Nov. 1686, Corr. Gen. Vol VIII.

[3] Colbert to Denonville, N.Y. Col. Docs., IX., 317-8.

[4] Champigny to Minister, 26 Aug., 1687, Corr. Gen., Vol. IX.

[5] Champigny to Colbert, 10 May, 1691, Corr. Gen., Vol. XI.

In 1690, Frontenac, who had returned to restore the prestige of the French name, so sadly lowered by his two incompetent predecessors, applied for letters of nobility for one Francois Hertel. The King, apparently, having reconsidered his decision of a ten years previously, sent along the desired patent, but on its arrival Hertel was not sufficiently endowed with this world's goods to raise the small fee required. The Governor brought the matter to the King's notice, and suggested that, on account of Hertel's poverty, the fee be dispensed with. But this was more than even the "Most Christian King" could endure.

"If this man," says Colbert in reply, "is not able to pay the cost of letters of nobility when granted to him, how does he expect to maintain the dignity of the position? His Majesty is not going to create nobles if such only serves to make their children useless *gentilshommes* rather than useful labourers."[1]

It was not in the arts of peace, but in the arts of war that the Canadian *gentilhomme* found his true avocation. With courage, endurance and dash, he was a soldier *par excellence*, and nothing suited him better than to rally around him his devoted *censitaires*, and with these and any adventurers, or Indians, who might wish to join in the hope of plunder and scalps, to swoop down like a bird of prey upon some lonely hamlet of New England. The atrocities which darkened the northern districts of the English colonies during the earlier part of the eighteenth century, and which called forth from honest old Peter Schuyler, in his remonstrance to Vaudreuil, "the feeling of indignation that a war between Christian princes has degenerated into a savage and boundless butchery," showed that the feudal *gentilhomme* of New France had equalled his prototype of mediæval days in barbarity, as well as in courage. "How New England hated him," says Parkman, "let her records tell."

[1] Hertel received his patent some years later (1712).

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With the cession of the colony to Britain, many, perhaps the majority of the *noblesse*, returned to France. Of those who remained, many, by their loyalty to the new Sovereign in times of danger, gained the confidence of their new rulers, while they retained the respect of the *habitant* as of old.

The early colonial legislative assemblies numbered many of them among their members, while several of the most prominent families of Lower Canada still preserve the ancient names.

And while many a blood-streak on our early annals may be laid to his charge, those whose natures instinctively turn to men of courage, dash and spirit, will find much to admire in that unique individual—the *gentilhomme* of the Old Regime.

THE DEVIL'S HOLIDAY.

By Franklin Gadsby.

NO doubt The Devil was feeling blue
On that sultry summer day;
He had eaten too freely of brimstone stew,
A thing that even a devil can't do
Without incurring the pang or two
That epicures have to pay.

And the fire was wretchedly hard to stoke,
(A perjuring Dreyfus group)
And the more the demons essayed to poke,
The more the rascally knaves would smoke,
And the more The Devil would sneeze and choke,
And cough and stifle and whoop.

Then Beelzebub spoke, "No wonder your hipped!"
(This chap was an unctuous fraud)
"Such a sulphurous dungeon! Such a sweltering crypt!
What marvel Your Majesty's larynx is gripped?
What marvel Your Majesty's liver is nipped?
Why not take a walk abroad?"

"Hurrah!" said The Devil. "But where shall I go?
The day has gone past and the hour
When I could navigate to and fro
With a cloven hoof and a lurid glow,
With my horns aloft and my tail alow,
Roaring for folk to devour."

"Too true!" said his aide, "You're under a ban
And loathsome to modern eyes;
But here are the togs of a naval man
Who fought like the devil and never ran
And died of gin fever at Ispahan—
'Twill make you a proper disguise."

And the Admiral's outfit was passing neat
And it fitted him to a T,
It clipped him close like a winding sheet,
With a shot to clinch it at head and feet,
Such as sailors wear who are fishes' meat
In the depths of the hungry sea.

A billycock hat, and a swallow tail coat,
And trousers with stripes of gold,

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And a clanking sword. How the demons gloat!
No smarter chieftain was ever afloat
Than he who fought, as his straps denote,
For,—'twouldn't be right if I told.

But when The Devil had donned this gear
His mirth had a sudden check,
For his tail stood out a yard in the rear
And it wasn't a tail that you'd like, I fear—
But at last he shouted, "I'll stow it here
Like a lanyard about my neck!"

And he swaggered about in a way to appal,
And he vented a quarter-deck curse;
He jibed like a ship in the clutch of a squall;
"Avast" and "Belay" and "Stand off" he would bawl,
And "Lubbers" and "Demme" and that wasn't all,—
He swore like a fishwife or worse.

Then swift to his look-out, The Devil sprung
And peeped through a lava flue;
And his sinister glance through the earth he flung
To a bay where the petrels and curlews hung
Out where the ponderous flagship swung
A big, black blot on the blue.

So he figured a mystical pass in the air
And the flagship was under his will;
In a jiffy the Admiral's cabin was bare
And all of him left was an odour of hair
Something stronger than singed, and an empty armchair,
And a treatise on Squadron Drill.

And the captain was cleverly kept in the dark,
For he chuckled, "Well, I'll be blowed
If the Admiral isn't ashore on a lark!
I'll bet it's a hussy—the bleary old shark!"
This last is a purely respectful remark
When the bosses are out of the road.

So when His Wickedness clambered aboard
They tendered a formal salute;
The bandsmen blared a strepitant chord,
The bunting blossomed, the pennant soared,
The forward turret its welcome roared
To The One in the Admiral's suit.

It tickled The Devil and swelled his head
And he felt absurdly brave;
But he didn't reveal by ought that he said
That he wasn't accustomed to powder and lead,
Though he secretly muttered, "They paint things red
Who rule on the azure wave!"

He ordered the jackies a ration of grog—
They call it splicing the brace;
Salt water's no boon to a rabid sea-dog,
Your sailor abhors it as much as a fog.
"Meanwhile," thought the Devil, "I'll just take a jog
All over this curious place."

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All over that eight-day clock he browsed,
He sneered, he snorted, he laughed,
Into the foc'sle he quietly moused,
The mess-room too, where the staff caroused,
He saw where the powder and shot was housed
And the high explosives aft.

And while The Devil was poking about—
From keelson to trucks he climbed—
Aloft where the hurricanes raven and shout,
Where the topmast reels and the pennants flout,
Then alow to the stokers, a red raddled rout
And the fiery crater they primed.

"O ho!" thought The Devil, "Ye brave troglodytes
Who shrivel like parchment here,
When ye come to *my* place I'll grant ye your rights
And let ye off easy for the days and the nights
Ye've been tanning afloat, sweetly blasphemous wights—
Of Satan have never a fear!"

He was off up the ladder—a couple of jumps,—
In sick bay he ventured a squint;
He sniffed the iodoform, saw several stumps,
Heard never a groan, for sailors are trumps,
And felt a few craniums with fractures and lumps
For shrapnel makes many a dint.

And last he entered that secret room
Whence the dread torpedo goes;
And there in its prison he saw it loom,
All tense to ravish some good ship's womb,
A ghoulish murderer, heavy with doom,
With a blood-red battle nose!

Then back to the iron-shod deck he came
And ordered a bit of a scrap;
"Bombard me the village of What's-Its-Name!
Dismantle the church! Set the houses aflame!
Kill and demolish! Get into the game!"
And they battered it off the map.

Hurrah for the navy! Oh glorious life!
Be dammed to the stolid land!
Hurrah for Sorrow and Death and Strife!
The tuck of the drum, the screech of the fife!
The bullet, the cutlass, the pike and the knife!
Hurrah for the levin brand!

But The Devil of fighting had had enough,
And he freed the crew of his spell.
Aghast they watched the Old Serpent slough!
The Admiral's togs disappeared in a puff!
And there was The Devil, stripped to the buff,
The High Muckamuck of Hell!

And all incandescent he jumped in the drink
And fled on a seething crest;
But just ere he dived he paused on the brink,
Put his tongue in his cheek and tipped them a wink,
And said, "You'll excuse me, but truly I think
I fancy my own Hell best!"

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EDITORIAL COMMENT

THINKING Canadians are not likely to approve of all the loyalty gush that has been written recently, or to approve of every sentiment that has been expressed in the numerous patriotic and loyal speeches made inside and outside the Houses of Parliament. Nevertheless, it must be admitted that the rolling back of the war-cloud in South Africa has gladdened the hearts of the Canadian people. When it was learned that Lord Roberts had cornered the Boers at Modder River and that the Canadians had shared the honours in two engagements, the nation was proud and relieved. When the news of General Buller's final success in his trying week was published, and it was known that General White and his gallant garrison were safe, the people shouted for joy. From Halifax to Victoria there was rejoicing. The Union Jack was hoisted with greater goodwill and unanimity than at any time during the past thirty years, with perhaps an exception in favour of the Queen's Jubilee of 1897. The evidence of sympathetic British sentiment was overwhelming.

*

Had there been no Canadian Contingents in South Africa there might have been less enthusiasm when such good news was received. Had there been no Canadian blood spilled at Paardeburg and Modder River there might have been less interest in these events. When these engagements occurred there were nearly two thousand Canadian soldiers in South Africa, and one thousand of these were in the firing line. Hence our interest in these battles was vital indeed. With our joy over victories won, was sorrow and pride for those of our flesh and blood who fought and bled for race and Queen. That our interest was not selfish, however, was amply proven by the much more enthusiastic joy and pride which we felt when Ladysmith was relieved. In this case the joy and the pride were not hallowed with sorrow, but they were, nevertheless, sincere and deep-seated. They indicated that British sentiment in this country is strong, very strong.

*

In this, the hour of victory, Canadians of British origin and British sentiment must bear themselves with caution and restraint. Those of us who are French Canadians cannot feel the same enthusiasm and the same delirious British joy. It would be unnatural if they could. With the British-Canadian this enthusiasm is spontaneous; with the French Canadian this enthusiasm can be a result only of the exercise of reason. Spontaneous enthusiasm must wait patiently on enthusiasm which is the product of reasoning. There is a need of patience, for, in the words of Sir Wilfrid Laurier, "The work of union and harmony between the chief races in this country is not yet complete." Nor will it be completed until each race learns that the obligation, the burden, and the duty are not one side or the other, but on both.

*

This was the keynote of Sir Wilfrid Laurier's magnificent oration delivered in the House on March 13th. The Government's action in sending two Canadian Contingents to South Africa without calling Parliament together was challenged by Mr. Henri Bourassa, M.P. After proving that the constitution had not been violated by such

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action, Sir Wilfrid proceeded to justify the Government's action. He said:

"In the matter in hand, had we not ample justification to believe that our course would be justified by Parliament? As soon as Parliament met we submitted our action to it. We laid before it everything that we had done. Our resolution stood the fire of a long discussion, and the principle of our action was approved unanimously by this House. The resolution introduced by the Finance Minister to cover the expenditure incurred in sending the contingents to Africa has received the unanimous sanction of this House. What avails it to-day, then, to say that we have not behind us the force of public opinion, that we were not to be guided solely by the voice of the press? Public opinion has more than one means of expressing itself. There is not only the press, but there is what is heard on the street and in private conversation, and what one can feel in the air. We knew that public opinion was with us. It is true that my honourable friend has stated on another occasion, I believe, that it is a weak thing to be guided by public opinion. Well, sir, I do not look on it as a weak thing. If public opinion were to ask something against one's honour, or one's sense of right, or one's sense of dignity, it would be a weak thing indeed to follow public opinion; but if the voice of the people asks for a thing that is right and honourable, would it not, then, be a good thing to follow the voice of public opinion? It would be a weak thing not to follow the voice of public opinion.

"I put this question to my honourable friend: What would be the condition of this country to-day if we had refused to obey the voice of public opinion? If we had refused at that time to do what was, in my judgment, our imperative duty, it is only too true that a most dangerous agitation would have arisen—an agitation which, according to all human probability, would have ended in a line of cleavage upon racial lines. A greater calamity could never take place in Canada. My honourable friend and I have long been on terms of intimacy. He has long been a political friend and supporter of mine. He knows as well as any man in this House knows, that if there is one thing to which I have given my political life it is to try to promote the unity and harmony and amity between the diverse elements of this country. My friends can desert me, they can withdraw their confidence from me, they can withdraw the trust which they have placed in my hands, but never shall I deviate from that line of policy. Whatever may be the consequences, whether loss of prestige, loss of popularity, or loss of power, I feel that I am in the right, and I know that a time will come when every man, my honourable friend himself included, will render me full justice in that respect."

*

Sir Wilfrid then dealt with the justness of the war forced upon the British by President Kruger, and then proceeded to deny that Canada's military aid was the result of pressure from Downing Street. On the latter point his explanation was hardly as convincing as his arguments in support of his view of the justness of Britain's determination to crush Krugerism.

*

When he proceeded to explain Canada's position as to future wars he did not set quite so high a standard for himself as in some other of his declarations. What he stated was to the effect that, "if it should be the will of the people of Canada, at any future stage, to take part in any war of England, the people of Canada will have to have their way." A far-seeing statesman may sometimes prefer to step down and out rather than yield to a temporary frenzy of the people.

*

With regard to the effect of the Canadian Contingents on future Imperial constitutional relations, he said, "If we are to be compelled to take part in the wars of Britain, I have no hesitation in saying that. . .sharing the burden we should also share the responsibility." He thought that in such a case the colonies should be called to the Imperial counsels. Then he added most significantly that "there is no occasion to demand that representation to-day." In other words, Sir Wilfrid agrees to some extent with both the Imperialists and the anti-Imperialists.

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In concluding, what must ever remain a remarkable and memorable speech, the Premier said:

"Nor is that all. The work of union and harmony between the chief races of this country is not yet complete. We know by the unfortunate occurrences that took place only last week that there is much to do in that way. But there is no bond of union so strong as the bond created by common dangers faced in common. To-day there are men in South Africa representing the two branches of the Canadian family, fighting side by side for the honour of Canada. Already some of them have fallen, giving to their country the last full measure of devotion. Their remains have been laid in the same grave, there to remain

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to the end of time in that last fraternal embrace. Can we not hope, I ask my honourable friend himself, that in that grave shall be buried the last vestiges of our former antagonism? If such shall be the result, if we can indulge that hope, if we can believe that in that grave shall be buried the former contentions, the sending of the contingent would be the greatest service ever rendered to Canada since Confederation. These are the motives, at all events, which guided us, these are the thoughts which inspired us, and they are thoughts which ought to commend themselves to the heart and judgment of my honourable friend."

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An English writer states that in the porch of a country church in England, she recently saw a card headed by the text, "How dreadful is this place. This is none other but the House of God." This motto with slight change might be put up in the main building on Parliament Hill. "How dreadful is this place. This is none other but the House of Commons." It is a somewhat doubtful place. During the past month there have been scenes in it which discredit the democratic institutions of which we boast, and speeches delivered which would disgust any person but a politician. The country must be thankful to Sir Wilfrid Laurier for having, by the dignified and noble speech just quoted, done something toward reclaiming the session's discussions from mediocrity.

John A. Cooper.

CURRENT EVENTS ABROAD

by W. Sanford Evans

"A GALLANT deed worthy of our colonial comrades." Lord Roberts' despatch containing these words, and the deed it described, struck a deep note in the Canadian heart which will vibrate for ever. Our boys, representing fairly the intelligence, the physique, the dash, the tenacity, and the inexperience of Canadians, were tested at a critical moment against a desperate foe, and were found worthy. The best of the British regiments are in South Africa; many are inured to war and all have long and glorious traditions; but even judged by the standard of these men our boys were not found wanting. Lord Roberts was proud to call them comrades. But about these things one does not speak much. Both the sorrow and the glow of satisfaction are experiences too intimate to be publicly paraded. In some quarters these things were not realized, or we should never have seen in print some of the articles that appeared nor heard some of the thoughtless remarks. Those who fell were hardly cold before they were stripped by those who would build metaphorical foundations of empire with their bones; and others so far forgot themselves as to dilate upon the value of such things as a national advertisement, being sure that henceforth our immigration literature would be in greater demand and our food products more popular. They were willing to make a blood-and-bones poster out of their heroes. But these were the thoughtless; with the great mass, who said nothing, there abides a sense of proved worthiness.

* *

Of the war in general it may be said that events are bringing an ample and rapid fulfilment of the promise of the first movements under the new leadership. Last month at the time of writing Lord Roberts was at Jacobsdal, a few miles within the Free State border, while General Cronje was making his clever retreat through the British lines. To-day Lord Roberts

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is in Bloemfontein and General Cronje and his army are prisoners at Cape Town; Ladysmith has been relieved and the scene of operations in Natal has been transferred to the hills near Glencoe on the north and to the passes of the Drakensberg Mountains on the west. At Mafeking alone are the Boers the aggressors. The general situation is most favourable for the British arms. What the British have gained the Boers seem to have lost—a comprehensiveness and unity of action. Not only are hundreds of the Free State soldiers laying down their arms, but the Boer strategy seems to have lost its definiteness and masterfulness. What may be developing we cannot yet tell. Dogged resistance is to be expected, but from the positions the British now occupy there are so many ways of outflanking any positions the depleted Boer forces may attempt to hold that it is hard to believe any very serious checks can occur until the remnant of the Boer army is finally cornered at Pretoria, or wherever else the last stand may be made. After that there may be peace, or there may be months of guerilla warfare.

Lord Roberts' march on Bloemfontein was a fine achievement from every point of view. All departments of the British army displayed their capacity. The generalship was brilliant, the transport and supply adequate, and the fighting and marching powers of the men splendid. And a finishing touch was given to everything by the tact and statesmanship of Lord Roberts. It is easy to understand his great popularity. In Natal, General Buller's undaunted perseverance at last carried him through the Boer lines to the sorely-needed relief of heroic Ladysmith. The critical action, the capture of Pieter's hill, took place on the anniversary of Majuba, as did also the surrender of Cronje. How that defeat nineteen years before had rankled in the breasts of the British people was disclosed by the intense satisfaction that it had been so dramatically "avenged." The word has a reprehensible sound, but the desire on the part of a people to have it shown that a disaster does not imply national inferiority is not necessarily reprehensible. A nation's confidence in itself is its most valuable possession, and this confidence, for its own security, seeks justification before the world. With this may be mixed many unworthy motives, but the fundamental element is a deep need of human nature. Here again, what the British have gained the Boers have lost. There is pathos in the Boer position. We may condemn their injustice, bigotry, arrogance and treachery, but we must accord them our admiration for those manly qualities that take all discredit from defeat and yet leave it the harder to endure. As the British had their Majuba, the Boers have now their Paardeberg and Pieter's hill. Yet it is better for South Africa, and we must believe, better for themselves, that British policy should prevail.

President Kruger has not lost his astuteness. His telegram to Lord Salisbury on the subject of peace is typical. As with many of his despatches to Mr. Chamberlain before the war began, so in this case, we must suppose that he wrote more for the effect upon his own followers and on other nations than upon the British Government. To read over the antebellum correspondence is to see how well adapted it was to arouse the Boers. In the present juncture he needed a fresh rallying-cry. There was defection from the Boer ranks, and there was the danger of disheartenment. President Kruger's policy was to stir his soldiers to desperation. Nothing could do this like an official declaration by the British Government that loss of independence was the inevitable penalty of submission. He framed a telegram that was certain to bring forth that declaration. Only in this way can we explain his telegram and yet credit him with any great intelligence. Lord Salisbury's reply was

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what was to be expected. Another object of the telegram was to influence other nations to interfere. A formal appeal had already been made to them. It is strange that the United States alone should have acted upon that appeal. The temper of the Government and of the British people was so well known that it is difficult to understand how President McKinley could have anticipated that his offer would be entertained. The coming Presidential elections must be made to explain many things these days.

Last month Russia showed that she was inclined to take advantage of Britain's difficulties in order to push claims in conflict with British interests. Little further has developed in this direction, although evidences of Russia's activity in Persia and Asia Minor have been found. France, however, has manifested a popular hostility to England that is somewhat surprising. Not only have there been street demonstrations, but the press has teemed with bitter articles. Interviews with prominent officials gave hints of elaborate preparations against Britain, but when President Kruger made his appeal for interference the French Government acted with the strictest propriety, and it is probable there are no fixed designs against Britain. There is no doubt the French people would welcome a good oportunity to settle old scores, but if there were no other reasons against it at the present time, their anxiety to make a success of their Exhibition, in which such vast amounts of money have been invested, would be sufficient. The peace of the world is not likely to be disturbed in any new quarter for some months at least. China continues to attract attention, and it would seem that the United States is beginning to take a more active interest there. The announcement made by Mr. Brodrick in the House of Commons on March 8th that papers would be presented dealing with the joint efforts of the United States and Britain to secure an agreement among the powers for equal trade opportunities throughout the whole of China is gratifying, and is another indication of those common interests which should keep the two Anglo-Saxon nations upon the best of terms. The Hay-Pauncefote treaty was amended in committee, but has not yet been finally dealt with by the Senate.

Again is the Pacific Cable Scheme in danger of being thwarted. This time Australia stands in the way. The scheme of uniting Canada and Australia by a cable, which might ultimately be extended to South Africa and from there through the Bermudas, back to Canada again, to make connection with the Atlantic lines to the United Kingdom, is a peculiarly Canadian scheme, inasmuch as the initiative came from Canada, and also the only determined and consistent support. With branch lines from Australia to Hong Kong and India it would be possible in this way to connect all the important parts of the Empire by a line which would nowhere touch upon foreign soil. The advantages from an Imperial standpoint are patent. It would also, undoubtedly, be of great benefit to Canada, for it would facilitate trade with Australia, the Far East, and, indeed, with all other parts of the Empire, and would in a very important way put Canada on the highway from Europe to China and Australia. We cannot afford to be side-tracked, and every consideration of national interest urges us to secure the construction of such a line. The link between our Pacific coast and Australia is the immediate object. The obstacles have been the indifference of the Australian and Imperial Governments and the active opposition of the Eastern Cable Company, which now enjoys a monopoly of the cable business with the Far East. The fight of this company to maintain its monopoly has been conducted with great ability and resource. To what extent they have influenced the officials and the members of Parliament in England and

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Australia cannot be determined. Certain it is, however, that Canada has not yet succeeded in fully persuading the Imperial authorities that the Pacific cable is an Imperial question of the first magnitude, and therefore entitled to adequate support, nor the Australian authorities that it is so much more to their interest than to England's or Canada's that they should be enthusiastic in its favour. The history of the question is pretty well known. Had the British Government taken legislative action at the last session, the matter would have been settled; but it was not settled, and in the meantime Australia has been pondering over an offer made by the Eastern Extension Company and is more than half inclined to accept it. This offer is to the effect that the Eastern Extension Company will lay a cable from Australia to South Africa without asking any bonus, and will reduce the cable rate to England from 4s. 9d. to 4s. a word, provided that the company is allowed to establish its own offices throughout Australia. At present all the telegraph lines are under Government control, and in the event of the Pacific Cable being laid by the Governments interested, the tendency would be to send all business from the Government telegraph offices to the Government cable line, and the company would seriously suffer. But if the company can get its own offices everywhere, and can offer Australia an alternative route to England by way of South Africa, and a cheaper rate, it feels confident, either that it can take away the chief motive for building a Government line, and so the project will not be carried out, or that it can retain its full share of business through its own offices. If we want the cable we must let it be known how much in earnest we are.

BOOK REVIEWS.

THE ENGLISH IN AFRICA.*

IN a carefully written book the Hon. Mr. Mills deals exhaustively with the British expansion that during the past twenty years has taken place in Africa. It is not one of the prolific brood of books that have received a recent and rapid incubation in consequence of the South African War, but is the work of years of thought and reading on the questions involved. Beginning with a chapter on the capacity of Britain for colonization, in which he makes reference to the paramount importance of British command of the sea, he goes on to speak of the English in Egypt, the history of the Soudan, and the various colonies on the east and west coasts. Coming to South African matters, Mr. Mills is, as might be expected, full of information and insight. He is here both the practical statesman and the historian, and he has had access to Government documents that have enabled him to handle this part of his subject in a way which will render his work a valuable book of reference. His treatment of the various matters in dispute is less that of a partizan than of a philosophical observer; for instance, while no doubt is left on the mind of the reader as to the justice of the present war, the author shows him all that can be said in defence of Gladstone's unfortunate policy after Majuba. As a whole the book will be welcomed by the student and the publicist as well as by the general reader.

* The English in Africa. By Hon. David Mills, Minister of Justice for the Dominion of Canada. Toronto: George N. Morang & Co.

RED POTTAGE.

For the moment Miss Cholmondeley has succeeded the other superlatively clever writers of her own sex—Sarah

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Grand, Beatrice Harraden, Miss Fowler—who have caught a passing taste and produced successively the "novel of the day." In "Red Pottage" * we have materials that are being rapidly worked out: the selfish or profligate man who is untrue to women, and the heroines who allow drawing-room raillery, morbid passion, or contact with the rougher aspects of social distress to get on their nerves. In a setting of witty, even brilliant, dialogue, of neat epigram, of a certain kind of finished writing, we are amused to the extent of forgetting that the people who amuse us are unreal, that the analysis of their motives and conduct is shallow, and their passion a sham. But we move (nearly always) in high society which is a great comfort. We have a bishop who misses engagements with his clergy in order to console an hysterical young woman, and a young peer who kills himself because his wife's lover (who had drawn lots and lost) is too cowardly to face suicide. But eternal justice is not satisfied, and just when we hope he will forget the past (as the reader is inclined to do, for the bishop has said so) the lover screws his courage up to the sticking point, breaks the ice in an artificial lake and plunges in. From the effects of this (a solemn warning to boastful persons who ultimately ruin sound constitutions by the morning tub with a frozen surface) and grief, the lover dies. The heroine who for the second time is heartbroken, travels abroad and finally subsides into matrimony on a safe and colonial basis. The authoress deals seriously with these episodes, and in common civility we must take them seriously too, but the temptation to apply the banter and the satire of the other parts of the book to the lugubrious chapters is well-nigh irresistible. There are serious-minded persons who would say in their haste that such novels are mischievous. In truth they are very diverting, because they reflect certain moods of the feminine temperament, are brightly and cleverly written, and if the tragedy suggests the light opera they invariably succeed in the main purpose of modern fiction—to withdraw the weary mind from sordid cares to a world which is all the more enchanting because it does not exist outside the imagination. Why should the critics complain of the popularity that carries novels like "Red Pottage" to the *n*th degree of circulation, while better books groan upon the shelves? With the present taste for Scott-and-water romances there is no reason why the Thackeray - Eliot - and - water novel should not flourish. It will have its day and cease to be.

* Red Pottage. By Mary Cholmondeley. Toronto: The Copp, Clark Co.

ANOTHER LIFE OF DISRAELI.

A new biography of Lord Beaconsfield cannot fail to be interesting. The world awaits the publication of the dead statesman's papers held in trust by his secretary, Lord Rowton. But that will not be during the present reign. Mr. Harold Gorst, the son of Sir John Gorst, Vice-President of the Council in Lord Salisbury's Ministry, has just written a pleasant and informing eulogy of Disraeli * It is, needless to say, entirely from the Conservative standpoint, although the author avoids as far as possible party references and diatribes. There is a freshness of style about the book which renders it attractive to the average reader who requires, and has often sought in vain, a summary of Disraeli's career from a sympathetic observer. "My father," says Mr. Gorst, "enjoyed considerable political intimacy with Disraeli from 1870. I am indebted to him for information that could not have been obtained elsewhere." In the main, however, the book is based upon published material. Since the publication of Froude's biography two works that throw light on passages in Disraeli's life have appeared. One is the gossipy book of anecdotes by Sir William Fraser, and the other the Peel Letters. In the latter we have the correspondence which passed between Peel and Disraeli in

* The Earl of Beaconsfield. By Harold E. Gorst. Toronto: The Copp, Clark Co.

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1841 on which is based the charge that the latter told a falsehood to the House of Commons in 1846 when he denied that he had ever applied to Peel for an office. On this point we may quote Mr. Gorst's own words:

"It has often been asserted that he relied upon the fact that Peel was too much of a gentleman to produce the incriminating letter .... and thus give Disraeli the lie direct. But a careful scrutiny of this letter....must convince every reader that it does not actually contain an application for office. The writer recalls himself to Sir Robert Peel's memory, and sets forth the services which he thinks are entitled to recognition, and he acknowledges that if they are left unrecognized he will feel himself humiliated in the eyes of the party, but he does not ask for a place, nor does he use any words which can be positively construed into such an application....The point which needs emphasis and which justifies Disraeli's subsequent denial is the substantial truth of his assertion that no application for office was made on that occasion."

Mr. Gorst's explanation may prove satisfactory to the Tory admirers of Disraeli. That it disposes of the incident in a way to clear Disraeli of responsibility for deception is a question which only a strictly impartial judge could decide.

SPEAKER DENISON'S CAREER.

The materials found among Lord Ossington's papers after his death in 1873, contained his journal,* an informal record of the chief points which had come before him for decision during his fifteen years' occupancy of the Speakership. The volume is of much value to students of parliamentary procedure and the higher politics. It throws a flood of light upon the way in which the Speakers of the British House of Commons discharge their duties, imparting to the office a weight and dignity which help not a little to raise the assembly in popular estimation. We get behind the scenes, as it were, and find that while Mr. Denison was a Whig, attached to the views of that element, and personally on terms of great intimacy with Palmerston and Gladstone, he was in no sense what we would now call a party man. That he formed his opinions as freely as an ordinary member on political questions and that he was not deprived by the responsibilities incident to his office of the privilege of quiet participation in political affairs is manifest. What we in Canada must soon consider is the propriety of making the office of Speaker a permanent one as far as the health and wishes of the incumbent may permit. There seems no reason why a Speaker should go in and out of the chair with every party change, so that the authority of the chair is reduced to a minimum while the control of the party leaders in the House is proportionately increased. Speaker Denison carefully prepared himself for his work by a study of the precedents and forms that ought to govern his decisions, and by a perusal in advance each day of the order-paper, considering what points might arise and how they should be dealt with. There is a curious episode (p. 170) which bears a close resemblance to a scene in the Canadian House of Commons a few days ago. Objection was taken, when the House was in a great state of excitement, to the use of the words "calumnious charges" applied to Mr. Layard by Mr. Gaythorne Hardy. Mr. Layard "jumped up and required that the words should be taken down." Both Palmerston and Gladstone thought the demand a proper one. But the Speaker counselled moderation, and would not comply with the request. There is food for reflection here by Speaker Bain and a good many other Canadian parliamentarians.

* Notes from My Journal when Speaker of the House of Commons. By Rt. Hon. J. E. Denison, Lord Ossington. London: John Murray.

MR. CARMAN'S NEW NOVEL.*

Mr. Albert Carman has written a novel (his first, we believe) which will probably attract not a little attention. A young student at a Canadian college, who has been bred a Methodist, but

* The Preparation of Ryerson Embury. By Albert R. Carman. Toronto: The Publishers' Syndicate.

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who turns with distaste from emotional religion and becomes a free-thinker, is the central figure in the tale. Ryerson Embury, for such is his suggestive name, possesses an embarrassing knack of overturning most of the conventional gods of our time and of emerging with cheerful audacity from the ruin he has made. Mr. Carman gives the dry bones of orthodox theology a gentle but decided shake as he passes to the evident purpose of his book—a merciless scrutiny of our economic conditions, with Henry George as a possible saviour of society and practical interpreter of Christ's religion. But the interest in the story is not entirely subordinated to these highly controversial questions. The various types of society in a small university town, fathoms deep in malicious gossip, in petty ambition and in narrow ideals of religious life, are well drawn. Embury's love affair with the gentle Methodist girl, who shuns him when he casts off the church, is related with delicacy and real tenderness, while the hero himself, despite his gold medal and his oratorical feats, is emphatically not a prig. In fact, his very natural flirtation with Rosie Fitzgerald, the tavern-keeper's handsome daughter, saves him both from the charge of priggishness and from the inanities of a hopeless lover. But the strong point in the book is the strike among the workpeople which is described with insight and sympathy so that we are lifted at once from the trite, though lively enough, disputations on social and religious matters to a stage where the real drama of life is played. Embury is impressed by the misery of the scenes about him to champion the cause of the strikers with the consequent wreck of his own prospects in the town, and if the reader is not equally ready to swallow the George doctrine as a panacea for industrial ills, he must, at least, recognize the picture as a true one. The Rev. Tommy Tracey, the socialistic parson, with his honourable poverty and fervent zeal, narrowly escapes being the best character in the book. The dialogue is brightly written, and if the author would abandon the seductive quotation-marks and correct an occasional tendency to a loose phrase he would satisfy the severer critics, for the book is an excellent piece of work with many inviting qualities. Mr. Carman is a leader writer for the Montreal *Star*, and his connection with a distinguished theologian in the Methodist Church imparts a piquant interest to a book which, apart from its boldness and force, is a creditable display of talent and industry.

SCOTTISH-CANADIAN POETS.

It was not to Scotland that the term "a nest of singing birds" was applied, although it well might have been at more than one period of her literary history. To Canada the Scots have carried their love of song, and the volume of verse by Scottish-Canadian writers, which has just been published under the auspices of the Caledonian Society of Toronto * affords striking evidence of the extent to which the poetic spirit has seized hold of this shrewd and vigorous people. The collection now issued contains selections from the poetic efforts of no less than thirty-seven writers. That the sources are not yet exhausted may be inferred from the fact that the book is described as "volume one." In it we find a number of stirring patriotic pieces indicating that love of country is not a virtue limited by the Scotch to the land of their fathers. Poems inspired by nature, by the affections, or by the commoner aspects of life are numerous, and it is perhaps noteworthy that joy rather than sorrow is the prevailing tone. Dr. Daniel Clark contributes an introduction in which he sums up with candour some of the considerations that touch true poetry, adding a wise reflection that provides an excellent excuse for this volume, if one were needed: "We are not asked to go into raptures over mediocrity even when

* Selections from Scottish-Canadian Poets, with an introduction by Dr. Daniel Clark. Toronto: Imrie, Graham & Co.

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displayed in fellow-countrymen, but it is unpatriotic to neglect and fail to appreciate the heart-outpourings in verse of our sons and daughters when their work is of such an excellent standard that any country should be proud of it."

A CLERGYMAN ON CREED.

Canon Low, a prominent Anglican divine in the Ottawa diocese, has published a series of lectures delivered by him, and which he entitles "The Old Faith and the New Philosophy." Canon Low applies himself with vigour and address to the question of the attitude of the Church to-day toward the liberal thinking that is now the rule among the people. His book is an exceedingly valuable and able one. There is a preface by Principal Grant, of Kingston. (Toronto: Wm. Briggs.)

LADYSMITH DURING THE SIEGE.

One cannot read Mr. Steevens' posthumous book* without a melancholy feeling. The literary side of journalism lost a valuable man when this brave and accomplished fellow was laid in the cemetery of Ladysmith at dead of night with the Boer searchlight shining upon the burial party. But the book itself, incomplete and brief as it is, fully sustains the reputation won by the author in his American, Egyptian and Indian sketches. He possessed a wonderful faculty for terse, graphic description, illumined by humour and true insight—a whole chapter in one paragraph. Inscrutable is that fate which cut off in early life a man who would have set a standard in descriptive newspaper writing which only those possessing keen grasp, vivid insight and ripe scholarship could have equalled. Here Steevens shows us, in a series of rapid pictures like the cineomatograph, Cape Town at the outbreak of war, the race tension, the long and dreary railway journey, the painful uncertainty in the up-country, the colonial dread that British policy would falter, the brilliancy of battle and the incidents that bring out its horror and misery, the long drawn-out siege and how the prisoners cooped up in Ladysmith bore it. Realism, brought out in sharp, strong strokes, is conspicuous in every line. The dead man's friend, Mr. Vernon Blackburn, adds a chapter which is written with taste and feeling.

* From Cape Town to Ladysmith. By G.W. Steevens. Toronto: Copp, Clark Co.

IDLE MOMENTS.

THE FOX I DIDN'T GET.

EACH wild animal has its own distinguishing peculiarity, but the fox, whose whole character is made up of distinguishing peculiarities. Above all else he is a gay deceiver; he is foxy, so to speak. He despises the cunning of men, circumvents their devices for his capture. But to the story.

There was once a fox. I do not think he was different in any way from the rest of his family and tribe, but I had met him on several occasions and he lived quite near; we were neighbours, as it were, though not on speaking terms. He seemed to think some evil of me, or thought himself above me, for he shunned my company.

Then the autumn came, and I resolved on a closer acquaintance, so I got me a trap. It was a good trap, and guaranteed to hold any fox that got into it. So the only thing remaining to be done was to get him into it. But how? I put out some bait, he took it. I put out more and the trap again; he took the bait, but ignored the trap which was waiting to welcome him, and from the way in which he approached it I should say he knew all about it. I put out more bait and borrowed another trap, and again he conquered. I was out of bait and patience, but defeat only nerved me to further efforts. I *would* have that fox.

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One morning very early I went out deer hunting and, passing through the range of mine enemy the fox, was both surprised and delighted to see him come loping down a hill directly towards me. Now at last it was my turn. I fired, and missed; he was not thirty yards away. Again I fired, and over he went. I ran to the spot; there he lay, and, as I had judged, a very fine animal. I took him up by the hind leg; how heavy he was! What a fine pelt! I would skin him here. So I laid him down, and went back to recover my empty shells, which I always re-loaded. When I returned to the rock on which I had laid my prize he was not there. It must be some other rock. I looked around. No, there was no mistake; there could be no doubt the fox was gone.

Gentle friends, imagine my state of mind, to have him in my hands and then let him escape. I could find no hair; he had not been touched by the bullets, and when I had gone away he had sneaked off. Though I tried trap and poison and hunted that part of the country early and late, I never met him again.

This is why I maintain that the fox of to-day is capable of sustaining the record made by his ancestors.

J. Harmon Patterson.

BILLY'S CATTLE.

Billy was a remittance-man, he never denied that. How could he ride the finest horses and drink the finest liquors without a remittance from home at regular intervals? As for cattle—well, that was an afterthought. Good whiskey, Robert Barr declares, is dear in Canada, and experience has proved that fast horses are not cheap. Hence instead of a thousand frisky steers, roaming over the green grassy slopes of the North-West Territories, as his father fondly pictured, brave Billy could count only twenty head bearing his particular brand, and even this number included the lost brindle calf.

Picture, then, if you can, Billy's consternation when, on riding into town one evening, to find a telegram from his father, terse but to the point. The old gentleman had landed in Halifax, and would be with him in a week's time. Calling for a drink of something hot to bear up against the terrible shock, he read the awful message again. There was no mistake, so he called for another drink, and this time he was joined by a couple of sturdy cow-punchers, who were looking for work and drinks. Gradually a ray of light began to steal above his mental horizon, and calling for another "wet," he unfolded his plan to his bibulous associates. That evening the rising moon saw three men slowly making their way towards Billy's shack, each full of happiness and rye.

That was a beautiful morning, the one on which Billy's father arrived, and the meeting between parent and child was really an affecting one. After a splendid drive behind the finest team of "bloods" in the district, the old gentleman was regaled at the shack with hot buns, choice bits of bacon, and a round of juicy beef, which, Billy was careful to explain, "was right off one of his own steers." In the afternoon the proud pater was shown a coyote, an exhibition of roping by the two cow-punchers, and other curiosities peculiar to Western life.

Next day the old gentleman was taken out shooting, and after killing a brace of duck, came home quite charmed with this healthy life of the rancher. Another day he made a trip up to the mountains, bringing home a number of pieces of quartz, which he still exhibits to admiring friends in the old land.

At the end of a week Billy decided to play his trump card. Accordingly, the old man was taken out to see his cattle, which the two satellites had been rounding up during the last two days from all points of the horizon. What a sight that was! "Like the waves of the sea," the old man described it to his club-mates when he returned. Of course, he wondered why

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they should have so many different brands, but Billy soon explained this by saying that he had bought out all these brands, and hoped soon to have a monopoly in that line, which, you must admit, was very ingenious. When a young calf was branded as an object lesson, the old man's happiness was complete, and the next day he started for the old land, fully decided to invest some money in this paying business himself.

But though absent, Billy's father was not forgotten, and the whole district rejoiced a month later when the promising son received a double-postage epistle which concluded with this striking sentence, written in the author's happiest style :

"You have a fine lot of cattle now, my son, but your dwelling needs more comfort. Find enclosed a cheque for £500, half of which I should be glad to have you accept for the aforesaid purpose, and the other half I should like you to invest in stock for me, if it would not inconvenience you in your own business relations. Wishing you continued success, I remain,

"Your affectionate father."

And Billy, noble-spirited fellow that he was, sent back a suitable reply, acknowledging the cheque, and saying that he would not be inconvenienced in the least.

W. E. E.

A WITTY PRIEST.

"Don't tell me that there's no humor in business. It's chock full of humor. Let me give you a case in point."

Thus spoke Griggson, and as he has travelled the Dominion from Halifax to Victoria many times, has a keen power of observation, and generally talks entertainingly. I, like a sensible man, lit a fresh cigar, and, tucking my pillow into a comfortable position in the corner of the Pullman seat, prepared to listen.

"You know that at one time I was junior member of a firm which manufactured church organs. One day the firm received a letter of enquiry about an organ 'suitable for a small chapel.' The letter bore the seal of a Roman Catholic Archbishop, and was dated from a city which boasts, in addition to an Archiepiscopal see, an important university and a Dominion penitentiary. The letter stated that all communications must be addressed to the Rev. Father B——, at 'The Palace.'

"Now, an order for the smallest kind of church organ is a big thing in the trade, seldom less than $1,000; so I, as the organ expert of the business, was hurried off by the first train to look into the matter and book the order if possible.

"On my arrival at 'the Palace' I was ushered into the waiting-room, and in due course Father B—— presented himself. He was a handsome young Irish priest, clean-shaven and tonsured, of course; high coloured, clear blue eyes and short crisp black curls. That would about describe his appearance. His manner was calm, deliberate and courteous, and he spoke with a delicious, cultivated brogue.

"After introducing ourselves, we entered into business, and after studying catalogues for awhile, we came to discussing a certain class of instrument.

"Now this instrument could be furnished in either of two designs of cases, and these caused a slight difference in the price. 'Now,' said I, 'Father B——, which style of case do you prefer, the pipe front or the canopy front?'

"'Shure,' said he, 'that makes no difference at all, at all.'

"Now most customers are very particular about these little details, and his answer puzzled me; besides, in the interests of our business I wished the design of the instrument to harmonize as nearly as possible with the building which it was to adorn, so as to influence future possible orders. I explained this to him.

"'Shure the architecture doesn't matter at all. If anything it's composite, as it was built at different times by members of the congregation themselves. I never knew a congre-

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gation that bothered liss about architecture. No use your trying to impress any of thim that way, Mr. G——.'

"Well, I let it go at that, and decided on the cheapest case. Then arose another point. Should it, or should it not, have a Trumpet stop—a very loud stop, which is expensive, and not needed unless the choir is unusually large. As it had been stated that the organ was for a small chapel, I thought the extra expense might be saved; but, as a matter of form, I first asked him if his choir was a strong one. His answer made me giddy.

"'About three hundred voices, Mr. G——.'

"Was the man mad, I asked myself. Why the largest cathedrals have no choirs of such size. I gasped, and exclaimed 'Three hundred voices, Father B——?'

"'Yes,' he replied, 'Three hundred voices—male voices.'

"At this I nearly fainted; but, taking pity on my perplexity, he added, 'You see, Mr. G——, it's for the Roman Catholic Chapel *in the Penitentiary*, of which I am chaplain.'

"After I had recovered we came to the question of price, which I stated as $1,100.

"'Now, that's out of the question,' said Father B——. 'You see the expenses for the Catholic and Protestant sections of the penitentiary are apportioned on a per capita basis, and the Protestant chapel has just been granted an organ costing $1,000. As our convicts are less in number than the Protestants, we cannot ask for more, and, really, we are not even entitled to as much; but as, by the grace of Providence, we are rapidly catching up to them, I think we may safely ask the $1,000.'"

H. H. G.

LOVE AND THE WOMAN.

THE WOMAN: "But must I love?"

LOVE: "Yes, if you would be a true womanly woman."

THE WOMAN: "Does Love demand much?"

LOVE: "Yea, all things."

THE WOMAN: "How much need I give?"

LOVE: "All things."

THE WOMAN: "What are all things?"

LOVE: "Your life, your love, your faith and trust, your very soul; perhaps your good name, and maybe even your hope of heaven."

THE WOMAN: "Then Love is a sacrifice and a giving up?"

LOVE: "Yes, when you are a woman it is."

THE WOMAN: "And what will I get in return?"

LOVE: "Perhaps Love, maybe nothing; certainly the pleasure of loving."

THE WOMAN: "What are the inducements to loving?"

LOVE: "None other than those you yourself create."

THE WOMAN: "When shall I create them?"

LOVE: "When you give your heart over to loving."

THE WOMAN: "But must I give my heart over to loving?"

LOVE: "You are a woman."

THE WOMAN: "Know you no women who love not?"

LOVE: "None. I am Love.'

THE WOMAN: "And think you none can live without you?"

LOVE: "None who are women."

THE WOMAN: "But I, I will live my life without you."

LOVE: "Nay, nay, even now I am with you."

THE WOMAN: "Love, you are bold."

LOVE: "It is my nature so to be."

THE WOMAN: "Love, you are persistent."

LOVE: "Thus I gain my point."

THE WOMAN: "Love, you are very sweet."

LOVE: "Thus I win you."

THE WOMAN: "Love, I love you."

LOVE: "Thus I have you, bind you, hold you for ever and evermore."

Jean Lyall.

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